May 8, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

AUG 1 0 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

We thought we knew it all.
Then we discovered Machu Picchu.

We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

The place is Machu Picchu and it wasn't long before we were flying down to South America to find it.

A Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from there we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked on a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along the rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet up through the clouds to Machu Picchu.

A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and Peru) is the highest navigable lake in the world. Argentina's Iguassú Falls dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasilia and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

A word from the airlines we flew: Nobody knows South America like Panagra - Pan Am. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. The new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent comes out the same: $550 from New York, $520 from Miami, $674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA · PAN AM

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS   PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

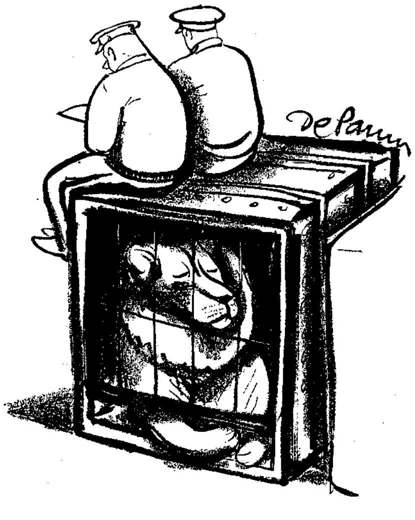
J. HYDE CRAWFORD

BONWIT LOVES THE CAREFREE LIFE The object of our affection: one of those marvelous little dresses of Ban-Lon® nylon knit that have so changed the complexion of travel. Drip-dry and oblivious to wrinkles, our favorite is David Crystal's design in a worldly black and white print that would be divine to own even if you're not enamoured of travel. Available, too, in a muted brown floral, or a paisley of blues. 8 to 18 sizes, 30.00 Found now on our Sports Floor, it has... **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

BONWIT
TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AMEN CORNER—James Baldwin's first play, which describes some melodramatic doings in a Harlem store-front tabernacle. A long-winded affair but one in which Bea Richards does a fine job as the tabernacle's pastor. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

AND THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT—A play by Terrence McNally, with Eileen Heckart. Directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 8.)

CATCH ME IF YOU CAN—Something described as a murder-mystery comedy, which is short on the two last ingredients. Dan Dailey, Tom Bosley, and Bethel Leslie give their all in it, but their all, unfortunately, is not enough to save the show. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LUV—Under Mike Nichols' lively direction, Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson make merry as three very confused neurotics in a feathery item by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE ODD COUPLE—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT—A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff that has its amusing moments as it describes the emotional vagaries of a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TINY ALICE—Edward Albee in a metaphysical mood, and who is to parse him? John Gielgud, Irene Worth, John Heffernan, and Eric Berry are in the cast. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Don Porter in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Irene Dailey, and Martin Sheen. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—A limited engagement of Tennessee Williams' play, starring George Grizzard, Pat Hingle, Piper Laurie, and Maureen Stapleton. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

BAJOUR—Jolly gypsies whooping it up around Manhattan. The book was written by Ernest Kinoy, and the music and lyrics are by Walter Marks. The choreography was planned by Peter Gennaro, and such ebullient types as Nancy Dussault, Chita Rivera, Herschel Bernardi, and Robert Burr bounce about to good advantage. (Shubert, 44th St., W. ST 7-8100. Moves on Monday, May 10, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W., JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAKER STREET—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye, and Inga Swenson and Martin Gabel portray, respectively, a lady in love with Sherlock and the dread Moriarty himself. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

DO I HEAR A WALTZ?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Zero Mostel at his most successful in a saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. The choreography and direction are by Jerome Robbins, and there are nice tunes by Jerry Bock, whose music has lyrics by Sheldon Harnick. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

GOLDEN BOY—A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer. It comes in very aptly and goes out very aptly, but there are many arid areas in between. The boxer on display is Sammy Davis, and the music and lyrics are by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams, respectively. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HALF A SIXPENCE—A most pleasant adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I HAD A BALL—Fun and games on Coney Island in a lethargic musical that has music and lyrics by Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman. Buddy Hackett, Richard Kiley, Karen Morrow, Steve Roland, and Luba Lisa are conspicuously displayed. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Carol Channing romping through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?** A musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. With Steve Lawrence, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

FLORA, THE RED MENACE—Liza Minnelli in a musical adaptation, by George Abbott and Robert Russell, of Lester Atwell's novel "Love Is Just Around the Corner." John Kander wrote the music and Fred Ebb the lyrics; Mr. Abbott is the director. Previews through Monday, May 10. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 11. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

	Page
BOOKS	177
THE CURRENT CINEMA	167
MUSICAL EVENTS	169
JAZZ RECORDS	171
THE RACE TRACK	124
THE THEATRE	120

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLI, No. 12, May 8, 1965. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1965 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.

"Dacron"®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

THOMSON slacks have everything. Style, comfort—and the built-in neatness of "Dacron". Wrinkles haven't a chance. Creases stay put. And wait till you try them on. "Lycra" makes them stretch for extra comfort in action. Slacks shown: "Dacron"*polyester, worsted wool, "Lycra"*spandex. About $17.95. At Hutzler's, Baltimore; D. M. Read, Bridgeport & Trumbull, Conn.; Hertzman's Men's Shop, Louisville; Pat Conway Men's Clothier, Modesto, Calif.; Gentry, Inc., New Orleans. Ask for Thomson's "Mr. Leggs" slacks with "Dacron"—and the stretch comfort of "Lycra".

Bates shoes of "Corfam"*poromeric.
*Du Pont's registered trademarks.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living ... *through Chemistry*

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY: "Guys and Dolls," with Alan King, Sheila MacRae, Jerry Orbach, and Anita Gillette, will play through Sunday, May 9. . . . ¶ "Kiss Me, Kate," with Patricia Morison, Bob Wright, and Nancy Ames, will be the second of four shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, May 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—INCIDENT AT VICHY, an attempt by Arthur Miller to dramatize the plight of a group of people rounded up by the Nazis in Vichy and scheduled for dispatch to a concentration camp. Joseph Wiseman and David Wayne lead the able cast, which was directed by Harold Clurman. Final performances Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8:30. . . . **TARTUFFE,** Molière's old war horse about a pious fraud has been newly translated by Richard Wilbur. Michael O'Sullivan, Hal Holbrook, and Larry Gates are in it. Performances Saturday, May 8, at 2 and 8:30; Sunday, May 9, at 2 and 7:30; Tuesday through Friday, May 11-14, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Tolstoy's **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, May 6-7, at 8:30; Saturday, May 8, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, May 9, at 2:30 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 15, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Tuesday and Wednesday, May 11-12, at 8:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, May 8: "The Barber of Seville.". . . ¶ Starting Friday, May 14: "Il Trovatore." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Evenings at 8:15.)

The Cat and the Canary—This production of John Willard's spooky old comedy has a few pretty fair moments, but there would be more if the players could restrain their fun at Mr. Willard's expense and make better use of what he has given them. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 5. Closes Sunday, May 9.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harry, Noon and Night—A play by Ronald Ribman. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import, and so is half its cast. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. The show has its ups and downs, many of the ups being provided by the comic acting of Brian Bedford. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Othello and Baal—Shakespeare's tragedy is being joined in repertory with an adaptation by Eric Bentley and Martin Esslin of the Brecht play. "Othello": Fridays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ "Baal": Opens Thursday, May 6, at 7:30. Thereafter Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056.)

The Room and A Slight Ache—Mystery and torment and wildly funny talk are again the ingredients of these brilliant one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. "The Room," his first play, written in 1957, takes place in a dingy rooming house; the country setting for "A Slight Ache" is far more genteel. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Sound of Silence—The daughter of a conventional Southern family brings a Negro clergyman home for the weekend. The play is weak but otherwise harmless, and so is the performance. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. LO 4-2298. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis is the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—Robert Duvall in a strong revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, May 6, at 8:15: "Interplay," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday, May 7, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Shadow'd Ground," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 2:15: "Western Symphony," "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 8, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Piège de Lumière," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 12:45: "Irish Fantasy," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 5:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "Liebeslieder Walzer.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 8:15: "Apollo," "Shadow'd Ground," "Tarantella," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, May 13, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Friday, May 14, at 8:15: "Dim Lustre," "Meditation," "Shadow'd Ground," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Irish Fantasy," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Donizetti Variations," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 13. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

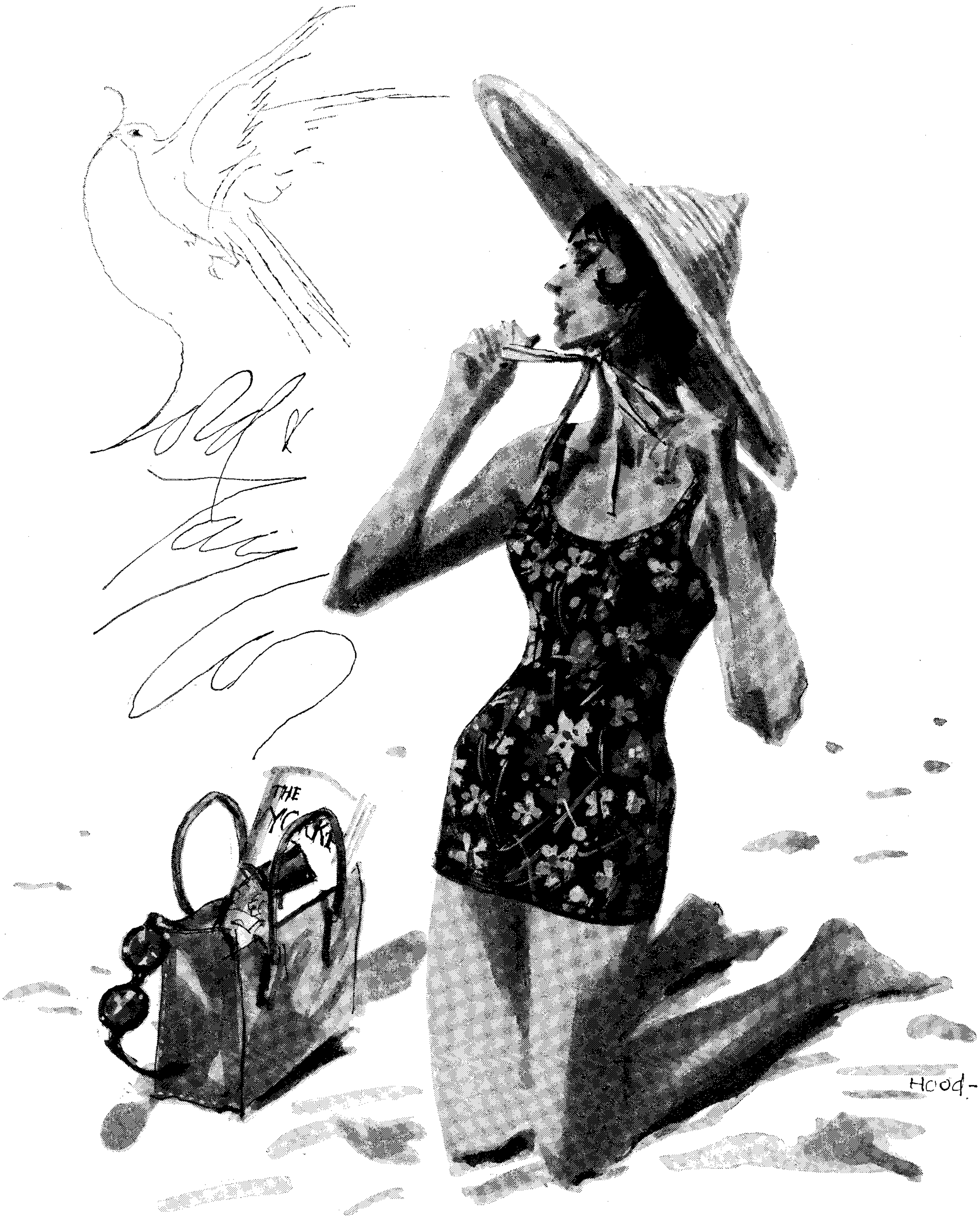
Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, May 6, at 7:30; Friday, May 7, at 8; and Saturday, May 8, at 2:30 and 8: A new production of "Swan Lake.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "La Bayadere.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 9, at 8:30: "La Bayadere," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Marguerite and Armand.". . . ¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30: "La Bayadere," "A Wedding Bouquet," and "Daphnis and Chloe." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, May 12-14, at 8:30: "Laurentia Pas de Six" (American première), "Daphnis and Chloe," and "The Invitation.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 2:30 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ Sunday, May 16, at 2:30 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1554. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

Percival Borde—With his company, in "Black Rhythm," choreographed by Pearl Primus. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. Saturday, May 8, at 3:30; Monday and Tuesday, May 10-11, at 8:40; and Saturday, May 15, at 3:30. For tickets, call GR 3-6778.)

MISCELLANY

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. *Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty.* (Hudson Theatre, 141 W. 44th St. 757-9570. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Circus—In the quiet of Sunday midnight, May 9, acrobats, clowns, elephants, and all will vanish from these parts. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. The doors open an hour before show time for those who



Figuratively speaking, summer's under control
with Harbor Road's "whisper stretch" swim suit in your wardrobe.
Lycra® spandex enhances nylon in the smoothest curve of black
to hit the beaches, dazzled with blue or bright pink flowers. 10 to 18,
30.00 on the Sports Floor, Fifth—and at all Lord & Taylor stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box houses the sleek and salubrious Pearl Bailey, who puts several of her lyrics in the possessive case—she wants what she wants when she wants it. This agreeable exercise in hedonism, available at both dinner and supper, is augmented by the skillful orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Polite society is the household god of the restaurant, where George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen makes sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. The musicians are at liberty on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—How to be a social success by really trying. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who'd prefer just to dance. In the Champagne Room, which has no dance floor, a trio (Ernest Schoen's) provides the sound effects. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The steam calliope (Stan Rubin and his Tiger Town Five) sounds off all through the week, from dinnertime until twelve-thirty, or one (on Fridays), or two (on Saturdays). Sundays, from one to ten, a can opener is used to provide prepacked music for those who wish to dance.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000)—The Seven Hills, a Roman plaza, has no traffic problems more serious than customers navigating the dance floor to the chortlings of the Quintetto di Roma, a set of noble Romans, among them Dino Palermo, whose tenor is rapturous. They are on hand from eight to one and until two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having spring practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Yvette Souviron, who does solo flights at a piano, calls it a day every Monday; the Cutlers never say die.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Eartha Kitt is enjoying her dual role of cat and canary as she sings at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. The cat prevails, but it never quite swallows the canary. The dance tunes for the customers are offered up by the frisky band of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty except on Mondays; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the balmiest part of Europe. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Mondays, a pianist goes it alone.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium. Michael Longo's orchestra can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The ducal Maisonette is the home of Charles Turecamo's cheerful band, in which the rustle of spring in Southampton is audible. Whenever his crew ceases and desists, Quintero's musicians resume their recitations of classical Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, La Boite, small and cozy and ornate as can be, provides dinner and supper to the strains of Jani Sarkozi's violin and Walter Kay's piano. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181)—The setting is Egypt in its Ptolomaic heyday, or heynight, but the decathlon that happens on the dance floor is peculiar (and very) to the United States. A trio, operating from seven to ten, is the prelude to a deluge of wax-and-wire music that goes on until one Sunday nights, until around dawn the rest of the time.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Space cadets will feel at home on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): It's a reasonable guess that the *mise en scène* is Florence, a supposition fortified by the bill of fare and the wine card. The voices that are now and again raised in song are currently specializing in "Kismet" but on Tuesday, May 11, they plan to switch over to "My Fair Lady." There's an ample portion of Verdi, Vidi, Vici, and all those other Romans, too. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, a tiny dance band is also present. Closed Mondays. . . . **Le Caprice,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The night sky as it looks from a terrace of Fontainebleau or Versailles. The lodestar, visible on the dot of ten-thirty, is Bobby Short, the facile fancier of flip songs, hip songs, quip songs. He, his piano, and his merry aides—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer—make Short work of the aforesaid night. There's solo piano, too, from five-thirty until nine, by Jules Kuti in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **Sheraton-East,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of cityscape, every *geste* is *beau*. In the midst of it, Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which is Viennese (cuisine and all) on its best behavior, serves up dinner, seven to ten, along with the unhurried zither of Hans Hansberg. Closed Sundays. . . . **Downstairs at the Upstairs,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): To all mortals in a give-me-love-or-give-me-death state of mind, the lyrics of Mabel Mercer, the calm counsellor emeritus, have the answer. Her first-aid courses, which are on a daily-except-Sunday schedule, begin at ten-thirty, and Sam Hamilton's piano is the perfect background. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The artfulness of this medieval banqueting hall is not Pop or Op but Camp. Through its prankish pomp and circumstance Norbert Faconi and his age-of-chivalry violin are audible with reasonable frequency every evening but Sunday. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): You know how the Spanish are—first on one foot, then on the other, and often in ferociously rapid succession. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part ambulatory Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from six until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 48,** 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained majesty, there is handsome guitar music (Gustavo Lopez) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from seven to twelve. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 49,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, providing room for Andalusian guitar (José Luis Franco) on the same schedule every night but Sunday. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from seven-thirty until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **Regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. Five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday is his curriculum. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian rhapsody here involves a mingling of zimbalon, violin, tenor, and soprano, all of them prepared to demonstrate, gently but firmly, that silence is not golden. Béla Babai's band plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Petroushka,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The utterly unassuming Marina Fedorovskaya sings those great big heartbreaking Russian ballads in her contained fashion. Likely as not, the cus-

What girl could resist a bouquet of flowers from a fabulous Frenchman?

BALMAIN
Jolie Madame
MILK BATH
BALMAIN
BALMAIN
BALMAIN
Jolie Madame
LIGHT COLOGNE
B
BALMAIN
EAU DE
Jolie Madame
MIST
B
BALMAIN
Jolie Madame
TALCUM
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS
BALMAIN
EAU DE
Jolie Madame
MIST
B

'Jolie Madame' Parfum • Parfum Spray Pursette • Perfume Purse Flacon
Spray Mist, 2 oz. & 4 oz. • Eau de Toilette • Light Cologne • Milk Bath • Bath Oil
Dusting Powder • Talcum • Soap • Hand and Body Lotion

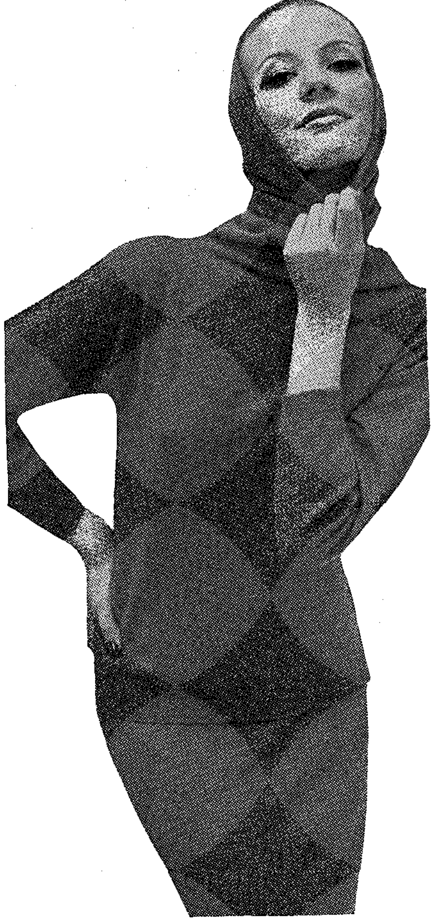
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN

The most sophisticated floral in all Paris

PERFUME IMPORTED FROM FRANCE; ALL OTHER PRODUCTS MADE IN U.S.A.

A GOOD PLACE TO GO FOR YOUR BONNIE CASHIN CASHMERE BY BALLANTYNE IS DEBENHAM & FREEBODY IN LONDON

Wigmore Street, London W1



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tomers join in as a mighty Cossack chorus. Betweentimes, a piano and violin collaborate on kindred tunes. Seven-thirty until two is the extent of the operation. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, 65 E. 59th St., in Delmonico's Hotel. (EL 5-2500): Discothèque has become a dubious word around town, but here it is raised to the *n*th power by the fine-fettle feet of Tanya Everett, of "Fiddler on the Roof," the instigator of an extremely jolly mass-participation and extemporaneous ballet by the house guests. Eight to three is the music; snack is the menu. Closed Mondays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Those who wonder what ever became of such fixtures of night life as Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand will find them together in a new plush-and-panelled playroom. The Steele chansons are *done in romping, who-cares fashion*; the Daniels ditties occur in *bon-vivant* fashion; the Grand piano is fluent and romantic. Ronnie Ball and Sonny Dallas are the jazz background. The music begins at five-thirty, the singing at around ten. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON MOTOR INN**, Twelfth Ave. at 42nd St. (OX 5-6500): Camelot redivivus, and on the fifth floor, which makes the Hudson a very visible front yard. The instrument of choice is the harp, sometimes plucked by Daphne Hellman and sometimes by Gladys Hubner. . . . **LA FONDA DEL SOL**, 123 W. 50th St. (PL 7-8800): A Sunday in this museum piece, with flamboyant examples of the lively arts chockablock on every wall, in every nook, is a continuous parade, from one to nine, of flamenco chanters and careeners. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There is *treacle-and-molasses piano* by George Feyer in this counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until one or two every evening but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was brought up to be a really dizzy soubrette, is showing how it's done, in song and sidelong glance, at dinner through the week and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. There is casual dance music now and again. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Warm, busy evenings on the Via Veneto, where the American visitors dine among a set of musicians who amble back and forth until late at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera is fired, point-blank, as soon as the waiters see the whites of their customers' eyes. Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the *Casino-on-the-Park, a living (and dining)* room for which "sumptuous" is a fair appraisal, Steven Weltner gives his knowledgeable piano an air that is as much Chopin as it is Gershwin. Five-thirty to midnight is the run of his play. No music Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Bunty Pendleton, whose romping piano and happy-go-lucky songs (like not a few of us civilians) went through the Volstead Act and lived to tell the tale, is quite apparent in this restaurant. Lynn Richards is her alternate at the pianoforte. They take turns from six to three. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Muriel Roberts, who is now in possession of the piano in the colonnaded dining room here, has a liberal lacing of jazz in her background, and it flavors whatever she plays. Dinner until eleven is her scheme, and she is away Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six to one-thirty, except Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one-thirty, except Sundays.

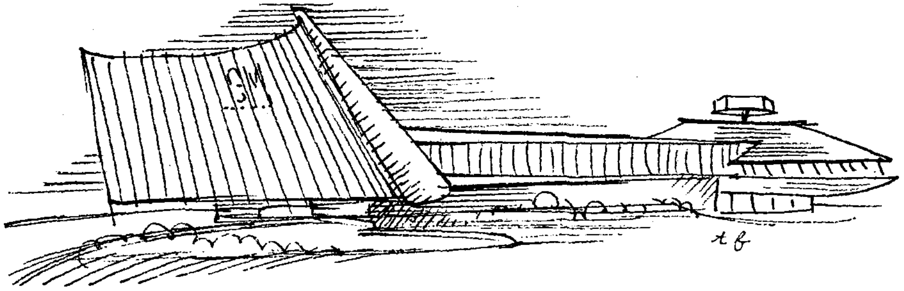
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Galore is the word for the girls, ranging from astounding Amazons to pretty little pony ballerinas, who spend their evenings in the world of extravaganza. There is further amusement by François Szony and Nancy Claire, those far-lighter-than-air balletomanes, and by Edie Adams, a ranking oriole, monologuist, and parodist. Dancing. No action Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ella Fitzgerald, a stunning example of floating power with easy push-button control, is singing in front of a big band. Wild Bill Davis's catamounts make the music, and Ram Ramirez is the artful intermission piano player. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The children's hour here is a late one, for Johnny Rivers, one of their new Pied Pipers, does not get going until after nine, at the earliest, and does not sign off until around two. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is plenty of jive, jingle, and jangle from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week. . . . **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Who should turn up at this erstwhile home of the girlie-girlie show but the small yet furioso Spaniard named Marcelo and his perfectly wonderful troupe of flamenco prancers and ululators. They will be giving their all at dinner and supper every night through Sunday, May 9.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): No patent has been applied for to protect the special art form that is visible in "Bits & Pieces, XIV," this season's Julius Monk revue, inasmuch as no one but Mr. Monk seems able to do the thing right. His formal but funny view-with-alarm of the world's foibles and frailties is often couched, and even chaise-longued, in Delphic language, which only enhances the spoof. The language is managed by Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason, the very best of revuers, as well as by Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Barbara Minkus, and Nancy Myers, an excellent set of junior executives. The pit band is the pianos of Robert Colston and Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is the principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights; Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): R. G. Brown, gaily mouthing speeches of the gravest inconsequences, is the life of the new version of "The Game Is Up," a vest-pocket revue which holds that flippancy is the best policy. Carol Morley and Marian Mercer, who go along with him, likewise have moments of madness. The zero hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed

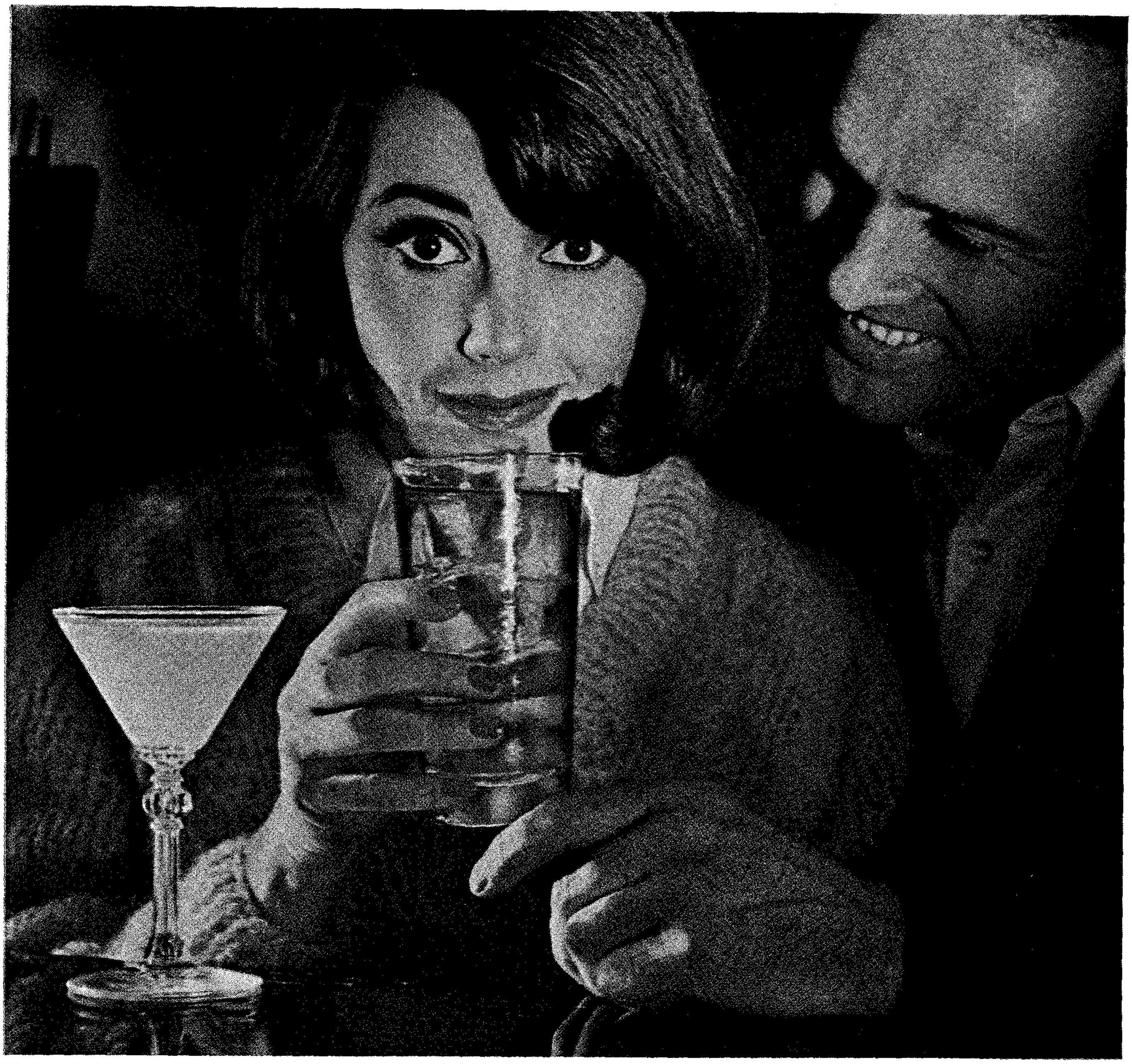


Celanese® Arnel®

There is only one Arnel. It puts the crispness in an oxford weave.

And that crispness stays put, all day long. Colors come up clearer too with Arnel in the fabric. **Palm Beach Company** tailors this good looking oxford weave sport coat of *Arnel triacetate and cotton*. Trim three button styling, center vent and two patch pockets. Choose from a collection of cool colors including: denim blue, yellow, seafoam, teal, elk, skipper blue and red. About $30.* Available at fine stores everywhere. *Slightly higher in the West.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber



Another couple making the discovery!

(HAVE YOU?)

The discovery that Bacardi *tastes good*—that it tastes as good in a highball as it does in a cocktail! It should. Bacardi rum is still made by the Bacardi family to the secret formula that made it famous over 100 years ago. That's why it's *smooth*...that's why it's dry and light-bodied...and that's why it's so popular! Ever see a bar or a liquor store without Bacardi? Go check yours...but take your money!

DRINK BACARDI® RUM

LIGHT DRY
DARK DRY
DARK SPECIAL
151
BACARDI
BACARDI
BACARDI
AÑEJO
BACARDI

ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

All Bacardi rum is smooth, dry, light-bodied. **Light** is for Daiquiris and when you prefer subtle flavor or light color...**Dark** when you want more Bacardi flavor, or amber color... **Añejo** for the ultimate smoothness of "sippin' rum"...**151** for Mai-Tais, flaming dishes and exotic cookery. ©BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., MIAMI, FLA. RUM 80 & 151 PROOF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A Cuban hacienda that houses a bunch of ballet devotees who believe in flamenco. Since they live in, they are on hand every evening, and so is a vigorous soprano. Dinner and supper are when they go into action. Dancing. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter Revisited" restores to us Porter games with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Burning desire gets a big play in the ballads of Felicia Sanders, a soprano who means every word she sings. Irving Joseph, Norene Tate, and Warren Vaughn have a lot of romantic piano at the tips of their fingers. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The sound and the fury of Charlie Mingus, whose bull fiddle is one of the biggest catalysts in the business, govern the actions of a quartet. Richard Alpert, a young man on permanent leave from Harvard, is the humorist. All hands go to work every evening but Monday, and every Sunday afternoon as well, at four-thirty. Mondays are given over to other talkers (without benefit of music), mostly a panel of precipitate arguers, who have at one another on the stroke of nine-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Horace Silver's quintet comes to the end of its tremulous journey on Sunday, May 9. Friday, May 7, through that Sunday, the foursome of the stalwart Gerry Mulligan will be in full cry, and on Friday and Saturday of that weekend Gloria Lynne will contribute high-pressure carolling. On Tuesday, May 11, Tito Puente's triphammer Latin bandsmen will open fire. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. Mondays, the play area is occupied by one Latin band or another, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to eleven, but are closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino*, in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. Folk musicians are the principal stock in trade, but on Wednesday, May 12, when Woody Allen will be added to the cast, the accent will fall upon his wily speech patterns, which are full of extrasensory perceptiveness. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Great God Pandemonium reigns here. His levees begin as early as three in the afternoon (sock-and-boil music) and go on into the night. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A pizza foundry that runs an extra evening shift to accommodate John Coltrane's quartet, whose leader is in love with saxophone soliloquies. On Tuesday, May 11, Art Blakey's cannonading quintet takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The foursome of Roland Kirk, who plays many instruments, mostly at once, keeps the night watch. On Mondays, a triad headed by Walter Bishop has the place to itself. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such forefathers as Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, and Herb Gardner talk over the old, old days and they are often joined by Eddie Condon himself, the long-invisible patron saint of the premises. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the team of Willie Ruff and Dwike Mitchell, who walk the difficult boundary separating classicism

Must have a kiss
Love is the most fun you can have without Laughing
The only difference between a Caprice and a life long Passion Is that the Caprice Lasts a little Longer

Keepsakes

From a large collection of sentimental boxes in porcelain. From twenty five dollars to thirty eight dollars.

TIFFANY & CO.

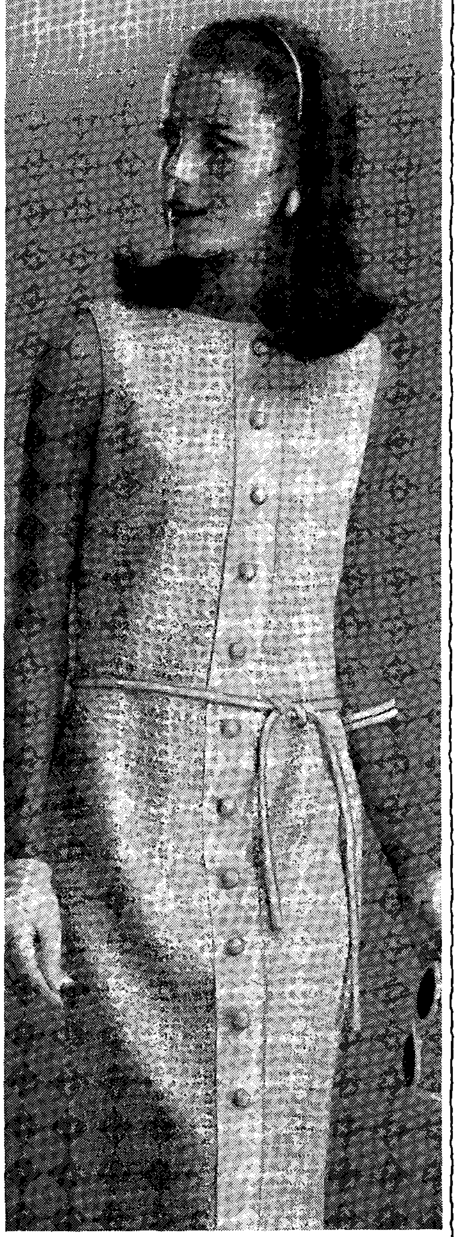
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57th ST.

SAN FRANCISCO 233 Post St. · BEVERLY HILLS 9601 Wilshire Blvd. · HOUSTON First City Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Saks Fifth Avenue

TRAVELER'S PASSPORT—
S.F.A's ARNEL®-AND-
LINEN KNIT, $40

A dress to span seasons or continents – our airy, lacy-knit blend of crushless Arnel® triacetate and linen. Front-tabbed, button-trimmed and rope-tied with matching pure linen, in bone or powder blue. 6-16 sizes. Young Elite® Dresses. Mail and phone orders filled.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and jazz with exceeding skill. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the piano—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): There's no sound barrier that the horn of Wild Bill Davison cannot leap in full stride. He and a set of other traditionalists—Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown—ride shotgun during the week. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, Dixieland has its say from four-thirty to eight-thirty. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket, and—at a guess—no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four. The music goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week. Sundays are hard days: rant-and-rave sound from six until very late.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by this Belgian artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, May 8. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ben Benn—An exhibition of paintings that is running concurrently with his show at the Jewish Museum; through Saturday, May 15. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stella Buchwald—Landscapes, still-lifes, and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Jason, 23 W. 56th St.)

Paul Burlin—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andrea Cascella—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynn Chadwick—Small bronzes; through Saturday, May 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings 1955-64; through Saturday, May 15. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—Sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claire Falkenstein—Free-form sculptures in tangled metallic wire and colored-glass nuggets, plus kinetic paintings; through June 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Goto—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, May 15. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hostetler—Wooden-figure sculptures; through Friday, May 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Taku Iwasaki—Collages made of aluminum sheeting and cast-off electronic parts; through May 29. (Grippi & Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jules Kirschenbaum—Paintings and drawings; through Friday, May 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger—"The Figure," an exhibition of paintings (1913-54) commemorating the tenth anniversary of his death; through May 29. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Einar Lunden—Drawings and watercolors of European scenes; through Friday, May 7. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St.)

Marcia Marcus—Figure paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Marino Marini—Bronzes, paintings, and drawings, from the forties and fifties; through Saturday, May 15. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Michaux—Inks and watercolors; through Saturday, May 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Mitchell—Abstractions; through Saturday, May 8. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

Ben Nicholson—Paintings and reliefs (1955-65) by the English artist; through Saturday, May 8. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Pollack—Paintings and bronzes; through May 22. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leo Rabkin—Constructions; through May 22. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

Jesse Reichek—Drawings; through Saturday, May 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Esther Rolick—"The Creation," a series of seven oils; through Saturday, May 8. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Leatrice Rose—Paintings; through Saturday, May 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosenquist—Pop Art; through Thursday, May 13. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Rosenthal, Ludwig Sander, and Zao Wou-ki—Sculptures by the first and paintings by the latter two; through Saturday, May 8. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Gordon Russell—Landscapes, figures, and still-lifes; through May 22. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Harry Sternberg—Landscape and figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, May 15. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Teiji Takai—Paintings; through May 29. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Venard—Paris street scenes; through Monday, May 10. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings; through Saturday, May 8. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Arline Wingate—Mostly bronzes of plant life; through Saturday, May 15. (Southampton East, 145 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirty-second annual of small sculptures, bas-reliefs, and medals; through Sunday, May 9. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Pop Art by Arman, Dine, Fahlstrom, Marisol, Oldenburg, and Segal; through May 29. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Paintings by Thomas Cole, Theodore Robinson, George Inness, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by (for instance) August Mosca, Jacques Hnizdovsky, and John Sennhauser; through Saturday, May 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **GREENROSS**, 41 E. 57th St.: A benefit showing of the Jacques Kaplan collection of paintings and sculptures by (to mention a few) Larry Rivers, Karel Appel, and Ben Nicholson; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GRIFFIN**, 32 E. 58th St.: Art Nouveau and *fin-de-siècle* bicycling posters; through May 29.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century French masters, including Bonnard, Utrillo, and Miró; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Picasso, Dubuffet, Giacometti, and others; through May 29. (Closed Mondays.)

Latin-Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Thirty works (by twenty artists) selected from the II Bienal Americana de Arte, held last fall at the University of Cordoba, Argentina; through Saturday, May 8. (Closed Saturday mornings.). . . **SUDAMERICANA**, 10 E. 8th St.: Drawings and prints by young painters from Uruguay; through Saturday, May 15. (Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Note—The fourth annual Artists-for-CORE benefit exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by some two hundred American artists (among them Larry

Rivers, Robert Rauschenberg, Alexander Calder, and Helen Frankenthaler) is being held at the Graham Gallery, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St., through Saturday, May 8.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"John S. Newberry: A Memorial Exhibition," a selection of about forty drawings (by Grosz, Klee, Modigliani, Bontecou, and others) either presented to the Museum by Mr. Newberry or purchased with funds made available by him; through June 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Nearly two-thousand objects covering fifty centuries of the arts of Indian peoples from the Arctic to the Argentine are on view in the new Hall of the Americas. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Mingei: Folk Arts of Old Japan;" starting Friday, May 7. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings (1877-1914) by William Merritt Chase, lent from American and European public and private collections; through June 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by, among others, Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new galleries constructed for them. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and portraits by Ben Benn; through May 23. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Benn showing at the Babcock Galleries, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Dante," a seven-hundredth-anniversary exhibition of manuscripts and printed books; through July 30. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions; namely, the Morgan volume of "The Hours of Catherine of Cleves," master drawings, bookbindings, and autograph manuscripts; through June 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Hudson River Steamboat Portraits," a loan show of pictures by the nineteenth-century twin brothers James and John Bard; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Views of nineteenth-century New York City, as depicted in engravings, lithographs, watercolors, and photographs. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscripts of American and English novels (from the Library's Berg collection) by forty-four eighteenth- to twentieth-century authors, including Charles Dickens, Samuel Clemens, Max Beerbohm, and Elizabeth Bowen; through Sept. 27. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred nineteenth-century American drawings and watercolors (by such artists as John James Audubon, Ralph Blakelock, and John Frederick Kensett) from the M. and M. Karolik Collection, recently presented to the Museum

BROOKS BROTHERS
is opening a fine new major branch in
LOS ANGELES

Brooks Brothers, America's oldest and most distinguished men's and boys' clothing establishment, is opening a handsome, fully air-conditioned major branch at West Seventh Street and Grand Avenue in Los Angeles. The date, May 18th.

Here it will be our pleasure to serve both a host of old friends—and the many new friends whom we anticipate meeting—with a full and comprehensive stock of our exclusive clothing and furnishings, featuring our famous "Own Make" Custom and Special Order Clothing will also be included, as well as complete Boys' and University Departments.

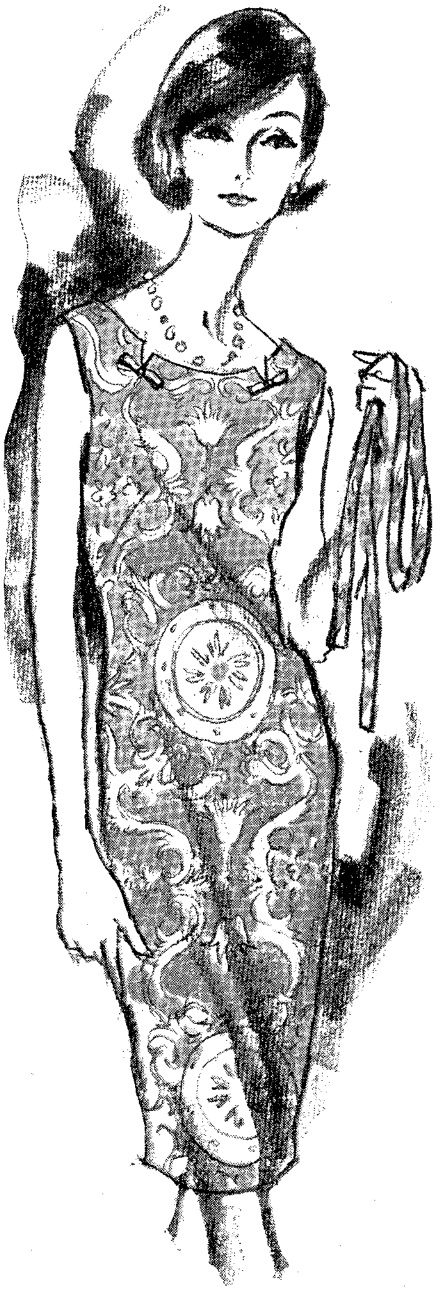
And so our story of progress and customer service continues to grow—a 147-year saga that already includes stores in New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago and San Francisco . . . and Travelling Representatives who regularly visit over 30 cities in the United States with samples and model garments.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



A shaft of sunlight
to brighten your summer
wherever you go and all
of it knit of acetate with
a silky gleam. The
print, designed for day
or evening doings, in
yellow or shocking pink
with white, sizes 8 to 18.
By Jonbarry (N-5) **40.00**
3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Fine Arts in Boston; through May 19.... ¶ "A Decade of American Drawings, 1955-65," *the eighth exhibition organized by the* Friends of the Whitney Museum, with works by Charles Burchfield, David Smith, Andrew Wyeth, and others; through June 6. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Hunter College Opera Association—Benjamin Britten's "Albert Herring," staged by Hugh Thompson and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 8:15.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, May 8, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Giovanni Consiglio.... ¶ Saturday, May 15, at 8:30: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, William Steinberg conducting—Thursday, May 6, at 8:30; Friday, May 7, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 8, at 8:30 (all with Van Cliburn, piano); Sunday, May 9, at 3 (with Itzhak Perlman, violin); and Thursday, May 13, at 8:30; Friday, May 14, at 2:15; Saturday, May 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 16, at 3 (all with Arthur Grumiaux, violin).

BBC Symphony Orchestra—The last four in a series of concerts. Friday, May 7: Pierre Boulez conducting, with John Ogdon, piano. ... ¶ Saturday, May 8: Antal Dorati conducting, with Mr. Ogdon.... ¶ Friday, May 14: Antal Dorati conducting, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello, and Heather Harper, soprano. ... ¶ Saturday, May 15: Antal Dorati conducting; no soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Benjamin Steinberg conducting a new orchestra, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Fromm Music Foundation—Gunther Schuller conducting several chamber ensembles in a concert of commissioned works by Elliott Carter, Salvatore Martirano, Seymour Shifrin, and Claudio Spies, with Charles Rosen, piano; Paul Jacobs, harpsichord; and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 2:30.)

Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick—George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing a performance of Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte" ("The Magic Flute") in concert form, with soloists and an orchestra. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 8, at 5:15.)

Columbia University Chorus and Orchestra—Peter Flanders directing. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 8, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

"Noye's Fludde"—Performances of Benjamin Britten's musical setting for the Chester (England) Miracle Play, performed by a cast of about a hundred children, with Marie Powers, contralto; Norman Riggins, bass-baritone; and an orchestra. (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Thursday and Friday, May 13-14, at 8; Saturday, May 15, at 5:30 and 8; and Sunday, May 16, at 5:30. For free tickets, call GR 5-0830.)

Interracial Chorale and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing an Amram-Schubert program, with soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 13, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing, with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Kolk, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 14, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 15, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Malcolm Frager—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Arthur Grumiaux and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—A recital of sonatas for violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 9, at 3:30.)

Claremont Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 11, at 8:30.)

Robert Mosley—Baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday, May 15, at 5:15.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Milwaukee, Friday, May 7, at 8; Saturday, May 8, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 9, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 11, at 8, and Wednesday, May 12, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, May 14, at 8, and Saturday, May 15, at 2:15.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 8.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 8.)... ¶ Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 15.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 8.)... ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, May 15.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Withers, Saturday, May 8, and the Acorn, Saturday, May 15.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Monday, May 31.... **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 15.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 15, at 11.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:05; *through Wednesday, May 12....* **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, May 13, through Wednesday, July 28. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Carmen," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)... **THE MANY FACES OF MUSIC:** A program of music for the theatre, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, May 8, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Wizard of Oz," Saturday, May 8, at 2 and 3:30.... ¶ "Pecos Bill," Sunday, May 9, and Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) ... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays at 2:30. ... ¶ "Heidi," Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **PRINCE COMPANY:** "Can You See a Prince?" (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS:** "Treasure Island." (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Saturday, May 8, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest," Saturdays at 3.... ¶ "The Absent-Minded Dragon," Sundays at 3. (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** "King Midas and the Golden Touch." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Saturday, May 8, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "Cities of Stars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Children's Zoos—In **central park:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **bronx zoo:** Bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Sir John Gielgud and Irene Worth reading from the works of Dame Edith Sitwell and T. S. Eliot. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, May 9, at 8:30.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be opened to the public on Tuesday, May 11, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display belong to Mrs. A. Harris Gaines, 430 E. 57th St.; Mrs. Jane Waterman Stearns, 570 Park Ave.; Mrs. James E. Kiernan, 1136 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Umberto Romano, 162 E. 83rd St.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brush, 791 Park Ave.; and Mr. and Mrs. Grant E. Sita, 120 E. 71st St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7; Wednesday, May 12, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 6, at 1:45: Queen Anne and Georgian silver, owned by Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 7-8, at 1:45: French and English furniture and decorations, belonging to Robert S. Stuart and others....¶ Tuesday, May 11, at 1:45: Illuminated texts, cartoons, and illustrations by the late Arthur Szyk, together with Indian miniatures, Japanese prints, and color-plate and other books; the property of Edgar Gutman and others....¶ Wednesday, May 12, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Van Dongen, Utrillo, Gauguin, and Epstein; from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 7.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits don't open until 10 A.M., although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2.

Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays in July and August.

Pavilions—An aquatic show sponsored by Florida will open in the Amphitheatre on Saturday, May 8....¶ The pavilions of Greece, Guinea, Lebanon, Sudan, and Sierra Leone (this last one to be internationalized as a United Nations exhibit) will be open by Monday, May 10....¶ There is a booth at the I.B.M. pavilion where seats may be reserved for later in the day; for those who prefer to stand in line, on the other hand, I.B.M. provides live entertainment....¶ In the American Express pavilion, there is an exhibit of Pop, Op, and some more archaic forms of modern painting and sculpture by artists who are, for the most part, under thirty. Free.

Cartier

THE EXCLUSIVE
CARTIER WATCH OF 18KT GOLD

Only at Cartier, these fine 17 jewel watches. The movements and 18kt gold cases are ours alone, representative of Cartier quality and exceptional value. The feminine dress or the sports watch, $90. Man's ultra-thin dress watch, $125. Man's sports watch, automatic, shock and water resistant, $145. Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Second Street, New York · PLaza 3-0111 | Cartier, Inc., Palm Beach
Cartier, S. A., Paris | Cartier, Ltd., London

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history, and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 12.)

Chronicle of a Summer—A pioneer feature-length specimen of *cinéma vérité*, photographed in 1960 by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. A fascinating attempt to come closer to the truth than the conventional documentary does. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

Goldfinger—More nervy nonsense about James Bond, the fearless but thoroughly inept secret agent. Sean Connery is, as usual, splendid as Bond, and Gert Frobe is the rufous villain. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through May 11, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 12, tentative.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama, with a Grand Hotel cast. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 9:30 and 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night—Yeh, yeh, yeh! (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

How to Murder Your Wife—Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi, Terry-Thomas, and Eddie Mayehoff in an outrageous assault on matrimony, which will survive. Screenplay by George Axelrod, direction by Richard Quine. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 11. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 12. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting May 12, tentative.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 11.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—Juvenile delinquency in a split-level Canadian suburb. Thanks to the director, Don Owen, and the star, Peter Kastner, the movie surpasses its subject matter and becomes a delightful work of art. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652. After 8 on Tuesday, May 11, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

One Potato, Two Potato—This modest movie about the marriage of a white woman and a Negro man is often charming but seldom credible, in spite of an admirable performance by Bernie Hamilton as the hero. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through May 11. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 11, tentative.)

Operation Crossbow—Daring top-secret ploys and counterploys, by which the Nazis are just barely kept from winning the Second World War. Starring George Peppard, Tom Courtenay, Trevor Howard, Sophia Loren, Lilli Palmer, and lots of other heroes and villains. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Pumpkin Eater—Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, Maggie Smith, and James Mason in a fascinating study of a woman who has everything and, it appears, nothing. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 11, tentative.)

Il Successo—Vittorio Gassman at his best in an Italian comedy about a businessman on the make. With Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Synanon—A near-documentary account, directed by Richard Quine, of the well-known West Coast experiment in curing drug addiction. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. . . . ¶ Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through May 11. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 12.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, a good Frenchman, and Paul Scofield, a wicked Nazi, in a battle of wits over a trainload of precious paintings. A stirring melodrama, ably directed by John Frankenheimer. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy, with music by Michel Legrand, and starring Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Variety Lights—Federico Fellini's first film, made in 1950 in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. Full of wonderful things, and well acted by, among others, Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 11.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 8-9.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 12.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 12.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 6.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; May 8-9.)

Knife in the Water (1963)—A director named Roman Polanski takes a look at life and love in contemporary Poland. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 11.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 6.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 11.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through May 7.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 6.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 7-10.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through May 11, tentative. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting May 12, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 12.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a professional strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 7-10.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 11.)

The Thin Man (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy in the Dashiell Hammett mystery. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 6.)

Zazie (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 11.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "D. W. Griffith: American Film Master"—Through May 8: "Enoch Arden" (1911); and "Home, Sweet Home" (1914), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ May 9-12: "The Goddess of Sagebrush Gulch" (1912) and "The Avenging Conscience" (1914), both with Blanche Sweet. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				6	7	8
9	10	11	12			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE TRAIN.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
SYNANON.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
OPERATION CROSSBOW.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 11: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.
From May 12: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
May 6: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From May 7: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 11: "Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.
From May 12: "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
WORLD WITHOUT SUN.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
GOLDFINGER; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 11: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "7 Faces of Dr. Lao," revival, Tony Randall, Barbara Eden.
From May 12: "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 11 (tentative): **GOLDFINGER**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival.
From May 12 (tentative): **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
NOBODY WAVED GOODBYE. (After 8 on Tuesday, May 11, the theatre will be given over to a benefit performance.)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through May 11: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland.
From May 12: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through May 11: "Masquerade," Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins.
From May 12: "Mister Moses," Robert Mitchum, Carroll Baker.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Young Cassidy," Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 11: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.
From May 12: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Magnificent Cuckold" (in Italian), Claudia Cardinale, Ugo Tognazzi.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE TRAIN.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Backfire" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Jean Seberg.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"In Harm's Way," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
To be announced.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 9: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), Eiji Okada; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
May 10: "Indiscreet," revival, Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman; and "Auntie Mame," revival, Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker.
From May 11: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE PAWNBROKER.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 11 (tentative): **THE PUMPKIN EATER**; and **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO.**
From May 12 (tentative): **GOLDFINGER**; and **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 12 (tentative): "A Stranger Knocks" (in Danish), Birgitte Federspiel.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 10: "Pajama Party," Annette Funicello, Tommy Kirk; and "Tomb of Ligeia," Vincent Price.
May 11: "Rose Marie," revival, Ann Blythe, Howard Keel; and "Maytime," revival, Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy.
From May 12: "Young Dillinger," Nick Adams; and "My Baby Is Black," Gordon Heath.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 11: **SYNANON.**
From May 12: "Crack in the World," Dana Andrews, Janette Scott; and "A Boy Ten Feet Tall," Edward G. Robinson, Fergus McClelland.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
May 6: **M** (in German), revival; **THE THIN MAN**, revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
May 7-10: **LA STRADA** (in Italian), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival. (In addition to the regular films, "Miss Julie," a Swedish revival, with Anita Björk, will be shown at 12:15 P.M. on Saturday and Sunday, May 8-9.)
From May 11: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish), revival; **ZAZIE** (in French), revival; and "My Life to Live" (in French), revival, Anna Karina.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 11: **MARY POPPINS.**
From May 12: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte," Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland; and "Bye Bye Birdie," revival, Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 7: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and "They Drive by Night," revival, Ann Sheridan, George Raft.
May 8-9: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **HIGH SIERRA**, revival.
May 10-11: "Crime School," revival, Humphrey Bogart; and "The Oklahoma Kid," revival, James Cagney.
From May 12: **HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE**; and **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
May 6: "The Overcoat" (in Russian).
From May 7: "Goldstein," Lou Gilbert.

Sheridan, 7th Ave at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 11: "Circus World," John Wayne, Claudia Cardinale; and "Young Fury," Rory Calhoun, Virginia Mayo.
From May 12: **SYNANON**; and **THE EASY LIFE**, revival.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Between Tears and Smiles" (with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The New Angels" (in Italian).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
IL SUCCESSO (in Italian).

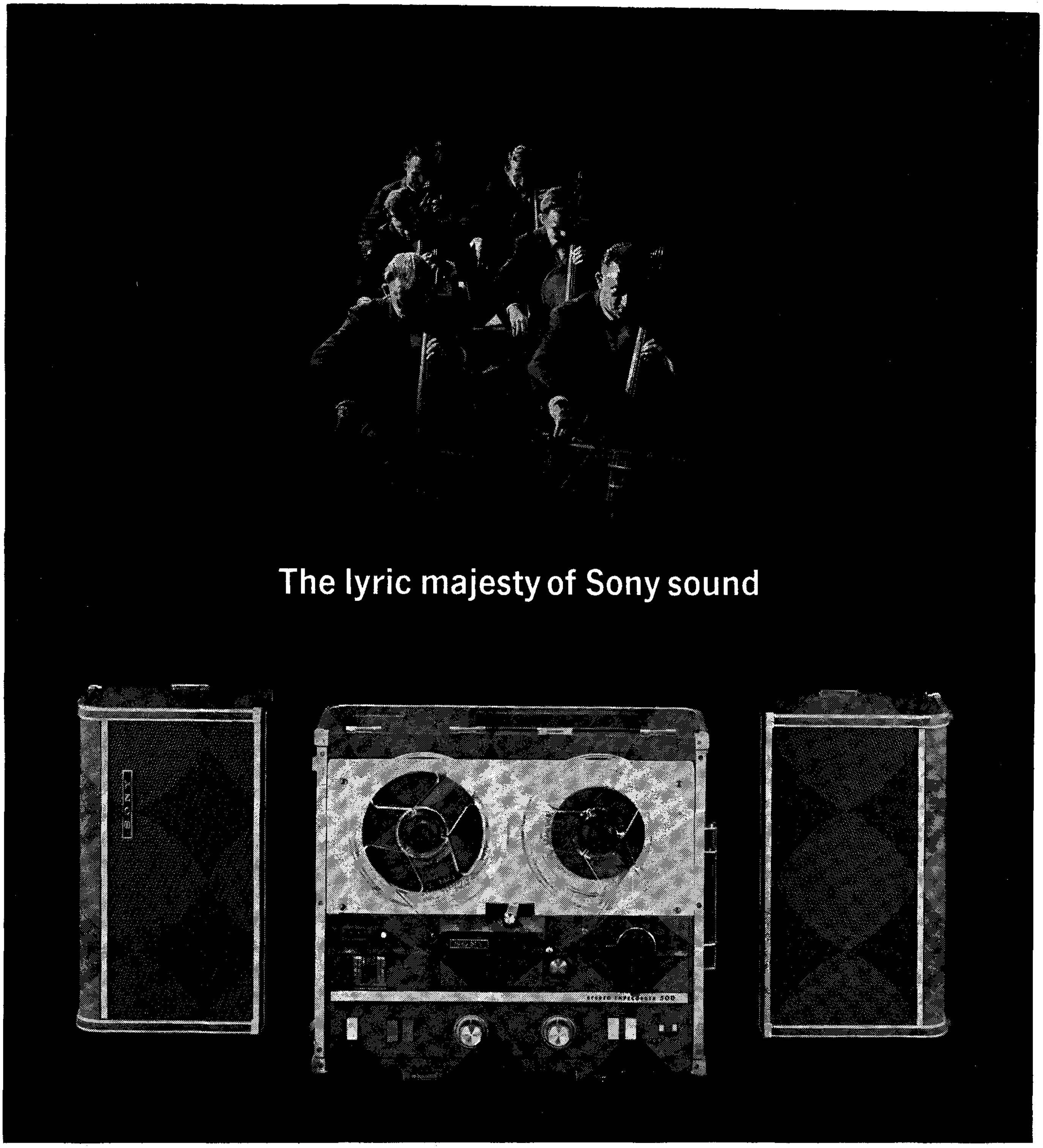
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"Male Hunt" (in French), Jean-Claude Brialy, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
VARIETY LIGHTS (in Italian); and **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 11: "The Satan Bug," George Maharis, Richard Basehart; and "The Caretakers," revival, Robert Stack, Polly Bergen.
From May 12: **BECKET**; and **DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB**, revival.

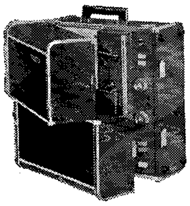
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 6: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and **SHADOWS**, revival.
May 7-10: "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bay of the Angels" (in French), Jeanne Moreau.
From May 11: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **MAYERLING** (in French), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 90th. (AC 2-1200)
"Kiss Me, Stupid," Dean Martin, Kim Novak.



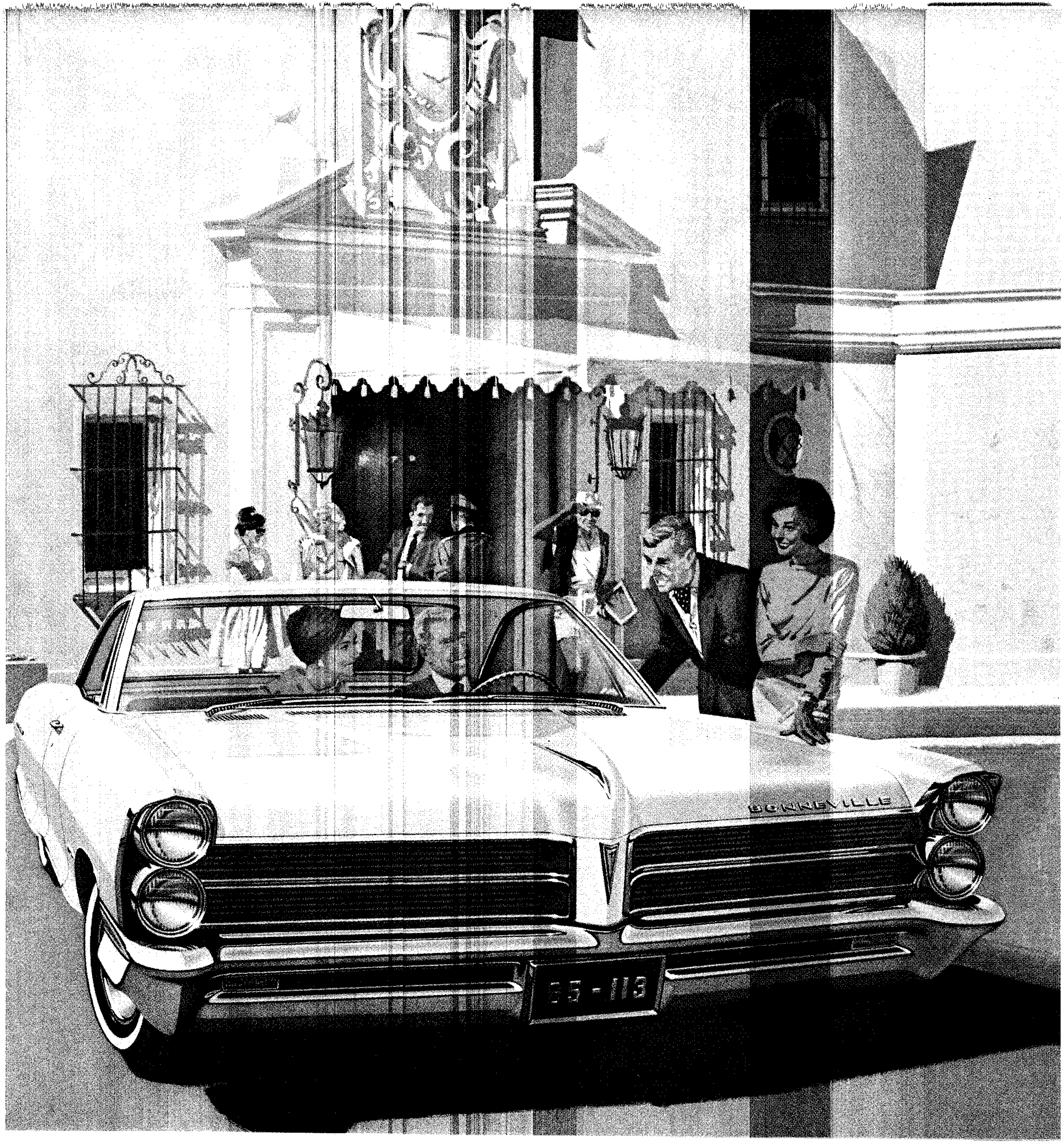
The **new Sony 500-A:** A magnificent stereophonic tape system with the amazing **new 2.5 micron-gap head** that produces a flat frequency response from 40 to 18,000 cps ± 2 db:* A remarkable engineering achievement; a complete four track stereo tape system with detachable speakers** and two new award winning F-96 dynamic microphones. **All the best from Sony for less than $399.50.**

Outstanding operational features distinguish the amazing new Sony Sterecorder 500-A: ■ Two bookshelf type acoustical suspension speaker systems combine to form carrying case lid ■ 4-track stereo/mono recording and playback ■ Vertical or horizontal operation ■ Special effects with mike and line mixing and sound on sound ■ Two V.U. meters ■ Hysteresis-Synchronous drive motor ■ Dynamically balanced capstan flywheel ■ Pause control ■ Automatic sentinel switch ■ Multiplex Ready with FM Stereo inputs. ®



*Rave Review: "The NAB playback characteristic of the 500, as measured at USTC, was among the smoothest and closest to the NAB standard ever measured." — High Fidelity Magazine, April 1964. ■ **Rave Review: "One of the striking features of the TC 500 is the detachable speakers, ...they produce a sound of astonishing quality." — Hi Fi/Stereo Review, April 1964. Available Soon: A sensational new development in magnetic recording tape, SONY PR-150. Write for details about our special introductory offer. (Sorry—only available to Sony owners.) For literature or name of nearest dealer write to Superscope, Inc., Sun Valley, California. Dept. K

SONY **SUPERSCOPE** *The Tapeway to Stereo*

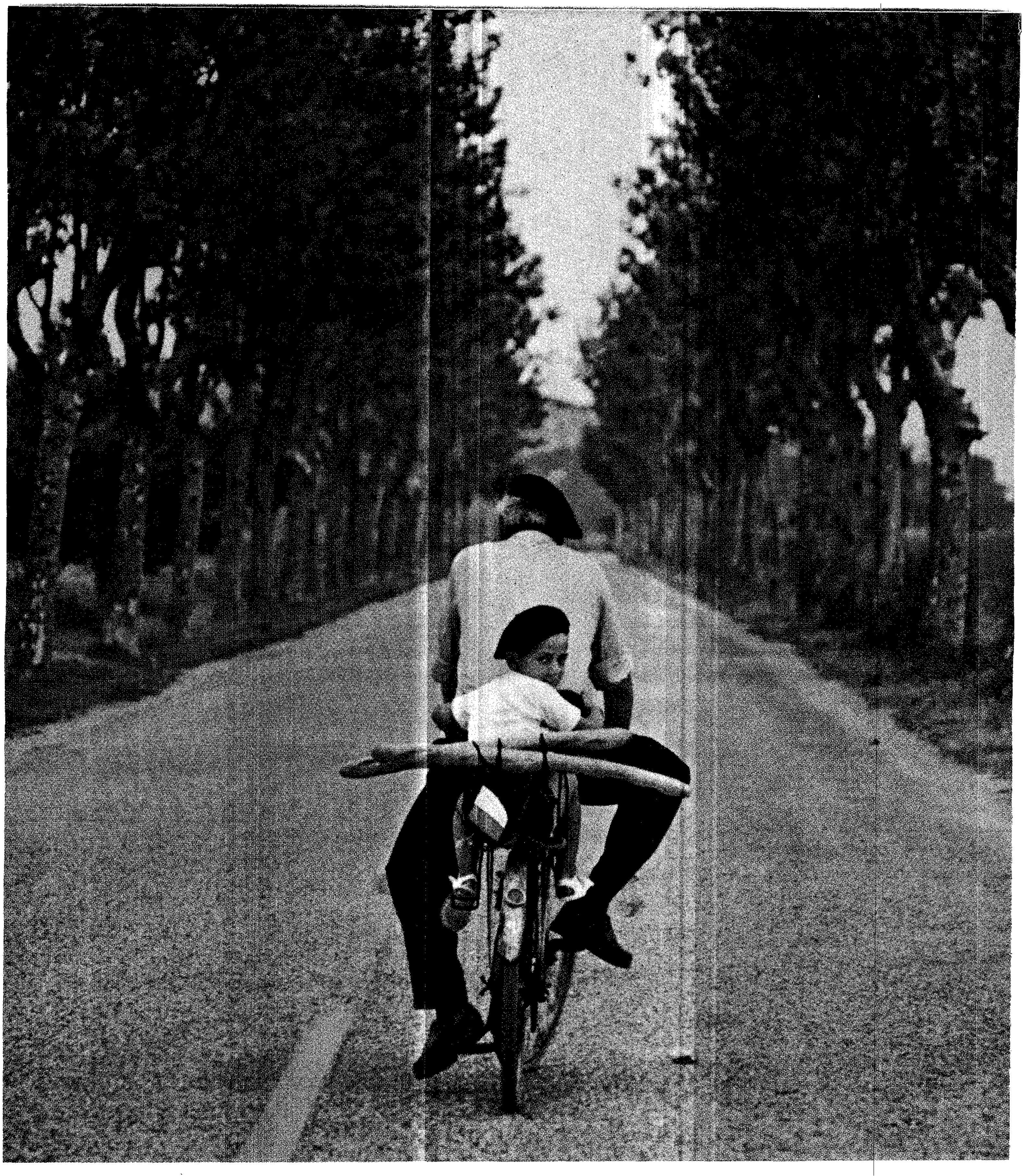


Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Isn't it nice that you can own a car that's remarkably beautiful and a car that's a remarkable performer without buying two cars?

It's not often that you find everything you want in one package, but there are exceptions. You're looking at one—the Pontiac Bonneville Sports Coupe. As far as looks go, this Bonneville can hold its own in any company. And company has a tough time keeping up with its performance. A 325-horsepower engine is standard, and that's just for openers. If you're feeling exceptionally tigerish you can go all the way up to 376 hp. We suggest you team it with the uncanny smoothness of new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Underneath it all there's the road-smoothing luxury of Pontiac's exclusive Wide-Track ride. Sorry you can't see the inside. It's a real treat. Elegant touches like a walnut-trimmed instrument panel . . . deep, soft carpeting and seats in your choice of rich fabric or Morrokide with an extra measure of cushiony padding. Makes even home seem austere. Getting concerned about the price? See your Pontiac dealer and let him put your fears to rest.

Pontiac for 1965/*YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACKS*



Think you've seen France? Think again.

Sure, you've seen the Eiffel Tower.

But have you followed a poplar-lined lane into the lovely valley of the Loire? Have you watched the children dancing in Avignon, or heard them singing "Sur le pont"? The song rings true here; the *pont* itself is right behind you. Have you baked on the rocks at Cap d'Antibes? Or gone up *behind* the Riviera into Vence? Vence is vivid, sunny, happy: a Matisse painting come to life. Have you watched the horses run on green turf at the white wedding-cake racetrack in Chantilly? Have you stuffed yourself with one of Mère Poulard's massive omelettes? Or stood out on the ramparts of Mont-St-Michel alone in the moonlight, after the rest of the world has gone to bed? Have you seen the cowboys galloping across the Camargue? Or played *le pinball* in a smokey bar-tabac?

Sure, you've been to France.

But have you *seen* France?

Before you see France, see a travel agent. Or write: French Government Tourist Office, Dept. TE-4, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10020.

call me Indestructible

Everybody does. Peugeot automobiles have earned this nickname the hard way – by continuing to run when ordinary cars are on the scrap heap. As a matter of fact, the oldest car still running in America is an 1891 Peugeot that stubbornly refuses to give up the ghost.

We won't guarantee that if you buy a Peugeot this year it will run until 2040 A.D. But we will guarantee that it will be built as carefully as men can build it. We still insist on test driving every Peugeot. We still insist on checking every nut and bolt that goes into it.

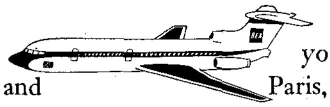
This is time consuming and expensive but if we didn't take these extra pains our name wouldn't be Peugeot.

Test drive one of the Indestructibles. You'll discover why it's considered one of the seven best made cars in the world.

PEUGEOT
75 Years of Quality

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-12
97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, N. Y., or see your local dealer.

Europe is more fun in English
Fly the airline that speaks your language—BEA.



English is BEA's native tongue. Same as yours. ■ So no matter where you go, between London and any of 80 cities in Europe and the Middle East, there's always an understanding person nearby when you fly BEA. A comforting thought should any problems arise. ■ We're also Europe's most convenient carrier. We have more jets and more frequent flights than any other airline. And now, more of our jets are 610 mph triple-jet Tridents, the quickest, quietest, most comfortable jets you can fly. From London and Manchester to Paris, for example, every BEA flight will be on a Trident. ■ Add to this our friendly and polished service on board, and it's easy to see why 350,000 Americans flew with us last year. Ask your Travel Agent or any airline office for complete information on BEA—Europe's largest air carrier.

BEA

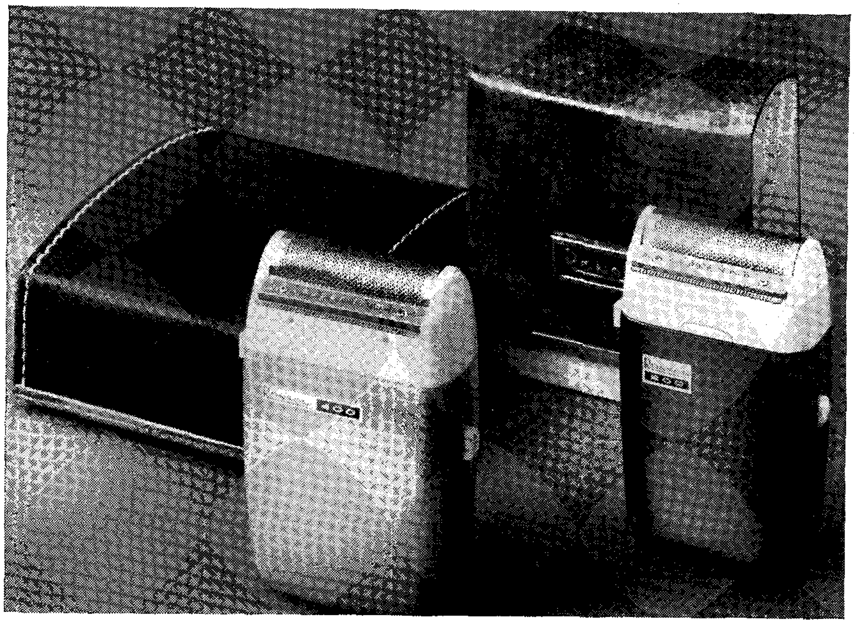
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS • Europe's Foremost Airline
General Sales Agent in U.S.A. and Canada: BOAC

He's going
to shave
with his Ronson

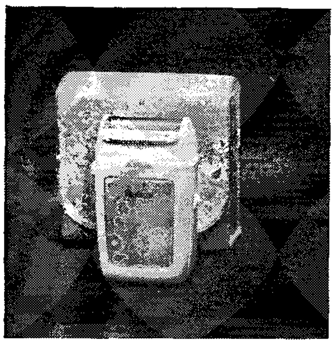
Isn't that
kind of hard to do
with a cigarette
lighter?

Get with it! He has the Ronson "400," that great new electric shaver. Made the way of everything Ronson. With precision. And detailed excellence. Designed the Ronson way. Magnificently. To give you the kind of shave your fingers will be feeling all day. In amazement. Want to see it? You can see the new Ronson "400" and its companion, the Ronson "200," on the following page. Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

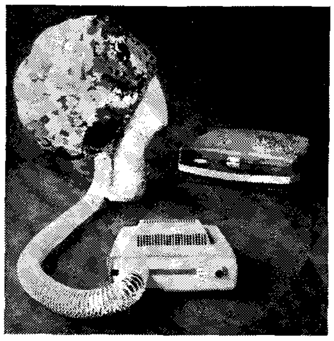
He's going to shave with his new Ronson "400" Electric Shaver



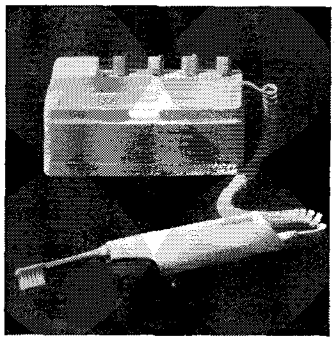
The Ronson "400" Electric Shaver is man size with 36 blades! Micro-thin shaving screen cuts close, smooth, quick. Exclusive "Super Trim" clippers groom sideburns, collar zone, mustache. Unbreakable Lexan body. Cleans itself at the flick of a switch. **The Ronson "200."** Popular priced 32-blade shaver with the same great Ronson features as the "400." At your favorite store.



His wife will use the new Ronson Caress Ladies Electric Shaver. Screen is largest, thinnest for close, fast, comfortable shaving. Has contoured "Trimette" for underarms. Protective roll-top shield. Gold brocade purse.

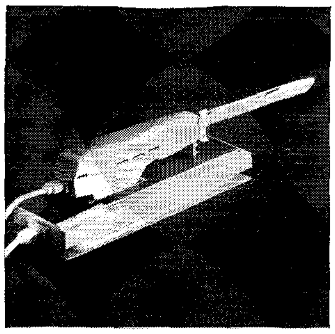


She'll dry her hair with the new Ronson Escort Portable Hair Dryer. 40 oz. light. Fast and quiet. Long cord. Four heat ranges. Fitted case with adjustable shoulder strap can be worn as handbag. Extra-large hood. Brush and comb.



He'll brush his teeth with the new Ronson Electric Toothbrush. Runs on standard batteries and house current reduced to 5 safe volts with exclusive Safety-Coupler. Correct up-and-down action. Best cleaning speed.

He'll shine his shoes with the new Ronson Roto-Shine "Magnetic" Electric Shoe Polisher. The only one that picks up attachments magnetically, ejects at touch of a button. Applies polish, brushes, buffs. Storage chest.



He'll carve a roast with the new Ronson Carve 'N' Slice Electric Knife. Carves, slices and shreds quickly, easily and quietly. Slim balanced grip. Wall rack with built-in extension cord can be used as a knife stand at dinner table.

She'll use the new Ronson 5-speed Blender to blend, whip, pulverize, chop, grate, mix. Only blender with self-feeding wide base 1½ quart container and longer blades to take whole fruits and vegetables. Easy to clean.

She'll open a can with the new Ronson Can-Do Electric Can Opener. Portable, versatile. Opens any size and shape can. Mixes drinks, whips food, mashes potatoes and sharpens knives. Comes with attachments and handy wall rack.

Remember, Ronson does a lot more than light cigarettes.

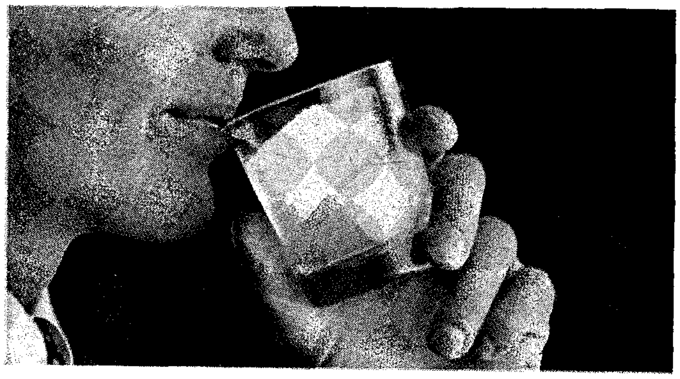
RONSON
automatically better ®
RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N. J.
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

80 PROOF PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

THE FIRM COINT
NTREAU ANGERS
80
PROOF
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
Manufactured
supplied by CO
France. The orig
enjoyed in the 4
Demand the Poppy Red
COINTREAU LTD
nnington, N. J.

The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks... ...essential in a Side Car.



Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner ...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

FLORSH

Imperials

Genuine Alligator puts you in a class apart

Wearing genuine alligator shoes is an experience shared only by the most discriminating of men. Florsheim makes the experience complete by using only the choicest skins, then matching and sewing them with infinite skill and care. Try on a pair at your first opportunity. There's just nothing that can compare.

Illustrated: The SQUIRE, *black genuine alligator front, black calf, $45.* / *Most regular Florsheim styles* $19^{95} *to* $24^{95}

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

*Suggested retail price POE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in West. SCCA-approved competition equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Overseas delivery available. Standard-Triumph Motor Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022. Canada: Standard-Triumph (Canada) Ltd., 1463 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto 10, Ont.

What price glory? $2199*.

Glory: the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2. For one thing, the added horsepower rockets you to 60 mph in only 13½ seconds.

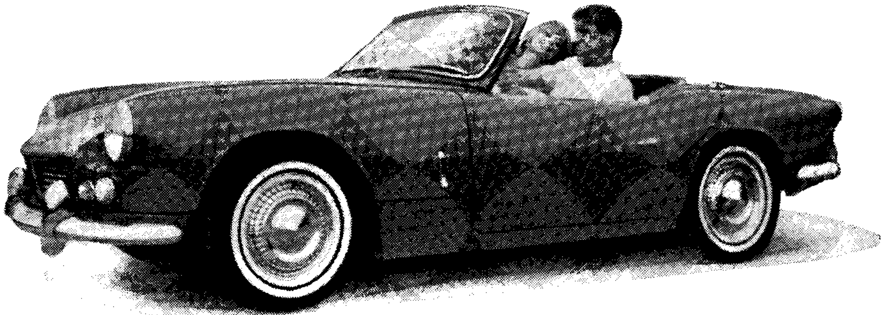
(That's faster than her predecessor, a Sports Car Club of America Champion. And voted "Best GT-sports car selling for less than $2500" by the many readers of *Car and Driver* magazine.)

Then there's the plush comfort of body contoured, individually adjustable bucket seats. The luxury of the vinyl-lined, fully-carpeted interior. And the pizazz of a functional dash with padded top and convenient twin storage compartments.

Plus rack-and-pinion steering. Disc brakes. Four-wheel independent suspension. Roll-up windows.

So grab some limelight. Slip into the new Triumph Spitfire Mk 2.

And cover yourself with glory!

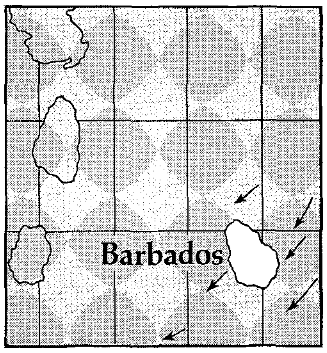


Triumph Spitfire Mk 2

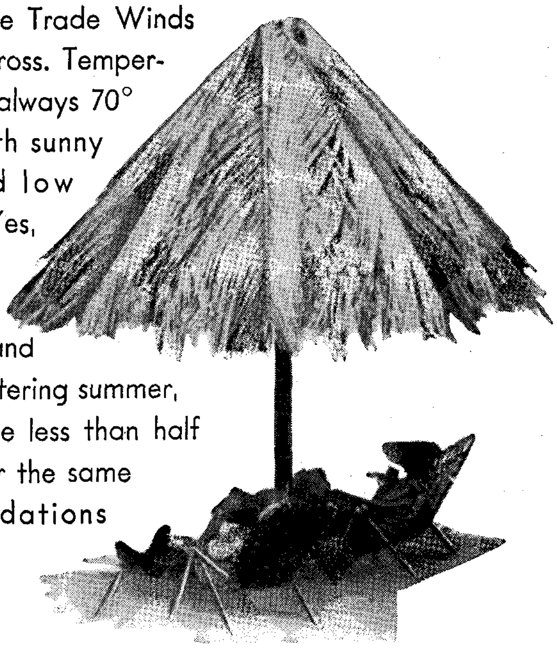
Why does Barbados have such low summer rates when Barbados has no summer?

Devilishly hot competition.

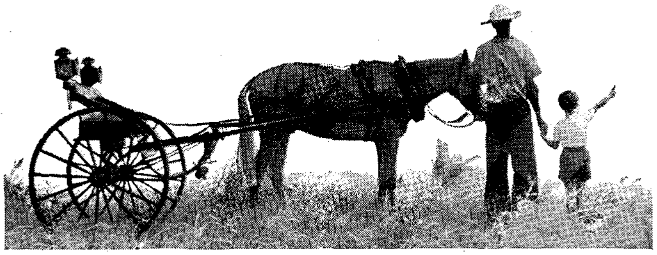
Barbados has one heavenly season year 'round. *But we must compete* with resorts that reduce rates when it's hot as the devil.



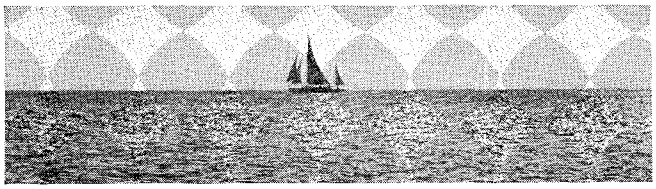
This little map shows you why Barbados doesn't get hotter in the summer. It's the Eastern-most Caribbean island. So it gets all the cooling Eastern Trade Winds first. There is no land between Europe and Africa where the breezes come from. They refresh Barbados first. It's the only place in the world where you can stand in Trafalgar Square and actually feel the Trade Winds blowing across. Temperatures are always 70° to 85°, with sunny skies and low humidity. Yes, you can come to Barbados and escape blistering summer, yet average less than half the cost for the same accommodations and lovely climate.



Barbados has a hundred and one new sights to see, people to meet, memories to bring home.



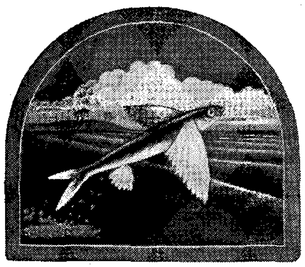
Where else can you order flying fish for dinner? Watch cricketers in the morning on the beach? Swim in two seas (the Atlantic or Caribbean)? Enjoy an atmosphere of British tradition and charm?



Where else can you stay in an old buccaneer's castle, as well as hotels, clubs and guest houses? Feel that everyone is delighted you came and sorry you must leave? Where else? Nowhere else but Barbados. The singular island that gives you hot summer rates though it gets no hotter in the summer.

Barbados

For complete information consult your travel agent or write Barbados Tourist Board, 355 Lexington Avenue, Dept. NY-1 New York, N. Y. 10017.

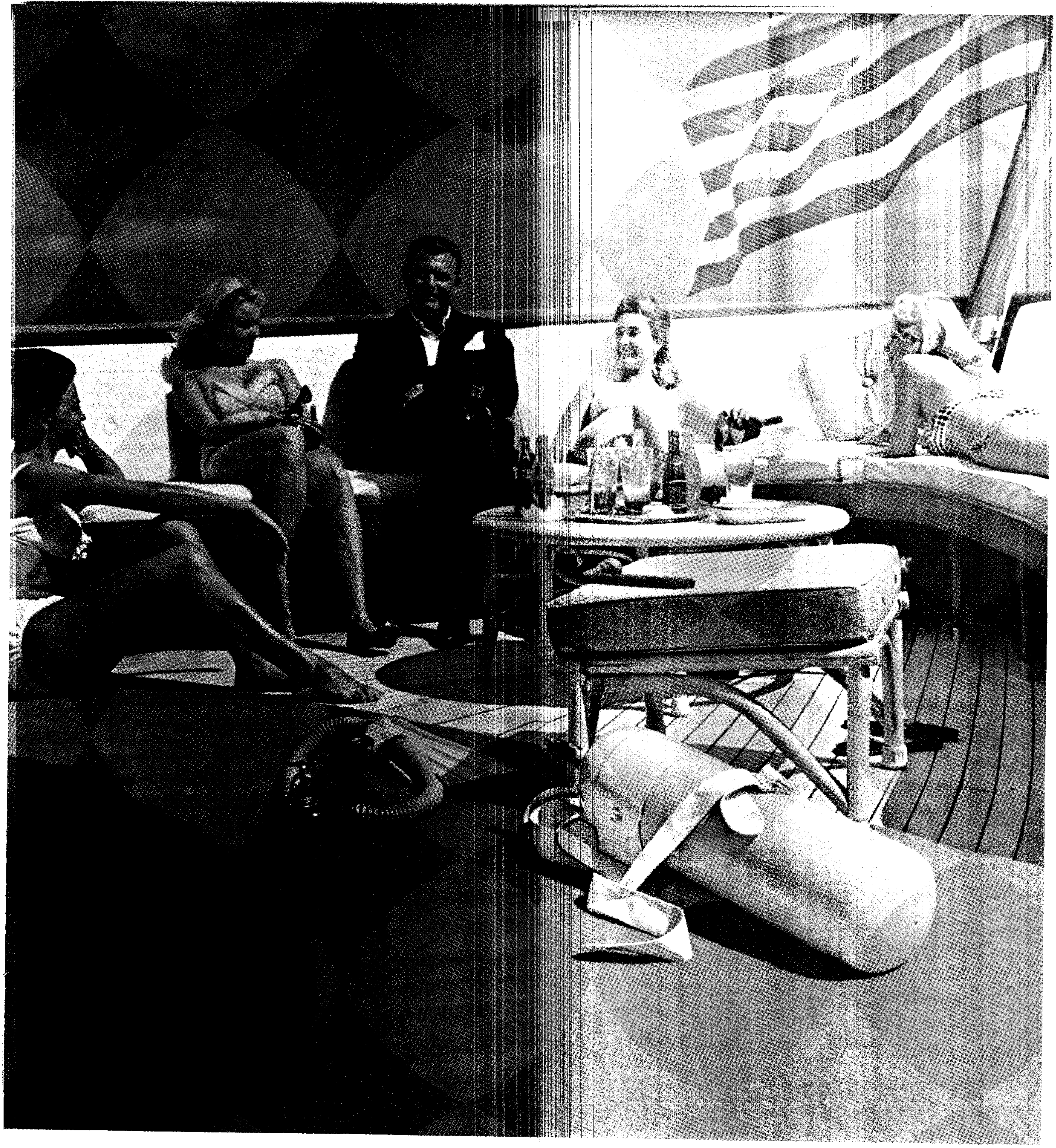


from
the
goddess
of
fragrance....
Ambush
perfume
Ambush
Dana
Dana

Martin's spent 8 years getting ready for tonight.

MARTIN'S
V.V.O.
DISTILLED MATURED BLENDED
8
YEARS OLD
AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
MADRID 1907
PARIS
BORDEAUX
Gold Bar
Extra Quality
MARTIN'S
ORIGINAL
V.V.O.
BRAND
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
ALL EXTRA QUALITY
YEARS 8 OLD
86.8° PROOF PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND 4/5 QUART
BLENDED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY
James Martin & Co Ltd
LEITH SCOTLAND ESTD 1878
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.
McKESSON & ROBBINS INCORPORATED, NEW YORK, N.Y.

And it was worth
every year of it.

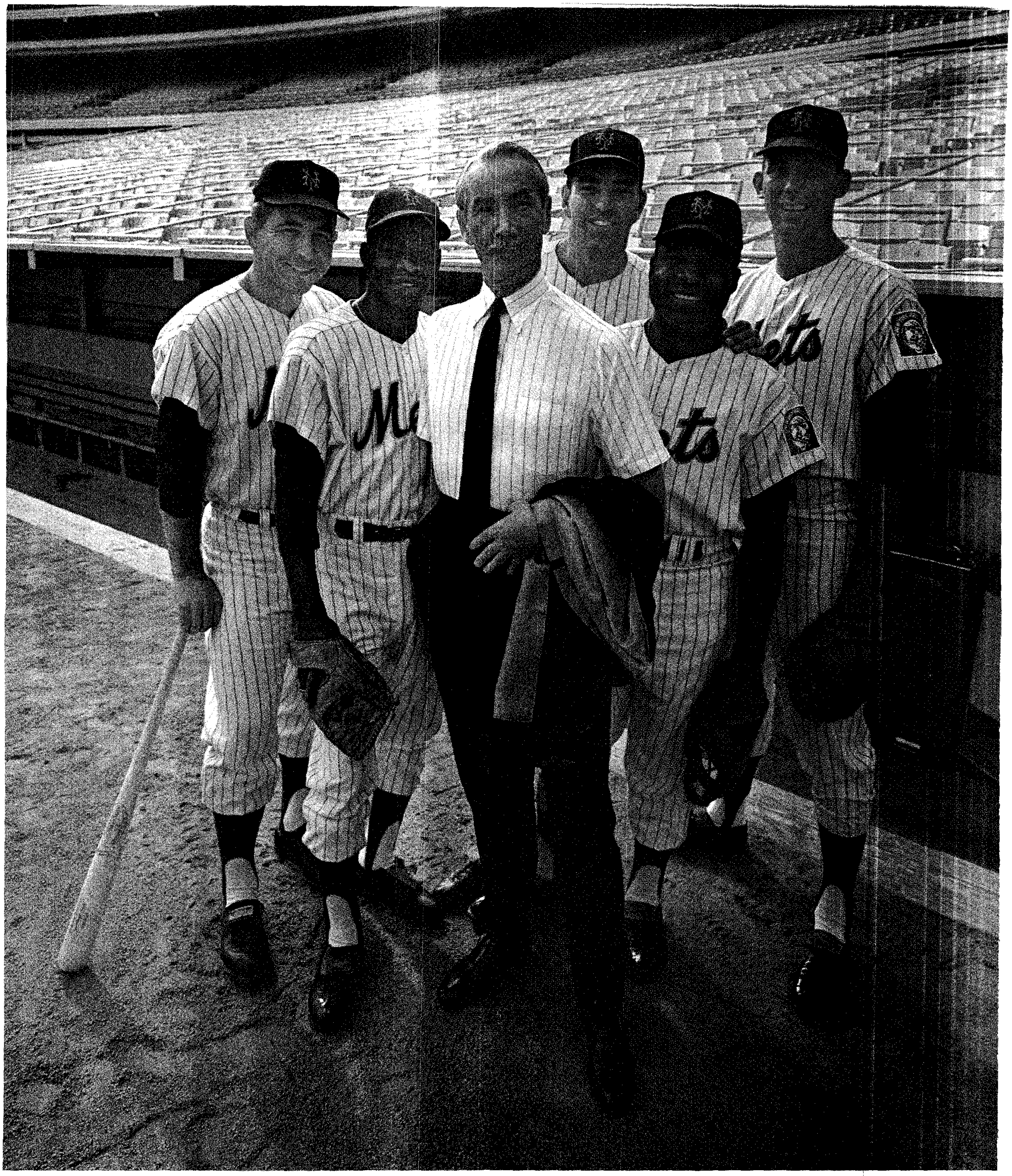


You *do* have a yacht, of course...

Then, what else *but* a Barwick carpet on the deck! Protects the teak, you know, and all that bosh. And neither mist nor Twist, spray nor hey-hey disturb its dedication to duty. While shooting this scene, I wondered what such a take-everything gem must cost. (From my Boola days, I remembered the famous yachtsman's admonition that if you have to ask the price you can't afford it.) But, don't worry. You can afford to buy Barwick.

Barwick fashions ACRILAN ACRYLIC—CHEMSTRAND AND DUPONT NYLON—HERCULON OLEFIN *(the longest wearing carpet fibers known) into luxurious carpet pile of radiant, enduring colors. From $7.95 the sq. yard.*

E T B **arwick**
mills, inc.
CHAMBLEE, GEORGIA
World's largest maker of tufted carpets and rugs



Julius Monk, the Mets and SuPima®

WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

When short sleeves are the order of the day, Mr. Monk (who spends his days enjoying the Mets and his nights entertaining "Plaza 9—" audiences) still *manages to look impeccably attired. In this case he gives all the credit to the* **Eagle Shirtmakers**, who with admirable modesty, pass it on to the SuPima cotton broadcloth by Russell Mills, of which his shirt is fashioned. Eagle's spokeswoman, the well known and articulate Miss Afflerbach, spared the time from her endless chores in Quakertown to explain that only SuPima, woven *of superior pima, grown exclusively in our own Southwest, is so soft, so lustrous* and so silky. Available at most distinguished stores throughout the country. SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, New York.

MEET THE METS, GREET THE METS AT SHEA STADIUM.

SUPIMA IS THE REGISTERED CERTIFICATION MARK FOR PRODUCTS MADE OF SOUTHWESTERN EXTRA-LONG STAPLE COTTON.

The world's slowest production line

(That's what it takes to make a Baldwin Grand)

From raw materials to finished piano at our grand piano factory takes well over a year. Craftsmen make and assemble parts with careful deliberation—by hand. An efficiency expert would be shocked.

One production bottleneck we're especially proud of is the Voicing Department. Here an expert in piano tone strikes and listens to each note. If the tone doesn't meet the Baldwin standard for sonority and clarity, he works on the hammer felt. Filing makes the hammer firmer, the tone brighter; pricking with needles softens the hammer, and makes the tone color more mellow. Then he tries the note and listens again. Over and over until it's just right, 88 notes on each piano. You can imagine how long this takes!

We don't build grand pianos for efficiency experts. We build them for music-lovers—and famous concert artists who prefer Baldwin for their performances. They know we do everything possible to make a piano worthy of their talents—even if it takes us a year. (And it does.)

Our smaller pianos don't take quite so long to make as the 9-foot concert grand, but you can't teach an old tortoise new tricks. We've done things right since 1862. That's why all Baldwin-built pianos (and organs) enjoy such a fine reputation.

For information about Baldwin pianos and organs, write Baldwin, Dept. NY 5-65, 1801 Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202, or see a Baldwin dealer. Don't YOU be a slowpoke; do it now. **Baldwin**

BALDWIN AND ORGA-SONIC ORGANS • BALDWIN, ACROSONIC, HAMILTON AND HOWARD PIANOS
For residents of Canada: Baldwin Piano Company (Canada) Ltd., 86 Rivalda Road, Weston, Ontario

Peck & Peck

Photographed in the Belgian Village at the World's Fair

HABERDASHER
At Peck & Peck

The Peck & Peck Girl lives in Dacron®

Who wouldn't—when you have Haberdasher workmanship and the wrinkle-free poise of Dacron polyester/cotton! Here, in two wonderful weaves for summer. For juniors, left, a sheer voile texture with detachable linen Chelsea collar and swingy pleated skirt. Spruce green or blue heather. 5 to 15, *25.00* At right: A finely corded twill, ours alone, with frog accents on the softly gathered waist. Pine green or skipper blue. 8 to 16, *25.00*

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the language used in discussing this nation's involvement in Vietnam, there is a growing number of words by which meaning, instead of being underlined and made memorable, is hidden and bypassed. Pale words, delivered in swift, precise syllables, move us painlessly past reality after reality. We march to Vietnam under such bannerets as "escalate," "defoliate," "pacification," "counterforce concept," "controlled responses," "damage-limitation forces," "benevolent incapacitators," and "targeting lists." Our current Vietnam vocabulary seems to aspire to a destruction not only of the meaning but also of the feeling that language should naturally express. The language of the crisis is one of estrangement, not communication; of censorship, not information. Its concern is with non-feeling rather than conviction, and with computerizing rather than patriotism. It is the language of anesthesia.

Moon Men

EVER since our two expeditions with Mr. Gilbert T. Schmidling, the local amateur astronomer whom we accompanied first to observe red spots on the moon and then to record a lunar eclipse, we have taken a proprietary interest in the moon. Naturally, we were in front of a television set on March 24th when Ranger IX arched toward the crater Alphonsus, and watched spellbound as the crater loomed larger and larger before the final snuff-out. But that's not all. A week or so ago, we went down to the Goddard Space Flight Center, a laboratory of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, in Greenbelt, Maryland, to attend a two-day conference of more than two hundred lunar astronomers, astrophysicists, lunar geologists, and nuclear physicists, several of whom presented reports based on the pictures transmitted by Rangers VII, VIII, and IX. We went, this time, without Mr. Schmidling. There were many moments when we missed his elucidation of some high lunar event, and there was at least one moment when he exerted a distant tidal force on the proceedings of the conference. In Mr. Schmidling's absence, we relied chiefly on the tutorial ministrations of three men engaged in analyzing the Ranger pictures—Professor Harold C. Urey, a Nobel Prize-winning chemist-turned-astronomer; Dr. Eugene Shoemaker, of the United States Geological Survey; and Professor Thomas Gold, of Cornell University—though we recruited many of the other scientists present, too.

Since the Ranger pictures raised many more questions than they answered, considerable difference of opinion was expressed during the two days of lectures. However—except for a minority of scientists who persisted in a belief that the moon is subject to a good deal of volcanic activity—a consensus did emerge, bringing the Ranger pictures into clearer focus. It was generally held that there may once have been mild volcanic activity on the moon, and that even now the moon may not be altogether dead, but that for all practical purposes, and except for occasional subterranean faulting, it can be considered so. The most familiar features of the moon are the craters, and Ranger IX landed almost in the center of one of the most curious ones, Alphonsus. The best resolution of the moon's surface that a telescope can provide is equivalent to looking at it from about fifty miles above, so every picture Ranger transmitted within that distance—and it transmitted 5,814 such pictures, the last one within six-tenths of a mile—was an improvement on any previous observation. Alphonsus was selected because red spots had been seen there, suggesting that if there were volcanoes on the moon, Alphonsus would be a good place to look for them. In the center of Alphonsus, which is fifty miles in diameter, there is a solitary craggy mountain. Dr. John O'Keefe, an astronomer with the Goddard Space Flight Center, who believes that the moon is volcanic—believes, in fact, that many of the moon's craters have been modified by volcanic activity, if they weren't created by volcanic activity in the first place—is convinced that this lonely crag is of volcanic origin. The floor of Alphonsus is pocked and pitted with thousands of smaller craters, ranging down to a couple of yards in diameter, and off to one side of the crater floor are several smallish craters called dark-halo craters, because they are surrounded by blackened earth. These, too, Dr. O'Keefe thinks, may be volcanic. Unhappily for him, Alphonsus was not smoldering, or exhibiting any other sign of volcanism, when Ranger IX landed. However, Dr. O'Keefe declared that the region around the dark-halo craters appeared to be blanketed as if by volcanic ash. Professor Urey, on the other hand, who is skeptical about the existence of any extensive volcanic activity on the moon, declared that if the halo craters were volcanoes, they were very bad examples, and Professor Gold noted that the blackened earth around them could have been created by the impact of meteorites upon a dark underlying material.

Meteorites land on the moon with such speed—around fifteen miles per second—that they create craters by penetrating underground and then turning to gas and exploding with tremendous force; at least one chunk of rock, which was photographed by Ranger VII, had been tossed six hundred miles by a meteorite impact and was estimated to weigh somewhere between ten million and a hundred million tons. The impact of the largest meteorites is so great—vastly exceeding the possible force of the largest conceivable volcanic explosion—that Professor Urey believes it quite likely that many chips of the moon's surface have been flung free of the moon altogether and have landed on the earth. Dr. O'Keefe agrees with him that samples of the moon's surface are to be found on the earth, and thinks he has come across some, in the form of tektites, which, to his delight, have proved to be of volcanic origin, but which in the opinion of many astronomers—Professor Urey among them—may not be from the moon at all. In any event, the major part (if not all) of the rubble from a meteorite's impact falls back onto the moon, where it is apt to form a ring of secondary craters for many miles around the original, or primary, crater. From the Ranger pictures and earlier, telescopic photographs, Dr. Shoemaker has made a crater count, which shows that a good-sized primary crater—like Alphonsus—is apt to father a hundred thousand secondaries, and that the largest secondary is apt to be one-twelfth the diameter of the primary.

The Ranger pictures gave astronomers their first good glimpse of various features smaller than primary and secondary craters. Ranger VIII brought into focus some mysterious cracks that run along parts of the moon and are known as rills. Dr. O'Keefe likened them to cracks in the floors of volcanoes on earth, but the majority of the scientists present, including Professor Urey, Professor Gold, and Dr. Shoemaker, felt that they were evidence of crevasses underground, into which surface dust had slumped. Small craters called dimple craters, which are very smooth and look like the pock in the sand of a just-turned hourglass, were also shown in the pictures. Dimple craters often occur in rows, but, however they occur, they are assumed to be further examples of lunar dust slumping into empty pockets or crevasses below.

The Ranger pictures were remarkably uninformative about the nature of the dust that supposedly coats the moon. Professor Gold, who first emphasized the possible presence of dust on the moon, believes that in most places it may be scores of yards deep, and soft enough for a spaceship to sink into, right up to its nose cone. Professor Urey has no idea how deep the dust may be, but he thinks that it has the consistency of sand, and that even if it is deep it will support weight of the order of a ton per square foot. Another Ranger analyst, Mr. George Whitaker, of the Lunar and Planetary Laboratory of the University of Arizona, believes that the moon is covered not with thick dust or sand but, rather, with a sort of compacted fairy-castle fuzz, such as you might find in caves, and that this is only a few millimetres thick. Dr. Bruce Hapke, of Cornell, prefers the idea of dust resembling baking powder, which will stick to an astronaut like flour, and Dr. A. Dollfus, of the Paris Observatory, feels that the moon's polarized light most nearly resembles that from broken lava or volcanic ash. Dr. Tor Hagfors, of the Lincoln Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has bombarded the moon with radar, reported that the moon's surface is gravelly and ripples gently. His radar dish, he said, revealed that the newer craters (newer, that is, in terms of geological time) have bedrock nearer the surface; at least, his radar waves bounced back more vigorously from these craters.

The evening between the two days of lectures, a reception was held at a Washington restaurant for the astronomers and speakers, and we attended it in the hope of tidying up some loose ends. At the door, we came upon Dr. J. Hopmann, an aged and portly astronomer from Austria. He was saying to a young astronomer, "Young astronomers can't do better than to use their eyes. That is how I discovered several double stars." Then we spotted Professor Urey, who is stocky, white-haired, and red-faced, talking with Professor Gold, who is black-haired and swarthy. They proved to be discussing how water got on the moon, if it did. Professor Urey was saying, "I wish you'd adopt my idea of contamination from the earth," and Professor Gold was saying, "Why should I? Why shouldn't the water come up from inside the moon?" Leaving them hard at it, we picked up a sherry and joined Dr. O'Keefe and Dr. Harry J. Goett, who is the director of the Goddard Space Flight Center.

"Dr. O'Keefe has a problem," Dr. Goett said to us. "Every time he finds a tektite from the moon, Professor Urey and the others find a crater nearby, which they say it came from."

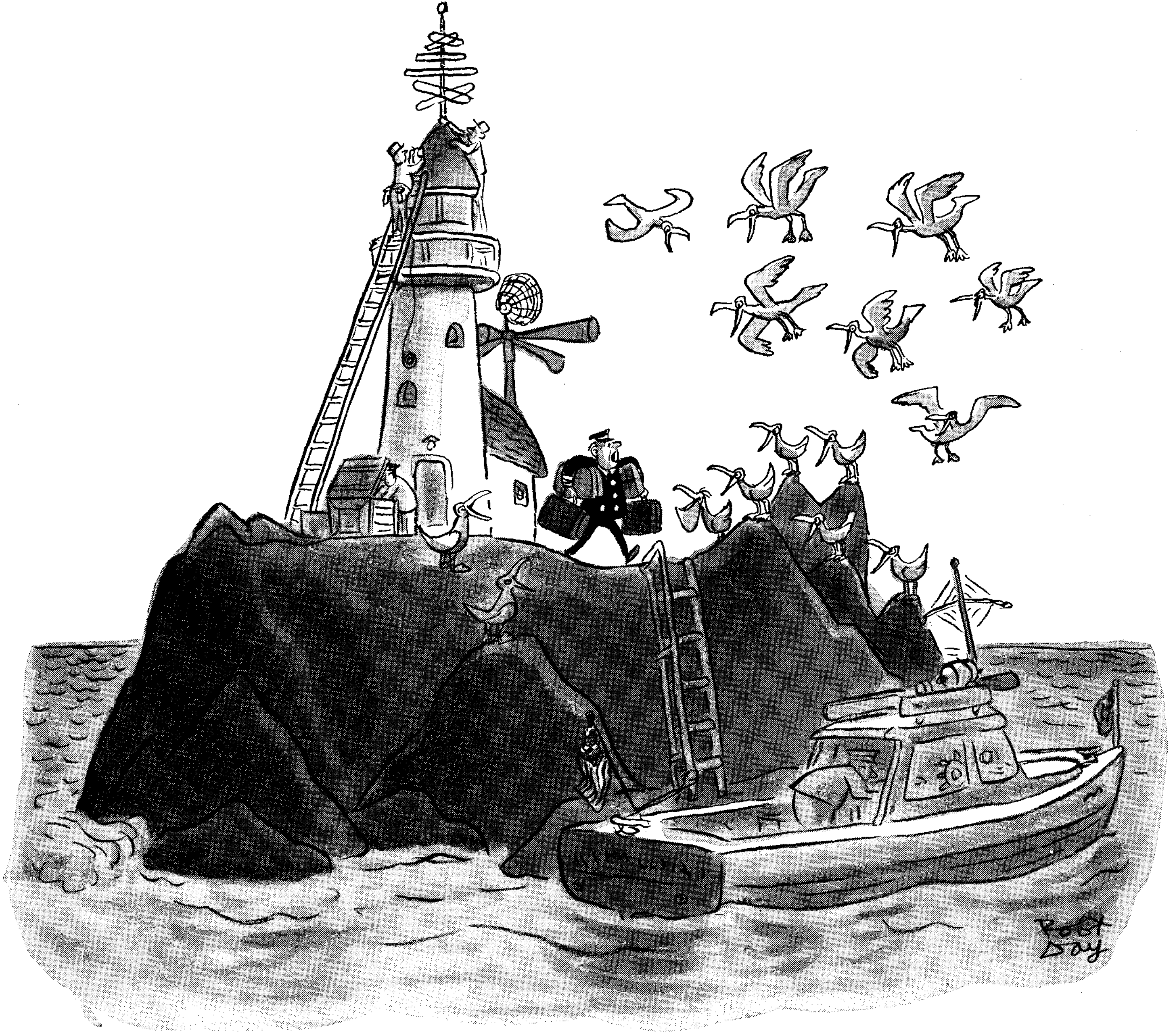
"I think I've got my hands on one that *nobody* will be able to find a crater for," said Dr. O'Keefe, who is short, gray-haired, and intense-looking.

We said we hoped so, and moved off to join Dr. Ian Halliday, of the Dominion Observatory, in Ottawa, a tall, graying man, who said he had been scrambling around the Canadian Shield, one of the oldest exposed rock formations in the world, to examine meteorite craters that were formed at roughly the same time as some of the craters on the moon. "Many of the craters in the Shield have eroded away on the surface, but underground they are the same as they were, and we've been boring into them," Dr. Halliday said. A little later, we met Professor Urey again, and, recalling that he was the physicist who had discovered heavy hydrogen back in the thirties, asked him how he had got mixed up with the moon. "After the war, I was tired of doing secret work," he said. "Then I read a book by Ralph Baldwin about the moon—'The Face of the Moon'—and I've been an astronomer ever since."

Having jotted down the title of this influential volume, we stopped to chat with Dr. George Brooks, of the Langley Research Center, which is doing some work on the Apollo project. Dr. Brooks told us of an instrument, called a penetrometer, that he has invented. It is the size of a croquet ball, he said, and Apollo astronauts will lob it onto the moon before landing, to see if the surface will hold them.

Finally, we met Dr. Urner Liddel, a tall, handsome man in his late fifties, who is assistant director and chief scientist of the lunar and planetary programs of N.A.S.A. Dr. Liddel immediately asked us whether we had actually had the privilege of being with Mr. Schmidling the night he saw the moon spots glowing on the crater called Aristarchus, and we said yes. Dr. Liddel said that he had read our account of Mr. Schmidling's discovery by chance, and had been highly annoyed that the discovery hadn't been reported to him straight off; in fact, heads had been knocked together at N.A.S.A. We sat down at his table, where he explained that his job is to determine where, exactly, a space shot such as Ranger IX will go. He was active in picking five targets for Ranger IX—one for every day in a five-day period—but everything went so well that the spacecraft was sent off the first day and scored a perfect hit on Alphonsus.

We inquired whether Dr. Liddel would have preferred to hit some other target, and he answered, "Yes—Aris-



"Oh, shut up! Someday automation will get you, too!"

• •

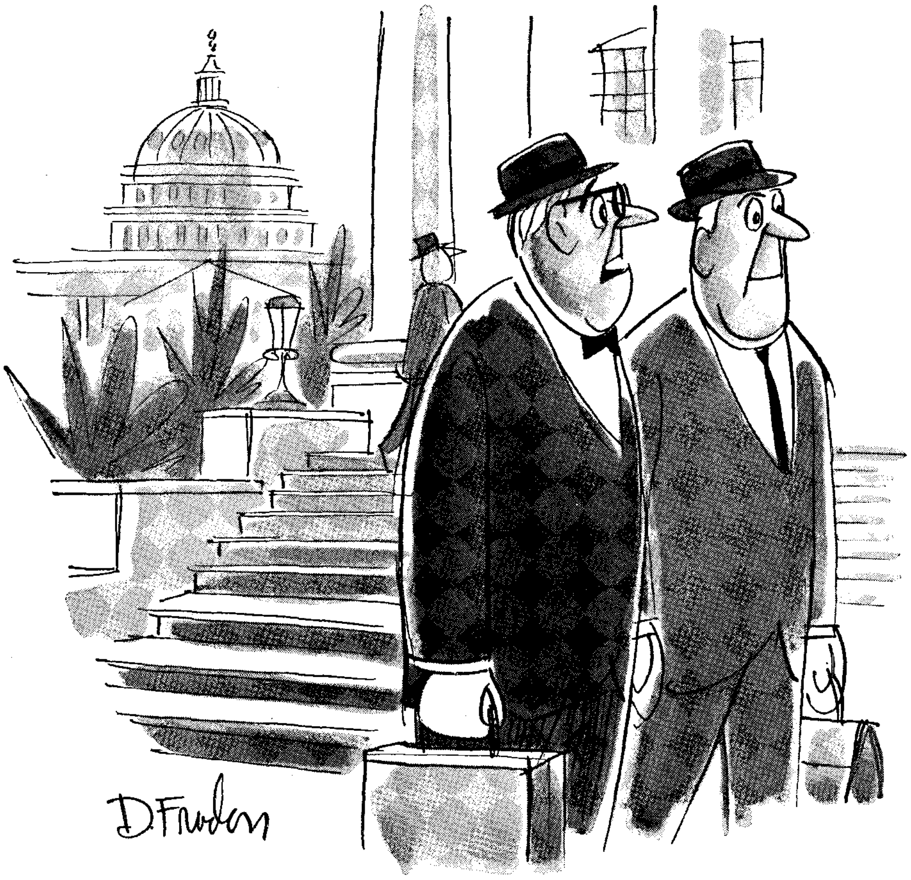
tarchus." He explained that on Aristarchus spots have been seen on five occasions, whereas on Alphonsus they have turned up only three times, and he added that he fully hopes to land a Surveyor—one of the next series of moon shots—on Aristarchus to take a look for Mr. Schmidling's spots.

•

THE Hollywood film called "The Ugly American" is now being exhibited in Lisbon with a most tactful title. Translated from the Portuguese, the new title reads, "His Excellency the Ambassador."

Police Emergency Number

THE New York City police have found, to their distress, that people are forgetting their new emergency telephone number (440-1234), which was introduced, with considerable public fanfare, only last November. A recent survey showed that of the twelve thousand to thirteen thousand calls that are received each day on 440-1234 fifty-five per cent come in through Telephone Company operators, who transfer to 440 all emergency calls that are made to them. A small number still come through the old emergency numbers, which were different for each borough, and some through the Police Department's administrative number (Canal 6-2000). For a time, operators had to intercept calls from frightened or upset people who dialled 446 for 440, having mistaken the letter "O," above the "6," for a zero. Now such calls automatically go to the Police Department's Manhattan Communications Unit for processing. "We want people to use the new number, because it may mean the difference between life and death," Inspector William J. Kanz, a keen-eyed, energetic man in his early fifties, who is in charge of police communications for the entire city, told us the other day, and went on to explain that this number connects the caller directly with the police-communications unit in his borough, enabling the police operator who receives the call to take immediate action. "Calls made through other numbers or by dialling an operator eventually reach the same place, but we can lose precious seconds during the switching process," said Inspector Kanz. "At the borough level, a radio dispatcher can send a car to help someone in minutes—or seconds, if it happens to be in the immediate vicinity—and this quick response prevents many serious crimes." To make sure that the 440



"My mail seems to be running about three to one against everything!"

• •

callers get very fast service, the Inspector added, each communications unit is aided—or harassed, depending on how you look at it—by a delayed-answer system, a large bell that rings loudly if an incoming call is not picked up within forty seconds.

We had our talk with Inspector Kanz during an evening visit to the Manhattan Communications Unit, a large, busy room on the top floor of Police Headquarters containing two telephone switchboards (one for the emergency calls, the other for regular business), seven chattering teletypes, four radio-transmission desks (Manhattan North, Manhattan South, Municipal Ambulances, and a citywide frequency), two red telephones (for instant communication with Kennedy and LaGuardia Airports), an Electrowriter (for rapid checks on license-plate numbers), and a bell and perforated tape to record every fire alarm in Manhattan.

In the normal course of events, the Manhattan Unit handles emergency calls only in Manhattan, but in any extraordinary situation—a riot, a plane crash, or a Presidential visit, for instance—it becomes the nerve center of the largest police-communications network in the world. At the flick of a switch, Inspector Kanz can bypass the five borough units and communicate directly with thirteen hundred and fifty-six patrol cars, ninety-five ambulances, thirty-five patrol wagons, twelve emergency trucks, five radio-repair trucks, five helicopters, sixteen launches, and thirty members of the tactical patrol force who carry two-way radios. Additional equipment waiting in the wings includes three headquarters trucks, to act as mobile command posts in specific areas, and a hundred and fifty-nine two-way radios, which can be attached to any available policemen. "We may eventually transistorize the entire force, so that the foot patrolmen can be in touch at all times," Inspector Kanz said, showing us two new pieces of equipment—a powerful two-way radio that is eight inches high and weighs a mere thirty-five ounces, and a smaller receiver, which can be clipped onto a man's belt. "We have profited enormously from the miniaturization that has developed in rocketry," he continued. "The only things that are holding us back at the moment are cost and the fact that there aren't enough radio frequencies to go around."

The key to the whole emergency-call system is, of course, the patrolman-operators who take the calls. Inspector Kanz told us that a hundred and fifty-odd men answer the new number, and that they were hand-picked on the basis of intelligence, precinct experience, tact, accuracy, and the ability to keep calm under stress. "We try to instill a helpful attitude in them that will hold even when the callers are abusive, psychotic, or just plain drunk," he said. "Some of our operators use amplifiers connected to their headsets, but most of them have developed an unusually acute sense of hearing and a wide knowledge of local dialects. They are trained to pick out the essential facts from a frightened whisper, an incoherent mumble, or a voice with a heavy foreign accent. The most important part of the job is to be able to distinguish between a genuine emergency (we get forty-three hundred of those a day), a routine request (eighty-five hundred a day), and a crank. One of our continuing problems is a lady who calls up regularly to tell us that a rocket ship has just come through her wall and that 'they' are walking around on her ceiling. *She* learned the 440 number the first week."

Inspector Kanz suggested that we listen to some of the incoming 440 calls, and turned us over to one of twelve patrolmen on duty at the emergency board—a scholarly-looking St. John's graduate named Joseph Schrettner. Patrolman Schrettner offered us a chair, handed us a headset, plugged us into a panel of flashing red, green, and white lights, and informed us that he was interested in just five things when he answered a call. "I want to know the location, what's going on, and the name, address, and telephone number of the caller, so that I can check back if we can't locate the trouble," he said crisply. "We all learn to search for the key words that will give us these facts as quickly as possible, and we usually write up the complaint and pass it on to the radio dispatcher for action while the caller is still talking. Once I've sent a car, I try to clear the line fast, so that I can tell the precinct what I've done."

Several 440 calls began to blink along the bottom row of the board, and Patrolman Schrettner plugged into one of them and said, "Police Department. No. 13. May I help you?"

A frightened woman's voice replied, "Somebody's robbing here. They're breaking in the window."

Schrettner took down the address and apartment number, and asked the woman her name.

"Don't worry about that," she said urgently. "Just send somebody quick. I stay near the door."

"We'll be right over," Schrettner said, stuffing his complaint slip into a cylinder and tossing the whole thing into a pneumatic tube that led to the radio desk. "Now, you just stay near the door and calm down."

A few minutes later, a fuzzy voice calling from a public telephone booth reported that a man was lying on the pavement at the corner of Allen and East Houston Streets—a delicate problem, Schrettner told us as he checked a map, because three police precincts happen to meet at that spot. He questioned the caller patiently until he discovered that the man was on the southwest corner, and then dispatched a radio car from the Fifth Precinct.

During the next two hours, Schrettner handled a variety of reports, ranging from the urgent to the ridiculous—two muggings, three robberies, three requests for ambulances, an argumentative drunk, an open hydrant on East Eleventh Street, a fire in the basement of a hotel on the upper West Side, an exceedingly clumsy automobile theft (the culprit was trying to start the engine when a passerby spotted him), and a complaint about a man who was beating his wife ("We call them family disputes, and there's usually very little we can do except send a patrolman to calm things down and refer both parties to the Family Court," he said). A woman called to report that she had locked herself out of her apartment, and Schrettner promised to send the emergency squad over; a man complained that cars were parked on Bleecker Street, and was informed that this was perfectly legal in the evening; a restaurant owner asked if the police could repair his broken plate-glass window, and was politely referred to the Yellow Pages; and a detective from the Jersey Central Railroad announced that a fifty-foot aluminum trailer was missing from the yards. The most poignant call of the evening came from a distraught woman who wanted to know if the police had found her young brother, a deaf-mute who had disappeared on his way to school that morning. Schrettner assured her gently that the detectives had been working on the case all day, and promised that the police would call her as soon as they had any news of the boy.

At five minutes to twelve, a man with a deep voice and a foreign accent reported that he had been robbed by a group of boys in front of his apartment house, at 116th Street and Riverside Drive. "They pulled a knife on me and picked my pocket," he said, breathing heavily.

"Which way did they go?" Schrettner asked, writing rapidly on his pad.

"They ran downtown on Riverside," replied the caller.

"What did they look like?" asked Schrettner.

The man hesitated.

"White, Negro, or Puerto Rican?" asked Schrettner.

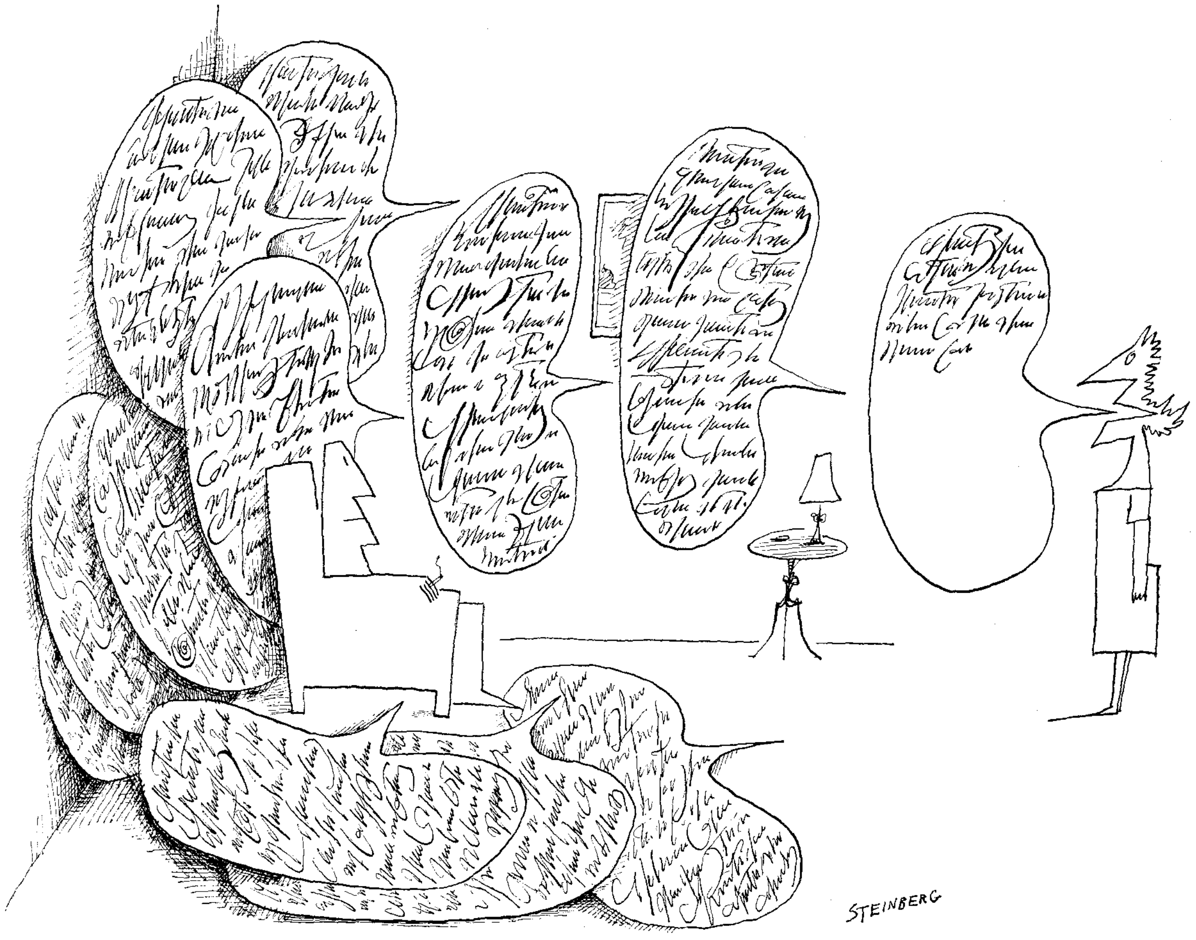
"All mixed up," replied the caller.

Schrettner took the man's name and address, and dashed over to the radio desk with the top copy of his report. "I took it over myself to save time," he said when he got back to the switchboard. "I'd bet we have a good chance of bagging those kids. Every car in the area that isn't working will try to head them off, and if they stick together, they're sure to be picked up. You know, a lot of criminals in this town just don't realize how fast the police can get to them."

The next morning, we heard over the radio that four boys had been picked up at Riverside Drive and 112th Street at 12:14 A.M. and charged with two robberies—the one at 116th Street, and another at 140th Street and Riverside Drive half an hour earlier. Calling Headquarters, we learned that the missing deaf-mute boy had been found in Brooklyn, safe and sound but very hungry after spending eighteen hours alone on a subway train.

Marjorie

A FRIEND of ours who prides himself on his ability to distinguish the tourists in New York from the natives has written us the following: "The other evening, I was standing near the front in a crowded Forty-ninth Street crosstown bus when an ample lady with champagne hair who was sitting just behind the driver with a couple of women friends turned toward the rear, which was hidden by standees, and shouted, in brassy Boston tones, 'Two more stops, Marjorie!' A block farther on, she turned and shouted again, 'One more stop, Marjorie!' Then, just before her stop, she made her way to the back of the bus and looked over the passengers. Her mouth fell open, and she gave a little gasp and said, 'My God! Marjorie never got on.' "



SEX AND THE SINGLE BOY

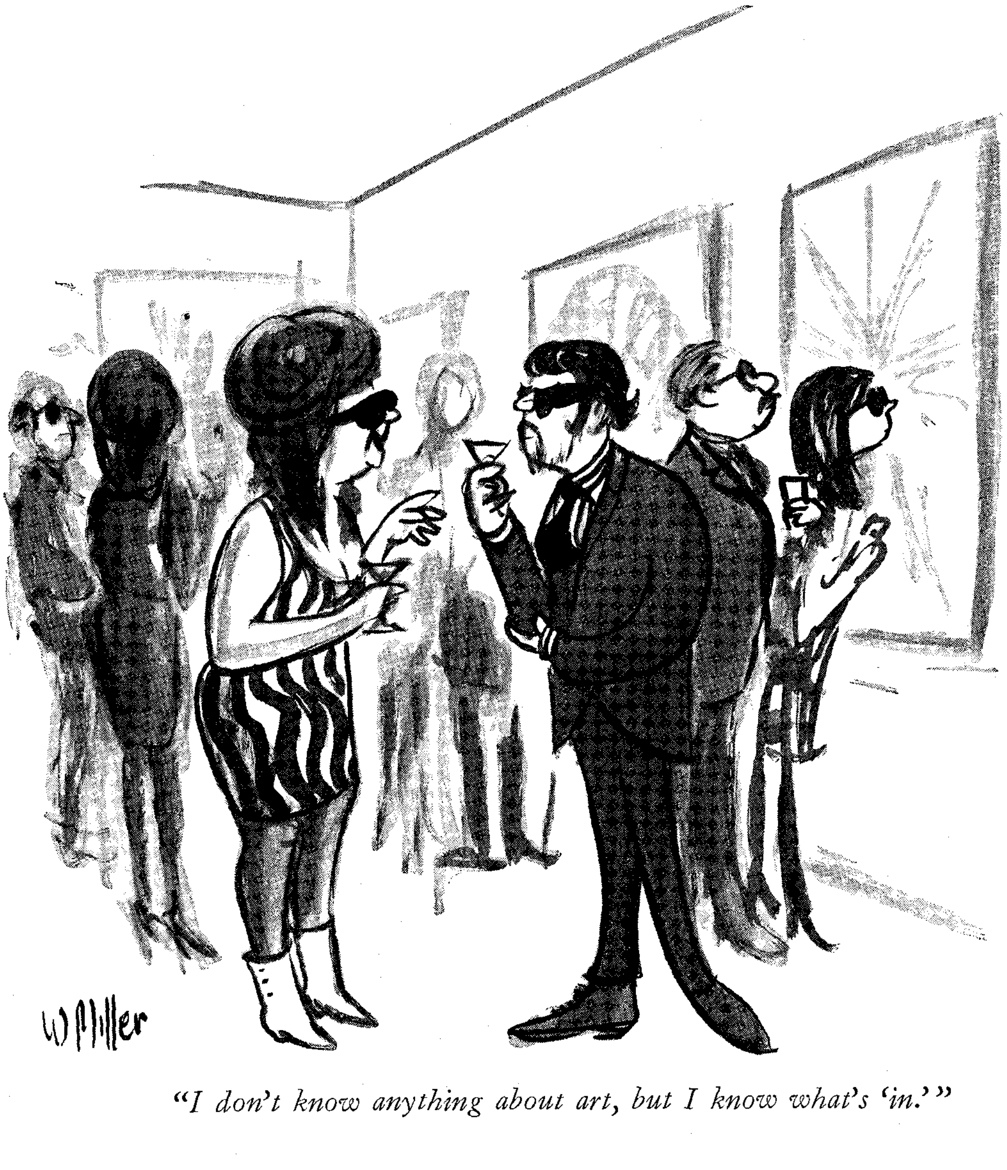
LET'S see, now—exactly what do we know about Phil? He's twenty-five years old, he's an investment banker, and he went to Yale. We know he likes girls, because, by his own candid admission, he's got a little black book carefully dividing them into four categories—"pretty," "great to go to bed with," "nice to take to parties," and "nice to talk to." Any chap with that many categories, it follows, must be darned attractive, and Phil doesn't bother to deny it: "I average a couple or three calls a night from girls. . . . They're all the same old girls. But they call. Sure, they'll come over and cook your dinner, and sure, they'll stay all night, and sure, they'll move in if you want." Yes, indeed, he's quite a tiger, is Phil, as he emerges from that tape recording. Ah, but I'm getting ahead of myself. You haven't a glimmer as to what tape I mean, or how it evolved—right? Permit me to sketch in the background.

Well, sir, it all originated in some fertile editorial brain over at *Mademoiselle*, which was celebrating its thirtieth anniversary with a number roguishly designated "Man Talk Issue." The notion, in brief, was that five young men-about-New York should freely discuss the strategy and techniques they use to artfully entangle unattached women. In the resulting twenty-one-column symposium, "How Do Bachelors Get Away with It?," the quintet of participants, shepherded by a moderator, included Spencer, an advertising man; Tom, an airline employee; Max, a magazine editor; Larry, a municipal-bond trader; and the aforesaid Phil, the fiddler with feminine virtue. On the face of it, the juxtaposition of such divergent stags might be expected to produce at least several novel methods of conquest. What actually eventuated, however, was a vast quantity of flatulent chin music, studded with words like "communication," "relationship," and "chemistry." Spencer, for example, advanced a master plan of enticement based on three dates with his quarry, as follows: "The first evening you have quite a good dinner somewhere, where the opportunity essentially exists to talk a great deal and get to know the person. . . . The second date is usually a very offbeat sort of thing. It may be a hamburger or a Forty-second Street movie. . . . The third date is: I cook dinner in my apartment. . . . I happen to be a very good cook." This culinary approach, presumably, creates such ardor that on the fourth date the two reach fulfillment in *her* pad, sleeves rolled up and exchanging recipes like mad.

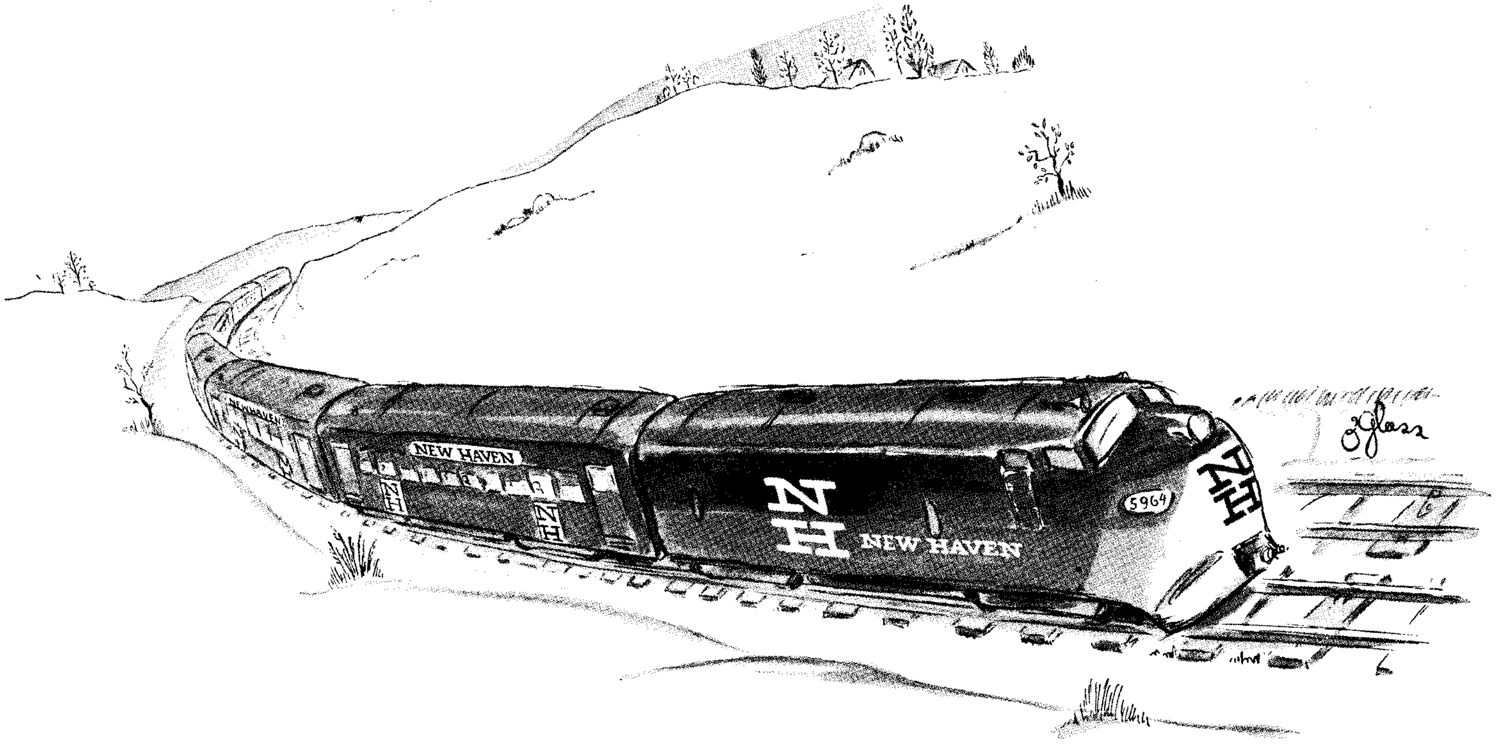
Phil's reaction to so premeditated a campaign, it appeared, was contemptuous in the extreme. "My life is such that I take it as it comes," he said, doubtless fingering a hairline mustache in the manner of the late Lew Cody. To illustrate, he evidenced the case of a recent amour that flowered from a haphazard encounter with a lady whose party he chanced to attend: "She was a very honest and shy little girl, so the next week I called her up for a date. It was a week night. I wanted to have a football pumped up. [A not unreasonable yearning in one recently graduated from Yale.] I had a friend who had a football pump, and we went over and pumped up the football and then went out and had a drink." Whether Phil's *petite amie* was subsequently classified under his "great to go to bed with" heading he was too gallant to divulge. Perhaps he had a secret fifth category—"nice to pump up a football with."

While *Mademoiselle's conversazione*, by and large, added nothing of significance to the technique of seduction, it did produce one blockbuster—a generalization about womankind that struck me as revolutionary. It was expounded by Phil, never a man to mince words: "I find that they hop into bed with you a lot faster if they really think you are interested in them as human beings, even if you are not. . . . Unless you really try to be nice to them and treat them as human beings, you won't get anywhere."

The magnitude of Phil's discovery, the sheer audacity of his postulate that women belong to the same species men do and must perforce be regarded as hominoids, transfixed me in my chair. I daresay that although the transcript gives no hint of it, there was an instant of stunned silence among his confreres. The question that immediately springs to mind, of course, is how Phil came to arrive at this conclusion. Was it the end product of painful trial and error or a sudden blinding revelation? I suggest



"I don't know anything about art, but I know what's 'in.'"



"I think I can. I think I can. I think I can. I think I can. I think I can . . ."

• •

that we might possibly derive some clue from portions of what I imagine to be his diary. It's worth a few moments' study.

FEBRUARY 25

ANOTHER rough day at the office. The minute I walked in this morning and the new girl at the switchboard saw me, I knew I was in for trouble. Her first response, I could tell, was one of incredulity—I mean, she'd probably seen fellows like Robert Goulet or Marcello Mastroianni on the screen, but to have their actual flesh-and-blood counterpart materialize before her was to her magical. I stood there, cool and amused, while she fought to regain control, and then asked her if she had any messages for me.

"Oh, golly," she said faintly. "Your voice is just what I expected it to be—sort of husky yet caressing. What are you doing for lunch?"

"Easy does it, sister," I said, stopping her. "Take your place in line. I'll let you know when there's a vacancy."

"I'm available day or night, on very short notice," she said. "My, I wish somebody'd pinch me to see if I'm dreaming. Would you mind?"

I was strongly tempted, but my life is complicated enough already, God knows. "Sorry, little one, you're not my type," I said. "Now, then, who phoned?"

"A party named Vivian Reifsnyder," she said. "She wants to come over this evening and cook your dinner. Oh, yes, and another—a Miss Foltis, or Poultice. She offered to stay all night."

I told her not to put through any further social calls today, no matter how urgent, and went along to my desk. Less than an hour later, she buzzed me.

"Phil, darling?" she said. "This is Sondra, on the switchboard. I hope you don't mind my calling you that."

"You're a pretty fast worker, I'd say."

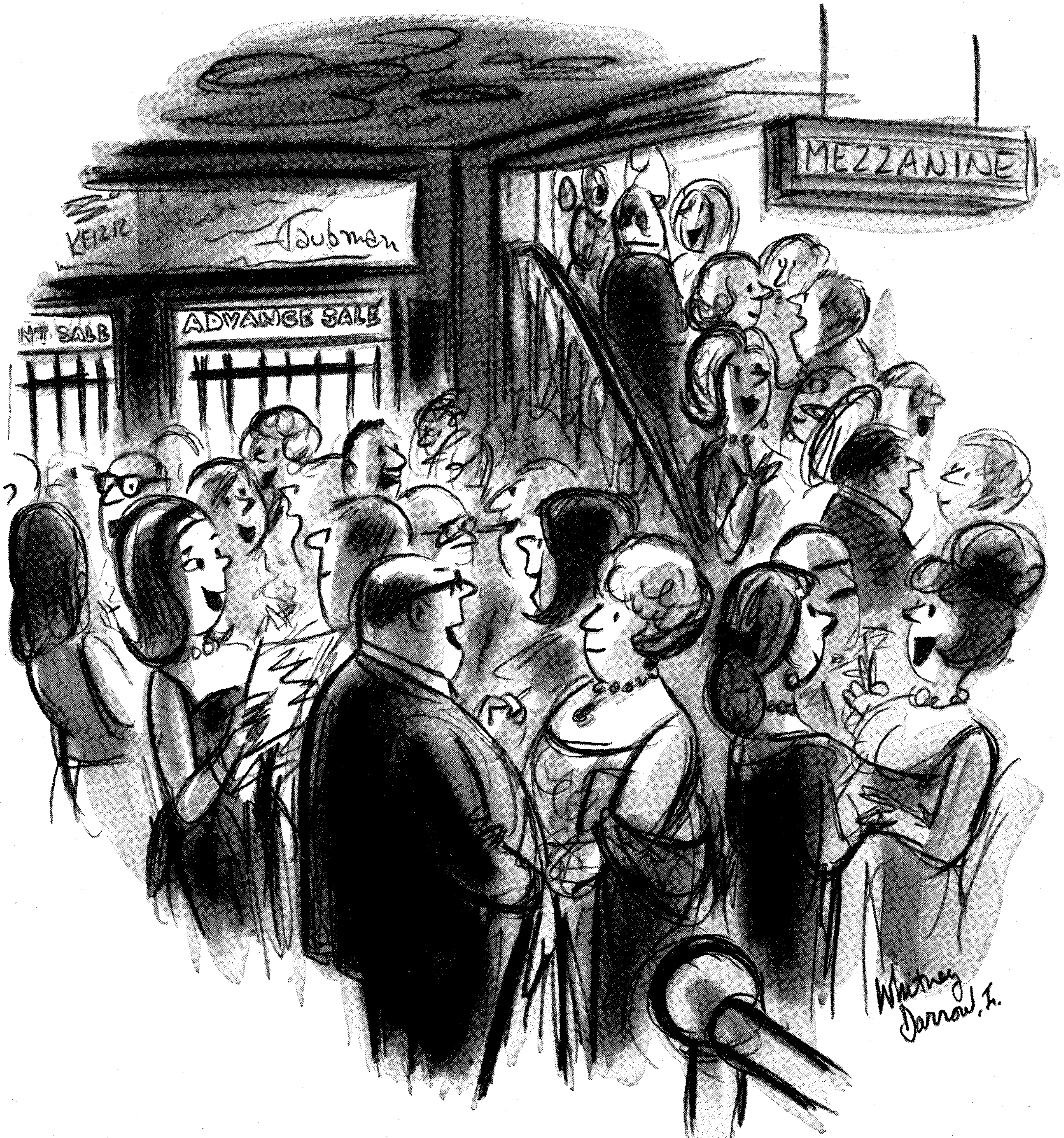
"Pappy, I've only started," she said. "Look, I've been thinking—you're a Yale man, and you must have a lot of dusty pennants at your flat that need washing. I have a friend who's got a washing machine. Why don't we take them around there tonight, and afterwards go out for some drinks?"

Well, if I do say so myself, I'm a fairly sophisticated guy, and plenty of girls have tried to pull the wool over my eyes, but this was such an unusual pitch that I nearly fell for it. I sat there trying to figure out what the catch was, and all of a sudden it dawned on me. I didn't have any pennants in my flat; therefore, how could they be dusty? The whole thing was a ruse Sondra had dreamed up, a pretext to get me sufficiently stoned to be easy prey for her wiles. Rather than humiliate the kid by accusing her, though, I played it cagey. I advised her to quit acting ape and said she was a no-good little tramp who didn't fit into any of my categories. That slowed her up, by jingo. She gave a strange little whimper like an animal, except that it sounded—well, almost human, though, of course, that couldn't be. I guess I've been working too hard.

MARCH 1

I WONDER if people ever stop to think what a drag it is to be criminally handsome, to have every damned salesgirl and waitress and receptionist slavering over you, trying to date you up and get your phone number. It really drives me up the wall to hear those females whinnying and whistling when I walk down a subway platform. And they're even worse on a bus, where they swarm around you like flies, mooning over your profile and ignoring the driver's pleas to move to the rear. I often ask myself, Are these birdbrains members of my own species?

Take this Sondra effect, for instance. I thought I'd squelched her for good that first go-around, but after a day or two she was on the make again—not openly but in a sneaky, underhanded fashion I didn't dig right off. One afternoon, on returning from lunch, I found her crying her heart out at the switchboard. She had a hankie crumpled



"His message, as I understand it, is that people today suffer from a tragic inability to communicate with each other."

• •

against her lips and she looked so woebegone that, against my better judgment, I asked what was wrong. Boiled down to essentials, her problem was that the Miss Subways contest, in which she was a finalist, required a set of her measurements, and, living alone as she did, she didn't have anyone to help her take them accurately. The poor creature was desperate, I could see; she had all the necessary equipment—the tape measure, the pad and pencil—and yet, without somebody to assist her, she was likely to be disqualified. Suddenly, as we were mulling over her predicament, an inspiration seized her.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" she burst out. "Oh, Phil, couldn't *you* do it—just as a favor to me? I realize you hate me . . . "

"I don't hate you," I corrected her. "You merely don't exist, as far as I'm concerned."

"I know," she said humbly, "but the contest means so much to me. *Please.* I'll never ask another thing of you." She unclasped her pocketbook and plucked out the tape measure. "Now, wind it here."

I was complying with her instructions when, without any warning, she wriggled around with the agility of an eel and, gluing her mouth to mine, imprisoned me in a kiss. It took all my strength to uncoil her arms from my neck and thrust her away. I guess the shock of my rejection and her disappointment were more than she could stand, because she keeled over in a dead faint. Now, fundamentally, I'm a decent guy; the sight of anybody in distress bothers me, and I'll go out of my way not to step on a worm if I can avoid it. I thought of getting someone to throw a pail of water over Sondra or chafe her wrists, but the truth was she didn't deserve it. After all, she'd put me in a hell of a spot, deliberately tying up the switchboard to block any incoming calls from girls who wanted to cook my dinner and spend the night. So I just let her lie there and work it out as best she could. It's a funny thing, though—my Puritan conscience, or whatever they instill in you at Yale, kept gnawing away at me the rest of the day. Maybe my whole scale of values was gaga and this kook was a real person—not altogether human but struggling to be. . . . No, it was too fantastic. I wish I knew more about biology.

March 3

WELL, I suppose I had it coming to me and I should have been prepared. I notice that every time I'm riding high and start to congratulate myself Fate throws me a curve. And boy, what a lulu this one was! I've lost my little black book. Why a tiny mishap like that should throw me is beyond my ken, but the minute I discovered it was gone I got panicky. Not that I needed the twenty or thirty phone numbers of those various dolls; I was fairly confident they'd check in soon enough, for the simple reason that they couldn't get along without me. My headache was how the devil to remember their categories—which I just talked to, which I allowed to shack up with me, etc. A fine investment banker I must be, investing years of effort in tabulating those chicks and ending up with a bunch of ninepins nobody could tell apart.

Then a very odd thing happened. My entire stable began phoning me, all right, but the calls were short and each had the same refrain—"Goodbye forever." You never heard such fury. "So I'm pretty, but not the kind you take to a party, eh?" they hollered. "O.K. to climb into the sack with, but not to talk to—is that the idea?" One after the other, they crucified me, ordered me to get lost, or, still better, drop dead. I could almost swear they knew how I'd rated them in my book. It was uncanny.

Anyhow, for the time being, my life's much less strenuous. Now I can relax at home and watch TV without some silly dame tousling my hair or messing around in the kitchenette. I get sort of restless once in a while, and I walk up and down the room a lot, but that'll wear off. I may even get a cat or a dog for companionship.

March 5

THERE comes a point when a man has to face up to himself, and thank God I'm big enough to admit it—I was wrong. Sondra is a human being, just like me. Perhaps her brain isn't as well developed as mine. Perhaps it never can be. Nevertheless, in the light of what happened last night, my whole concept of her has undergone a change.

I was pretty bushed when I got home after work, and, to tell the truth, I was still brooding about the loss of my address book. As I closed the door and pressed the light switch, this peculiar feeling hit me that there was someone else in the room. I whirled around, and my hunch was right—it was Sondra. She was holding a big bag of groceries in one arm and had a nightie folded over the other.

"What are you doing here?" I started to say, and then, Lord only knows why, the riddle that was bugging me was solved in a flash. "It was you!" I cried out. "*You* stole my little black book, didn't you? You called those girls!"

Her eyes filled with tears. "Yes," she said. "Oh, Phil, it was a rotten, a contemptible thing to do, but I had to convince you I was a woman. I had to prove there were no lengths I wouldn't go to in order to win you."

To my surprise, tears sprang to my own eyes, hardened cynic though I am. In her blind, fumbling way, Sondra had risked everything to express her devotion. Was I worthy of it? Or was I only a heartless Don Juan who rode roughshod over his casual loves? It was up to me to show her my true stature, and I did. I took the groceries from her very gently and cooked dinner for us both. Then I put my bed at her disposal, tucked her in, and contrived a shakedown for myself on the floor. Tonight we're going to have a meal out, at some place where we can communicate and discuss our relationship and chemistry. . . . Can this be love? I don't know. Given two human beings, anything can happen. —S. J. PERELMAN

DEAD CENTER

(AN ELEGY)

A thin fox
sidled by with his stingy shadow.
Bees hung in air,
each like a chandelier;
hot pine pinched my nostrils.

You sat up in bed
wrestling with the fox's silence—
it isn't time, it isn't time.
I looked at your face with the sharp regret
a mother feels for her child
sleeping after the day's war.

They broke flowers on your coffin,
knowing you weren't there. The sun came out
and all your faces flared for a moment;
you weren't there.
I'll beat my poem into a trap
for the stingy fox, to prove
that you were here.

—RUTH WHITMAN

• •

SUNDAY LUNCH

THE joyful young clergyman followed his hostess, and his hostess's son and wife, through adjoining sitting rooms and out a door onto an open terrace. The terrace was round in shape and fitted into the angle of a wing to the main house. Its pink bricks were laid in a concentric pattern, and in the middle of it rose the curved-over rim of a brick well, topped by an arch supporting a well sweep. Between terrace and lawn stood willow oaks and mimosas, whose branches made a feathery awning overhead, pinned everywhere with pale-pink mimosa blossoms. Bees were going about their murmurous business in the masses of roses—pink, red, and yellow—that climbed the walls of the remarkable old Maryland house, and a delicious scent drifted through the warm June air.

"Just time for a cozy confab before the others arrive," Mrs. Beneker remarked. She seated herself gracefully on a white iron chair. Pretty and chic, she had the figure of a girl of twenty—a far better figure than her daughter-in-law's—and was dressed in gray linen with white touches. On entering the house after church, she had removed a broad-brimmed gray straw hat before a mirror in the hall and, turning, threw her guest a most complicated smile, compounded of flirtatiousness, recognition of his cloth, and a pretty acceptance of her inability to do other than flirt. "I do think Sunday lunch is a divine institution," she said. "Oh! I've made a sort of joke, haven't I, Mr. Watson?"

He nodded happily. With his dark, shining eyes and graying hair close-cropped to his round head, he looked like a small, friendly animal. Since he had been learning to practice his secret ability, he could hardly wait for people to say things—any things—because he loved them so and they couldn't hurt him anymore and they were so wonderful, with their crazy reserves and their touching braggadocio, their determined frustrations and their self-inflicted suffering. His eyes rested on Mrs. Beneker, and he prayed for her to go on talking. He could hardly come right out and say, "Go on, go on, I can hardly wait to hear the awful things you say." He couldn't come right out and say, "You are my mother and my brethren."

"We've just time to all make quicky friends," she said.

Her beautifully coiffed reddish-tinted hair rose from her pretty neck, around which hung a string of pearls. Mr. Watson's eyes strayed innocently about other visible furnishings of Mrs. Beneker's life—the iron chairs, with their springy wire-mesh seats; the glass-topped bar table set under a willow oak and loaded with bottles, etched glasses, and a silver bucket of ice; the sheer curtains that billowed out through the open French doors; the huge, brilliant-blue pool just beyond the row of trees; the well-tended borders of flowers against the walls of the house; the marble benches. The young clergyman hadn't the faintest conception of what all of this cost; it simply looked nice to him and it was a beautiful day.

The son, a hulking blond fellow, threw himself into one of the iron armchairs and sat blinking up at the sun through baggy lids. He and his wife hadn't been in church; they were coming down the wide front stairs as the others entered the house. Under his jacket he wore a white silk shirt, its neck left open, with a printed silk scarf instead of a tie. He made Mr. Watson feel violence.

Mrs. Beneker's daughter-in-law was big-boned and gawky, with a sulky young face. Her polished chestnut hair swung against her cheek whenever she turned her head. She sat on the opposite side of the well from her husband, staring down, as though with interest, at the concentric brickwork.

"Alec! Make us drinks, please," Mrs. Beneker said crisply. "The wherewithals are on the table."

My! thought Mr. Watson. When people spoke that way to each other, it was like a bump to his consciousness. Often they made his consciousness hurt before they even said anything. Before he had begun to understand that he was a mirror to them, this reflecting had made him so uncomfortable in society that he had been on the verge of becoming a recluse.

Young Beneker got up and lounged heavily across to the bar table. "What'll it be, Reverend?" he asked. He gave Mr. Watson a disarming smile.

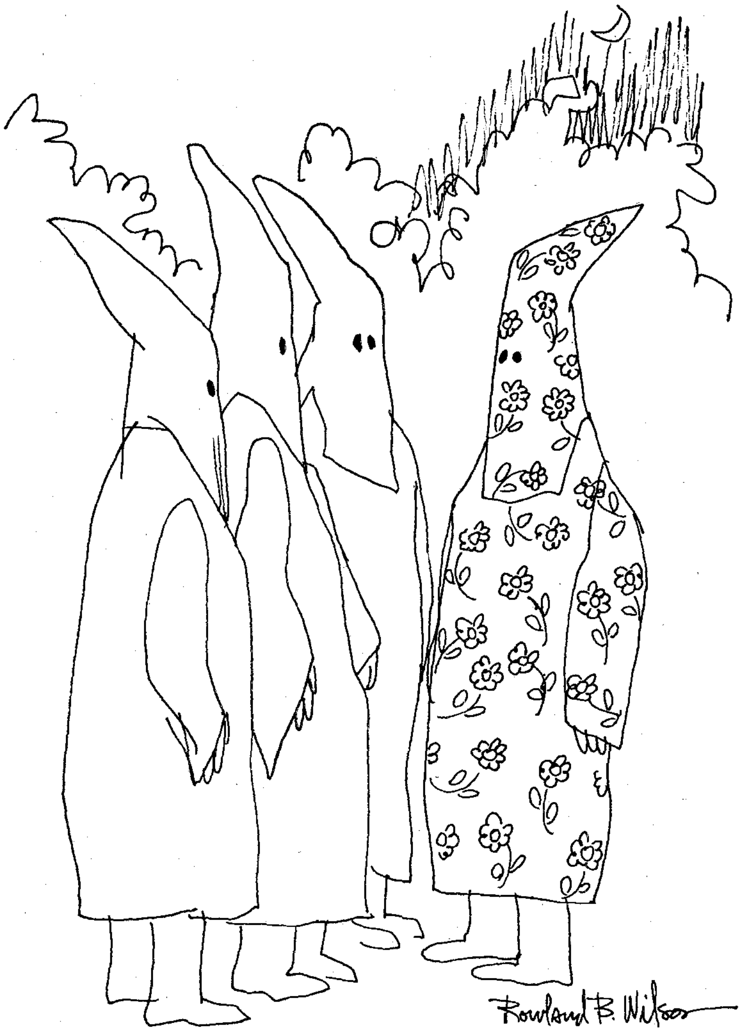
Mr. Watson smiled back. "Bourbon-and-water, please," he said in his gentle way.

"Don't *I* get a drink?" the girl said.

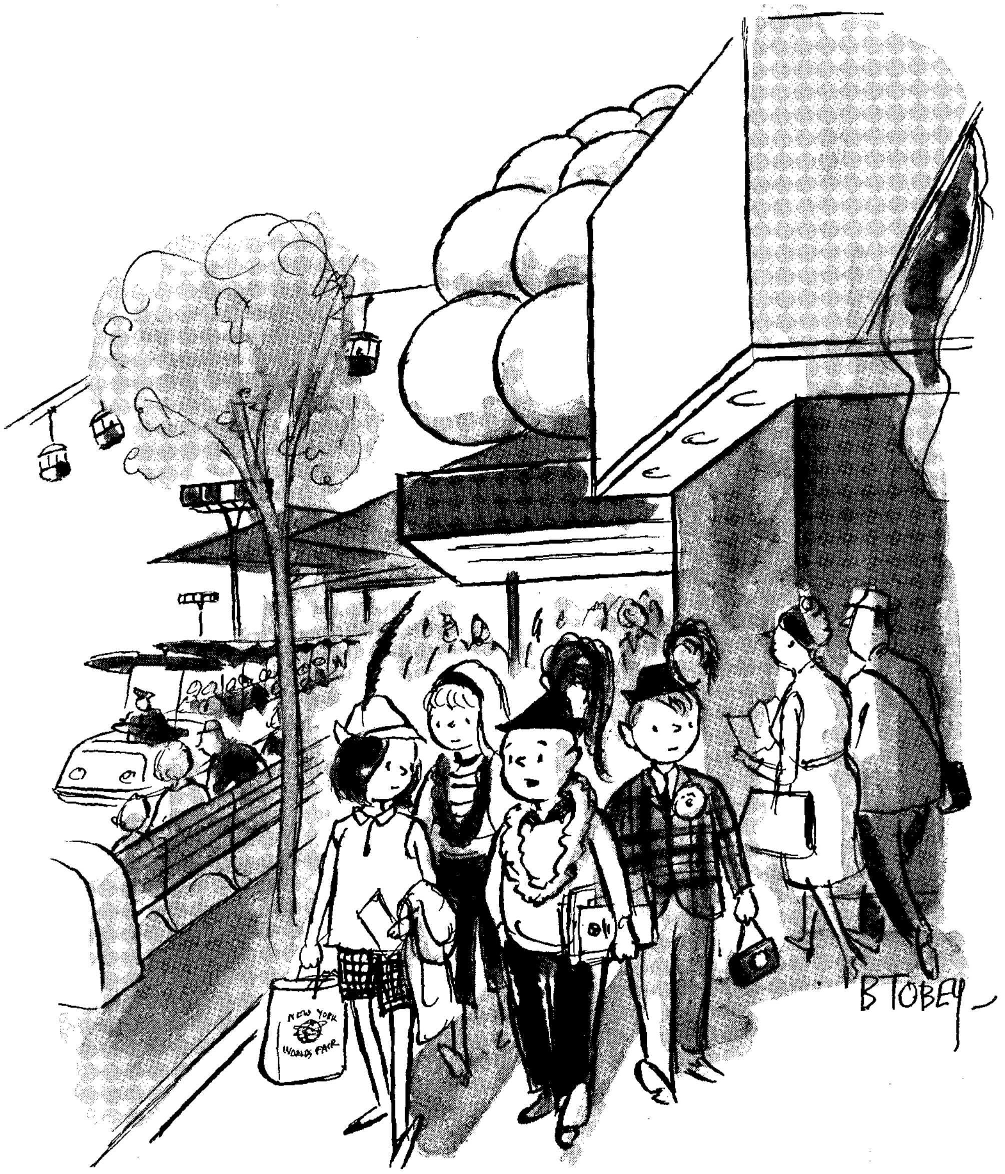
"All in good time is soon enough, Audrey," her mother-in-law said without turning her head.

Oh! Mr. Watson thought. He looked placatingly from one woman to the other. "At least they don't let clergymen into the lifeboats first," he said, as a little joke, to the girl. He received from her a reluctant smile.

While Alec was mak-



"I thought it was high time we did something to warm up our image."



"*Somehow I'm not getting the bang out of it that I did last year.*"

ing and bringing the drinks, Mrs. Beneker resumed charge of the conversation.

"We're so glad you're attached to St. James's, Mr. Watson, and we hope to see you often here at Rosemont!" she said, in her perky, challenging way. "Dr. Beecham—such a friend. He married Alec's late father and me. Did he tell you?"

"Not yet," Mr. Watson said.

She smiled. "He surely will! It was Dr. Beecham who went up to marry Alec and Audrey, too, you know. That, of course, was not one of Rosemont's weddings." Mr. Watson listened entranced to Mrs. Beneker's speech. "We are regular communicants at St. James's, except in the winter season, when we go for two months up to be near the Great White Way. There it's dear old St. Thomas's for us!"

It was not just Mrs. Beneker's language, so like a boarding-school girl's, that fascinated Mr. Watson. Underneath, she herself—this shy, stiff, tense little person who was driven to communicate in catchwords—was all the while hiding something. What was she hiding? She was hiding it from everybody. And . . . the secret was not exactly shameful, Mr. Watson felt, groping. Mrs. Beneker's secret was something precious to her, which she sat on like a hen an egg.

Mr. Watson knew it would come to him. All he had to do was let himself go and *be* her. Sometimes he had the most amazing visions of people's inner lives. Until he understood it, he had often made himself ill this way. Once, visiting his cousin Eric, he had felt sicker and sicker, until all at once it was Eric who came down with pneumonia.

"Occasionally when Mother is up near the Great White Way, she goes even farther north and visits Beantown," Alec Beneker said. Instead of being entranced by his mother's girlish speech, he was sneering at it. "Beantown's where I wooed and won Audrey, Mr. Watson," he said, spitting the words, "and brought her back to Rosemont a bride."

"One more in a succession of lovely Rosemont brides," Mrs. Beneker said, not tumbling at all.

"Oh, God," Audrey said.

"Audrey. Dear." Mrs. Beneker inclined her head toward the guest. "Remember where you are."

Mr. Watson smiled blissfully. He didn't care if Audrey did swear. He didn't care what she did, she was so lovely with her glittering hair sweeping her still-childish cheek, so young that even her anger seemed young and almost sweet: fierce, indignant anger—nothing cold about it.

She's cooking up something, the young clergyman thought. She's in the midst of some plot. Is she going to leave him? She feels that way. Go ahead and say anything you like, he thought, at Audrey. Swear all you want. The more you say, the more I know you, and I love to know you.

Audrey Beneker let out a long-suffering sigh and cast her eyes up into the boughs of the willow oaks.

How long, O Lord, how long, Mr. Watson thought along with Audrey.

All this time Alec had not even glanced at his wife but gazed steadily at his mother, smiling faintly and mockingly.

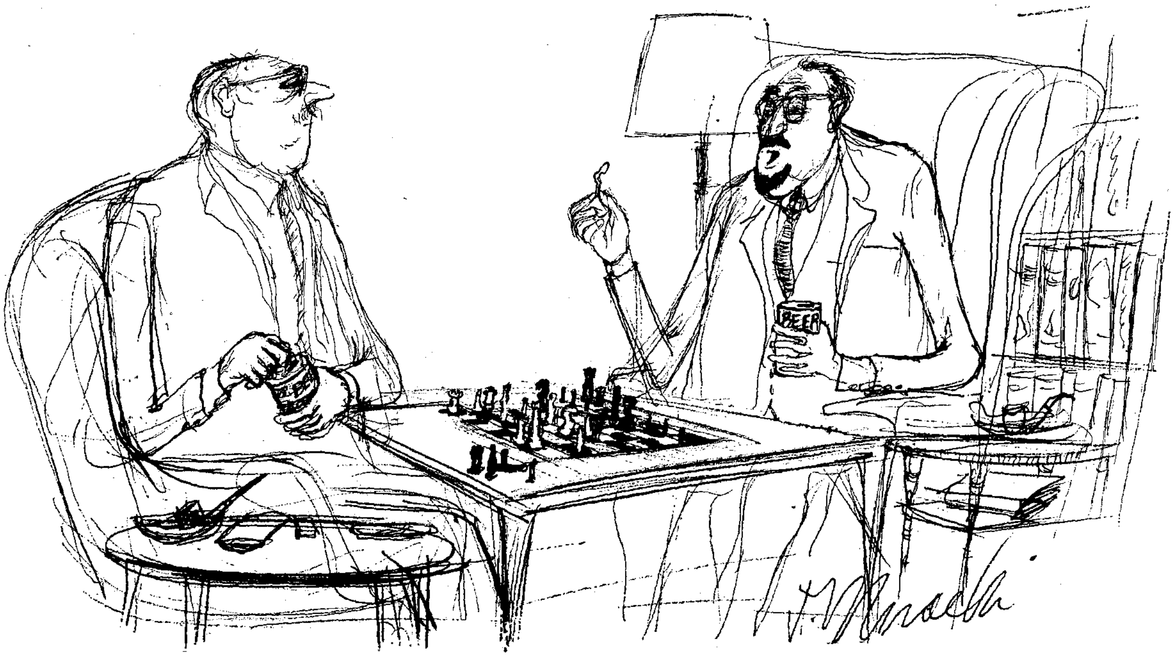
Why is he so venomous? Suddenly, out of the venom, a hint of something new sprang up in Mr. Watson's mind—a feeling full of light and grace. He felt that the two of them were going to be very close, soon.

He asked himself if it were merely the original prenatal relation between them that he sensed, for his faculty always needed this kind of checking. He was pretty sure not. Experience at the hospital psychiatric clinics, when he was in seminary, had taught him to recognize and discount regressiveness. His visions about people always seemed to have to do with the future.

"Mother," Alec Beneker said, eyes never shifting from the graceful little lady in the gray dress, "tell Mr. Watson about this historical old house."

Audrey's eyes jumped to find her husband's. "Hysterical old house," Mr. Watson heard her murmur. It must be some old joke between them. But Alec didn't even glance back at her.

Mrs. Beneker took charge of the



"Ah, Professor, if only we could harness ingenuity like this to the big questions!"

• •

conversation again as though it were a refractory horse. Ignoring her son's suggestion, she said, "My old nurse" (Mr. Watson was struck by a wave of hatred from Alec) "—I know that nowadays one isn't supposed to have *had* a nurse, but there it is," she added. "My old Aunt Lucy used to tell me, 'There's a different way fittin' for each and all. What's fittin' for this one ain't fittin' for that one.' That's all I was trying to say to you, Audrey dear, about the presence of Mr. Watson," she said lightly, as to a little girl.

But the young wife wasn't being treated like any little girl. She continued to look away.

"It's fittin' to offer the preacher the first drink, Aunt Lucy would surely agree. But it sho ain't fittin' for the preacher to go first into the lifeboat! Isn't that right, Mr. Watson? The clergy is supposed to be up on deck organizing the singing of 'Nearer My God to Thee.' " She laughed, tinklingly. Mr. Watson nodded. "A crisis is the very time we depend upon our spiritual leaders," Mrs. Beneker went on with wide-eyed earnestness. "I did think it was atrocious a couple of years back—or was it longer?—when some priest—not one of us, praise the Lord—made that pronouncement about fallout shelters. Do you recall it? He said it was a man's duty to own a gun and use it to fight off intruders into his fallout shelter, comes the day of the Big Bang. I suppose he himself would do likewise. That's not very fittin'! Or Christian, either. Is it?"

Alec went on gazing at his parent. The young wife sulked. Mr. Watson smiled and smiled.

"Isn't it nice; you don't hear much about shelters nowadays, do you?" Mrs. Beneker went on, with unshakable social poise and small talk. "I always thought it such a mistake when President Kennedy allowed himself to be quoted—in *Life*, was it?—saying everyone ought to have his own fallout shelter. I can't agree. How about people in cities? How about the poor? That didn't seem very Christian to me, either."

Mr. Watson, accustomed to any number of Sunday irrelevancies from parishioners, smiled some more. Audrey, who had come to the bottom of her drink, held it out mutely toward her husband to be filled. But his eyes never swerved from his mother.

The bees still hummed in the climbing roses. The terrace was deliciously shaded from the midday sun by the awning of tiny leaves. Far beyond the row of sheltering trees, the summer fields could be seen, golden in the sunshine. Audrey held her empty glass, balancing it.

"My own feeling is," Mrs. Beneker said with pretty diffidence, "people should spare time from their busy lives to consult their consciences. Ask themselves what is fittin', when and if the awful day of the Big Bang should arrive. As we pray it will not, of course. The pundits tell us that the danger has become *so* great that there *is* no danger anymore." She blinked, and Mr. Watson, like a mirror, blinked with her. "I mean, people need to ask themselves are they worth saving. Then what are they worth saving for? *I* have come to the conclusion," Mrs. Beneker said, "that the value old people have in a post-Bomb world must be twofold."

She paused, but nobody spoke. The clergyman was struggling with an influx of mystifying impressions. These are what pass for Great Thoughts to her, he thought, groping.

"Twofold," Mrs. Beneker repeated. "After the cataclysm will be a new world. If there is any world left at all! And youth must inherit. The use of the old, in such a world, will be twofold."

"Oh, stop saying 'twofold,' " Audrey murmured.

"Shut up," her husband told her.

"What was all that?" Mrs. Beneker asked.

Audrey got up and walked into the house.

Mrs. Beneker lifted her eyebrows minutely and went on. "A twofold value," she said. "Both necessarily in relation to the youth. First, to care for them. They will need those with wisdom and tenderness to care for them in their terrible hardships. Second, to teach the youth. It is us oldsters who must pass on the torch of civilization."

Mr. Watson's eyes, moving to Alec's face, drawn by a barrage of dark emotion, winced. She's making him feel . . . murderous.

He hoped he was exaggerating. He often did exaggerate. There was the time when, driving with John Nichols in John Nichols' car, he suddenly had the perfectly clear impression that John was going to push him out of the car, at sixty miles an hour. Instead, in a minute John turned toward him and said, "How can you believe in such rubbish as God?"

"Mother," Alec Beneker said. He peered down into the wavery depths of his drink. "Why don't you tell Mr. Watson about this fabulous old house?"

"What you want me to tell?" his mother said tartly.

"Oh, anything at all. I'm sure he'd

be interested in its history. Its quaint ins and outs. This is a truly venerable mansion, as you can see, Mr. Watson. Three Presidents have set foot on these thresholds. Innumerable brides—none more beautiful than my mother—have been carried across them."

"Go find Audrey and tell her to come back," Mrs. Beneker ordered. "People will be arriving."

"In a moment, Mother," he said lazily, turning his glass around and around.

"Why can't you ever do something when I ask you to do it?" she snapped.

Alec gave her a blank, artificial smile and made a couple of hitching, straining movements as though trying to get up out of his chair and unable to. But it was too late now anyway. Giving little cries and salutations, a man and a woman in Sunday-lunch attire came pushing through the French windows, hands outstretched.

"How pretty all this is!" the woman exclaimed. She pressed her cheek to that of her hostess, who had risen.

"Vera! Dear!" Mrs. Beneker turned to the husband. "And Raymond! Have you met Dr. Beecham's new assistant at St. James's? Mr. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Pugh."

Mr. Watson jumped at hearing his name spoken. He had been rapt in a vision—sudden, radiant—that fulfilled the earlier hint, that explained everything between Mrs. Beneker and her son. One of the miracles of reversal-into-the-opposite was going to happen to them.

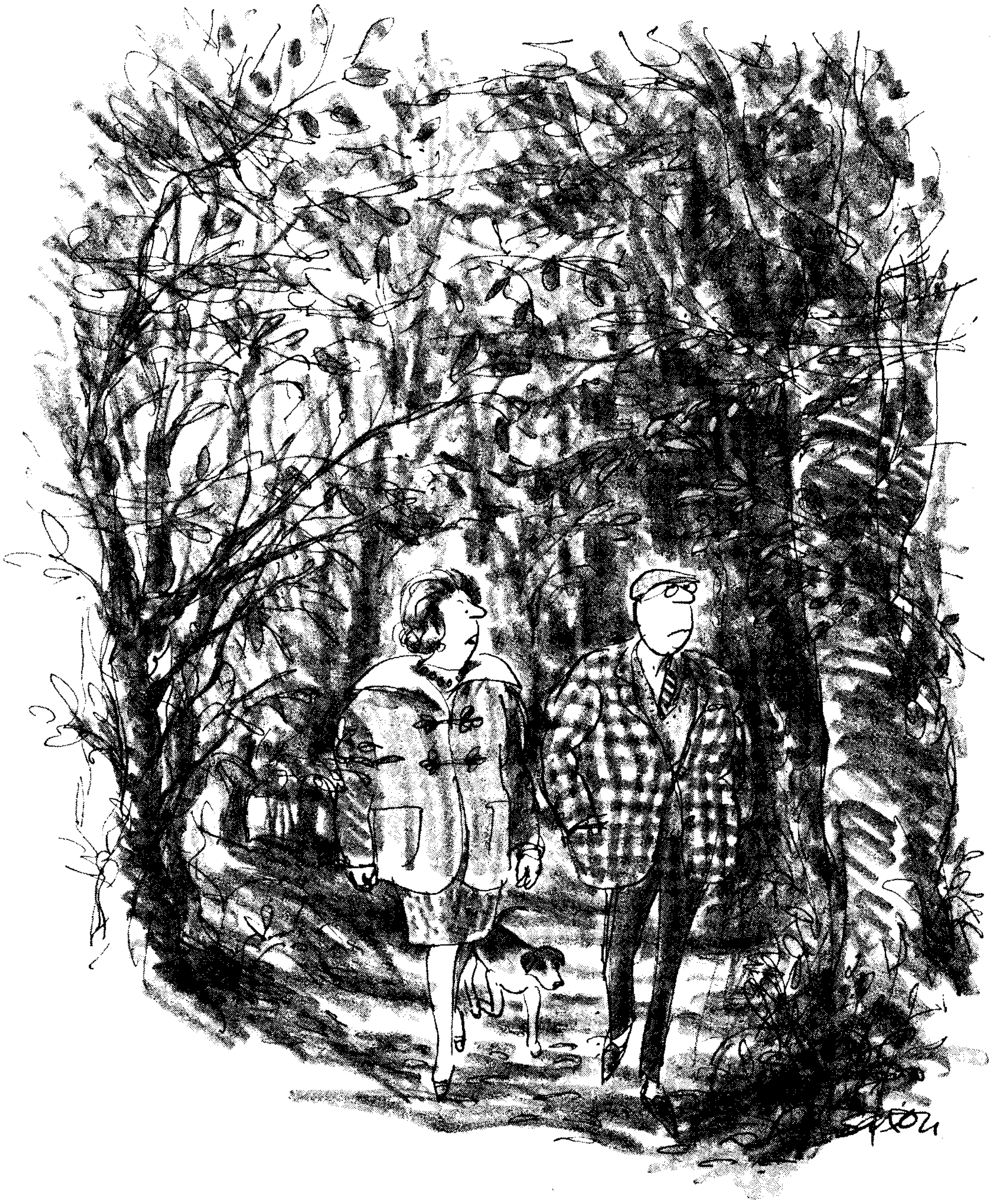
His vision was of them together, as though for eternity, in a tiny, secret place, a place not a bit grand but humble rather—only the barest shelter, such as a stable was. "Silent Night, Holy Night" sang itself joyfully in Mr. Watson's head. At the bottom of everybody's life, no matter how hateful, he thought, persisted the same age-old symbol, the same right relation, that needed only time to work itself out. That time was not far off for the Benekers. No matter what base motives drew its parts, neither fire nor flood could keep love apart.

MORE and more people were arriving, and in no time at all the young clergyman, with his shining eyes, was being tossed about like a little boat on a sea of chatter about the stock market, jet travel, politics—subjects he knew nothing whatever about. But, with the key to everything in his heart, he smiled and smiled, listened and listened, as he practiced being all things to all men.

Mrs. Beneker, for her part, was relieved to be greeting new arrivals. It made her so uneasy when Alec kept bringing up the house in that annoying way of his. As she greeted two more newcomers, she looked over their heads and saw that Alec was making drinks, and Audrey, praise the Lord, back on the terrace where she belonged, speaking to people, fulfilling her obligations. Mrs. Beneker hoped she'd have the grace to pass canapés.

She didn't know why Alec had to keep asking her to tell about the quaint ins and outs of this old house, unless it was simply because he saw it annoyed her. Why must he be so harsh, so grim? She'd endured his unsuccessful growing up—the poor marks, the undesirable friends, the debts—always looking forward to having a tall grown-up son to lean on; but all she'd got in the end, it seemed, was an enemy.

Simply to be annoying must surely be why he did it, because she



"What am I supposed to say when you say, 'Eventide, the verdant woods among'?"

was almost positive that he couldn't have the faintest idea of the truth. She had had it put in long after he was married and gone away. She had sent to New York for the plans. Nobody but two workmen, to each of whom she had given a hundred dollars, knew that it existed right here under her feet as she stood talking.

She couldn't think it unnatural not to have told Alec. Telling him would have been the unnatural thing, what with his unpleasantness to her. As a grown-up man with a wife—furthermore, as a rich man—it was certainly his own responsibility to provide for himself and Audrey.

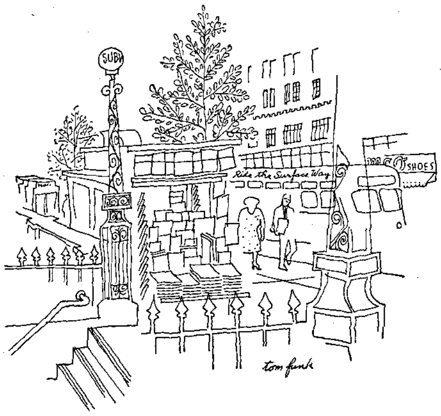
The fact was, she thought, even as she pressed Tom Hyde's hand and said, "How awfully good of you to come! How *is* your poor leg?"—the actual fact was it felt heavenly not to share her secret. Not with Hobart, her husband, dead for years; not with Alec; not with anybody. It made her happy just to think of it there, underfoot, cozy and snug, ready and waiting. When she walked into it, as she occasionally did to check on supplies, being enclosed made her feel as though the place itself embraced her—almost like being Aunt Lucy's baby again; back in her arms and loved. It was so nice there—the tidy shelves of canned goods, the neat bunks against the wall. She'd had two bunks put in, because she had this silly feeling that, even at her age, love might come to her. Even at her age, you never knew what strange encounter might still occur!

Her thoughts made her give Tom Hyde a sudden flirtatious smile. "Alec!" she called in her pretty, high voice. "Ask Mr. Hyde what he'll take. Quickly!"

Alec nodded. Make another round of drinks. Meet another round of people. Get through another of Mother's Sunday lunches. . . .

What Mother didn't know was that he knew. When—as it amused him to do—he called people's attention to the antiquity of this house, he could see it set up doubts in her mind about whether he possibly *could* know. Of course he knew! She was the one who was too silly to know anything.

Since he was about eight, he had been aware of the secret passage in Rosemont. He had never discussed it with her, but what had he ever discussed with her? Imagine not knowing more about a boy's nature than that! During his childhood he had not only stolen off into the secret passage but had made his own additions to it—nailed up a shelf here, scooped out a cranny there, even once constructed two steps. She'd never known it because she'd been too busy with her flirtations to know anything about the skinny, unpopular boy he had been.



On a weekend three years ago, when he and Audrey had been visiting just like this and he couldn't sleep, he had, just for the fun of it, after so many years, gone down the passage that began in the attic, wound around the drawing-room chimney, and went down two steps—*his* steps—to a shorter passage, then down the side of a stone wall that was part of the cellars. The passage used then to end up in an outlet into the terrace well. There he had encountered something strange, something new. She had built it without telling anyone. Not even him!

It wasn't locked. He had walked about in it, catching his breath after the squeeze through the passage, viewing the tidy rows of cans, the neat bunks, the water tank. She'd made it very snug, cozy. In the three years since then, there had been other weekends here, and another thing his mother didn't know was that in that time her precious secret had received a slight alteration. He had taken out a square

CREW PRACTICE ON LAKE BLED, IN JUGOSLAVIA

(FOR MY SON, JOHN)

I'd wave the gnats away and try
to tell you, *no one is more dear*,
unable to tell, or think why

and justify our life besides,
hardly in touch. As like that shell
fanning water, our shadow glides

down to the dark bottom, beneath
consideration nearly. . . . Past
the feudal castle, with each breath

striding much like a galley or
a leggy water bug, it drops
airs, ages lost in the Great War,

the Austro-Hungarian Empire
and pine island astern—where still
an alpine church upholds its spire

but holds it, also, upside down
in the water mirror, as though
gravity dragged images down

and drained them off. So many lives. . . .
Caretakers raking the far shore
burn off a winter of wet leaves;

the column of smoke bows. Swallows
blow over all day, hurried through
our sunset like following harrows

until the sky yields. In wide, dim rings
they orbit, and come back as bats
stroking raggedly on damp wings

(as will the dark, frantic for more,
beat circles over the lamplit
footpath, still darker than before),

equipment in perfect order.

Whenever overtaken, I
duck, nor trust anyone's radar,

not even theirs. Then, when I look
at what comes true, or listen, hard
by the flat tension of a lake

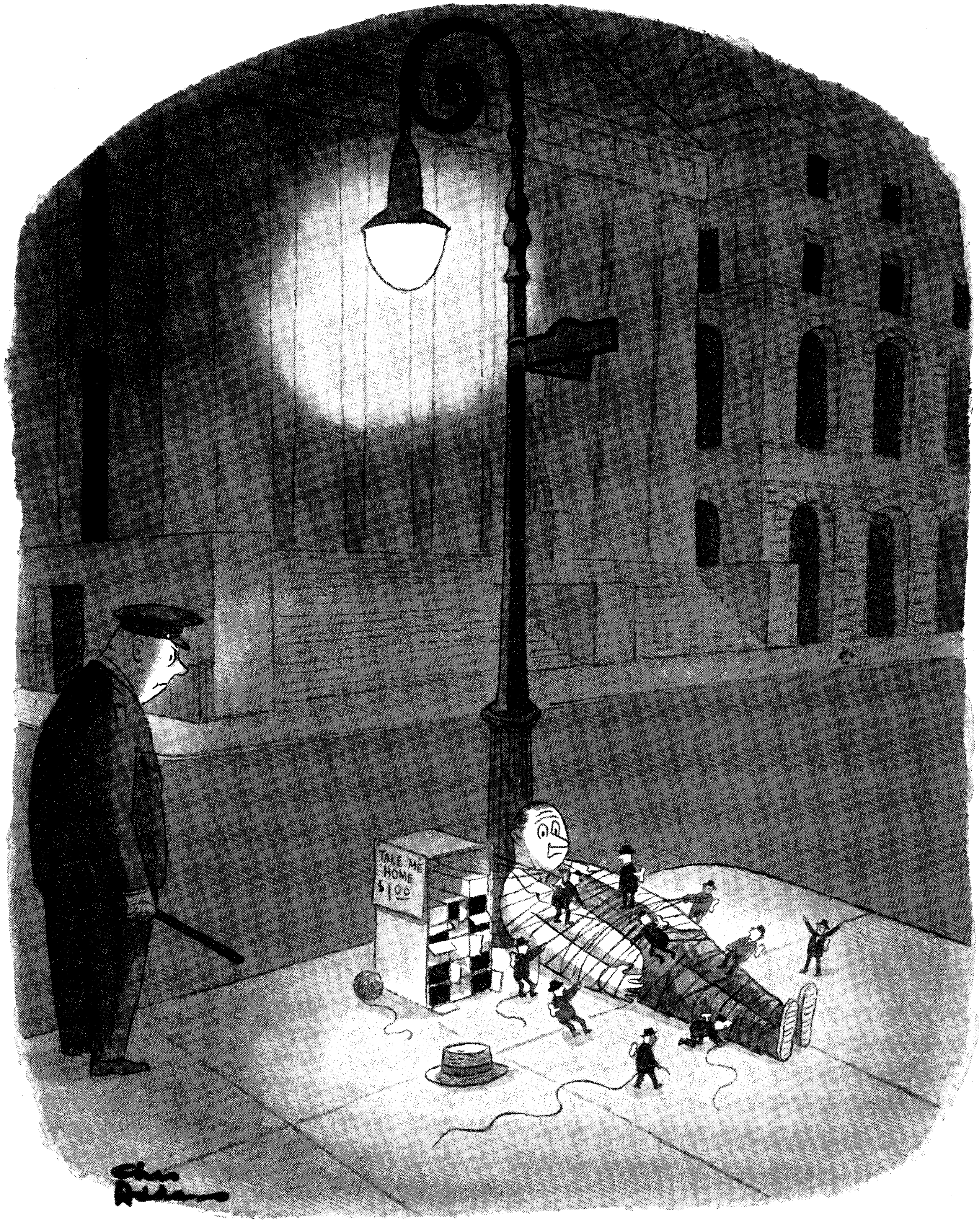
while gooseflesh rises, recalling
how the coxswain's regular bark
marked time, forced rising and falling,

or out of habit dream on Proust,
how little we know or love, those
we know the best and love the most,

then, man to man, this heartless view
tempts me almost to tell a lie,
and wish you better than I do.

—JAMES SCULLY

• •



• •

lead-lined wooden panel backing on the passage and fitted it with nylon strips so that it could easily be removed. Then he replaced it.

If the ultimate escape ever did become necessary now, she could go down into her secret place to sit it out, to wait for the day when she would come out and start caring—caring!—for all that youth she talked about, start teaching whatever in the world she thought she had to teach. There would be time then. Plenty of time for her to reflect on all the ways she'd failed life, failed her child.

And just in case she needed reminding, why, it would be a surprise to her, wouldn't it—a real surprise—to see the end of her precious shelter begin to move. And who would come crawling in? None other than her own beloved son, if he had to come through fire and flood to get there.

—Nancy Hale

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HERDSMEN—II

EARLY in 1961, my husband and I went to Uganda to live for about six months with a tribe of warrior herdsmen called the Dodoth. These people live in Dodoth, the northernmost county of Uganda, and we ourselves established a camp on one of their highest hills, Morukore. The culture of the Dodoth revolves about cattle, and it has been said that among African people the most resistant to change are those who, like the Dodoth, own and value cattle. I found that some lives in Dodoth are affected by the changing world, some are not. But the increasing pressure from the West to modify life in Dodoth is influencing three of the most fundamental aspects of its culture—families, clans, and "age sets." Hundreds of years ago, before Dodoth existed as a nation, clans and age sets evolved from families, and today these two ancient institutions, with their authority, their complexity, and their perpetual order, serve to unify and govern people. In families, the origins of these institutions can still be seen. Like living things, like plants with rhizomes, the patriarchal households grow. The Dodoth are polygamous, and each wife lives with her children in her own court. The owner of a household marries, the sons of each court grow up and marry until the members of the house are many, and when the owner dies and the household fractures, the courts become new compound households—groups of full brothers, who live together until their cattle are many, whereupon the compound dwellings may fracture, too, and the brothers disperse to found single dwellings of their own. The fragmenting of households along court lines reflects the Dodoth hierarchy of kinship. A person calls each of his full brothers or sisters *lokato* or *nakato*—he or she of the place of the mother, which is the court. Each of his father's other children and his father's brothers' children he calls *lokapa* and *nakapa*—he or she of the place of the father, which is the dwelling as a whole.

From the concept of a man, his brothers, their sons, their sons' sons—the ever-growing pyramid of male descendants—there developed the concept of clans. There are at least sixteen clans in Dodoth today. Once, clans were strictly exogamous and men built their dwellings on their own clan lands. Today, it is said, some men have married their clanswomen, and though the clan lands still exist, people build their dwellings anywhere, so clans are diminishing in importance. This diminishing is evolutionary and indigenous—a phenomenon that occurs throughout the world. But Dodoth clans are still groups of descendants. While a woman joins her husband's clan shortly after her marriage, a man belongs forever to the clan of his father, his father's father, his father's grandfather.

There is a strong hierarchy within each family. As long as a man lives, he has authority over his sons and over the family cattle. Because of the cattle, which will be used to bring wives to the family or will one day be inherited, the members of the family—all except the man's daughters, who will be wives in other families—are ranked by a logical system to determine right of access to the property. The man's wives are ranked by the order of their marriage, and the man's sons are ranked by the order of their birth combined with the ranks of their mothers. Hence, the first wife's eldest son outranks the second wife's eldest son, who, in turn, outranks the first wife's younger son, and, unless extreme age differences prevent it, the three boys will marry in that order. From the hierarchy within the family, the authority that a father has over his sons, the order of the sons' birth, and the rights that a boy has over his younger brothers, there developed the foundation of government, the age-set system.

The age sets, unlike the clans, are nationwide. A man is initiated into an age set as an adult and remains in it all the rest of his life. As age sets below his are opened, and age sets above his are closed because of the death of their members, his own age set advances in seniority and authority until, in time, he may become an elder—one of the most senior men. There are no chiefs or kings in Dodoth, no persons born to rule. The government of the country is traditionally in the hands of elders, whose control is achieved religiously, through intercession with Akuj—God. When elders pray in their reedy voices, they call God's blessing down upon people, or ask for the increase of cattle, or for rain. Elders can also pray to God to punish people; such a prayer is like a curse. "Important men," these seniors are called, or, sometimes, "holy elders," and the people on one side and God on the other side take advice from them. Since the structure of the age-set system takes shape from the structure of families, the elders are like the fathers of families. As the family in each dwelling is divided into fathers (or a father) and sons, so an age set belongs to one of two generation groups, a senior and a junior. A man must join an age set in the generation group below that of his father, for the senior generation has authority over the junior generation, and it would never do for a son to have authority approximating that of his father.

Here and there in Africa, age sets are composed of men of the same chronological age; a tribe will initiate all the youngsters between ten and fifteen years old into one age set, then wait five years and initiate the next group of ten-to-fifteen-year-olds into the next age set. In Dodoth, though, because initiation follows family structure, the age set that a man joins is determined with regard to his father's age set. All the sons of a man who belongs to the first, or oldest-established, set of the senior generation will join the first age set of the junior generation. The age sets themselves are subdivided into what might be called ox classes, because the subdivisions are named for oxen. The ox classes within the age sets provide a hierarchy sufficiently complex to accommodate the small differences in rank among brothers and half brothers. Thus, when a group of brothers are to be initiated, the first wife's eldest son will join an ox class above that of the second wife's eldest son. Each age set takes in initiates for many years, several ox classes being open at all times. The system is perfectly logical, but the actual chronological ages of the men in each age set vary greatly. If you ask a new initiate what group he belongs to, he will give the name of his ox class. If you ask the same question of a man who was initiated many years ago, he will give you the name of his age set. And if you ask about the group of an elder, or of a man long dead, you will be given the name of his generation group. As time passes, as families disperse, and as the members of the senior age sets die, the small gradations lose importance.

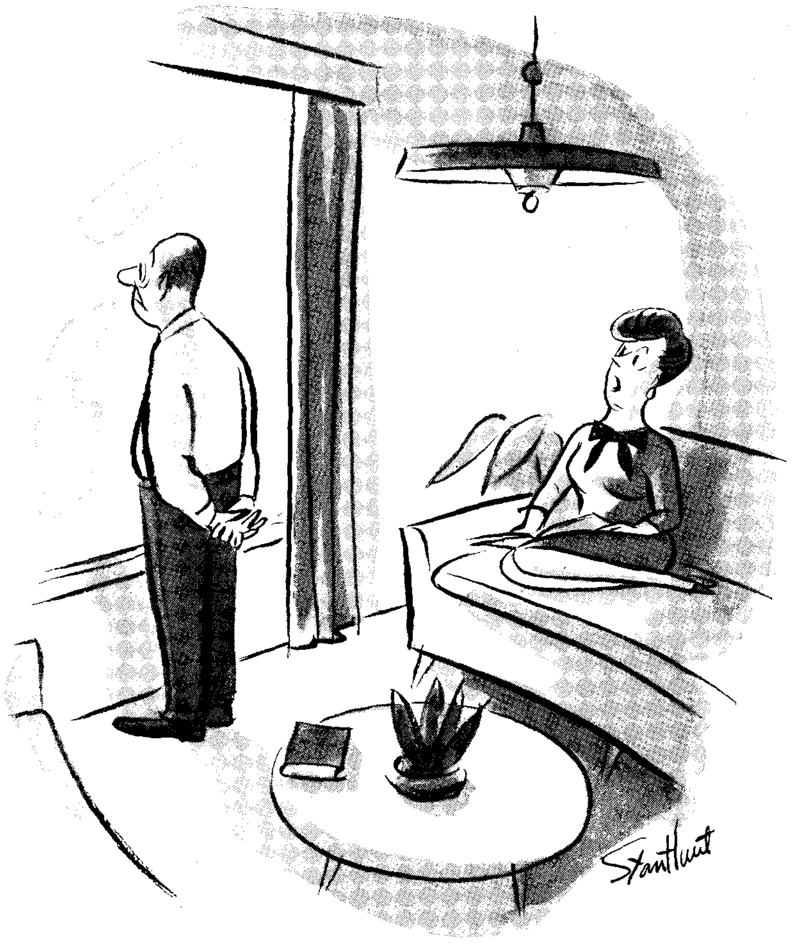
Once every forty or fifty years, a great ceremony is held in Dodoth, in which the senior generation retires. The elders lose their power and become as uninitiated men. The junior generation becomes the senior, the members of its upper sets become the elders, and a new generation is opened to take the junior place. Such a transfer has not happened in Dodoth for so many years that hundreds of middle-aged men, including Mora, Uri, and Lopore—three of the men we came to know best—are still waiting for a new generation and its age sets to be formed into which they can be initiated. Thus, not all old men become elders. Not all elders are old men. To become an elder, a man must be initiated into a set whose seniority is fairly well advanced. If it is not advanced, the original members will have died by the time it becomes senior, and other men will fill it, for the time span of the age-set system is not geared to an individual life. The system turns slowly in time, like a water wheel in water. Like blades on the wheel, the sets appear, rise, decline, and vanish, yet the system turns forever, and a man who is near the end of his life, whose set is about to vanish, knows that sometime within a century the place he holds in the system will come back to the world again.

The clan system and the age-set system give the nation its order and its immortality. The two systems are joined, in Dodoth, through the sacred groves, the ancient trees in whose crowns Akuj settles, for each of the sacred groves in the country is the property of a clan. Men sacrifice oxen at the sacred groves when they hold initiations or perform other public ceremonies, to induce good, such as rain, or to ward off evil, such as cattle raiders from hostile tribes, and at each of the sacrifices the seniormost members of the age-set system who are also members of the clan that owns the sacred place perform the services and lead the prayers.

The Dodoth have a phrase that means "clan sacred place," and this may date from a time when only the clansmen, on their clan lands, would attend the clan sacrifice. The sacrifices are public nowadays, and have been for as long as people can remember. Though it is against tradition for women to come to a sacred place, any man may attend. And an initiated man who is not a clansman may perform services and offer prayers if he joins the sacred grove by sacrificing an ox. But the clansmen of a sacred grove do not have to join by sacrifice; their membership is assured by birth, and it may even be that this membership lasts after death. Certain very important elders, a few people say, return from the dead in the form of snakes, wearing on their heads white plumes, like the plumes of a headdress, and visit once again the sacred places of their clans.

Systems such as these cannot exist within the frame of Western culture. Huge families cannot live together in a money economy. Clans disappear when households do. And the authority of elders is directly opposed to the authority of an outside government. The elders are the most conservative people in the country. They have heard of the outside government, and of shops and missions, but they tend to forget what they have heard. Seeing the land as it was when they were younger, they ignore even the roads, planned with such attention by the government. If a car rounds a bend and surprises an elder, he may try to escape it by running down the road ahead of the car, his knobby legs flying, and his cape and plumes in disarray, but most such men do not use the roads at all, viewing them as meaningless scratches, the way we might view a gully washed by rain. In their absolute indifference to the West, the conservative elders exhort their people to guard their cattle, to go raiding, and to keep the customs of the sacred places, and many of their people obey. But elders get blamed for the raiding, and are arrested and convicted, and serve long sentences in jail.

"OUR religion is dying," Uri once said to me. We were on the top of Morukore hill, and he had been telling my fortune with his pair of sandals; he would throw down the

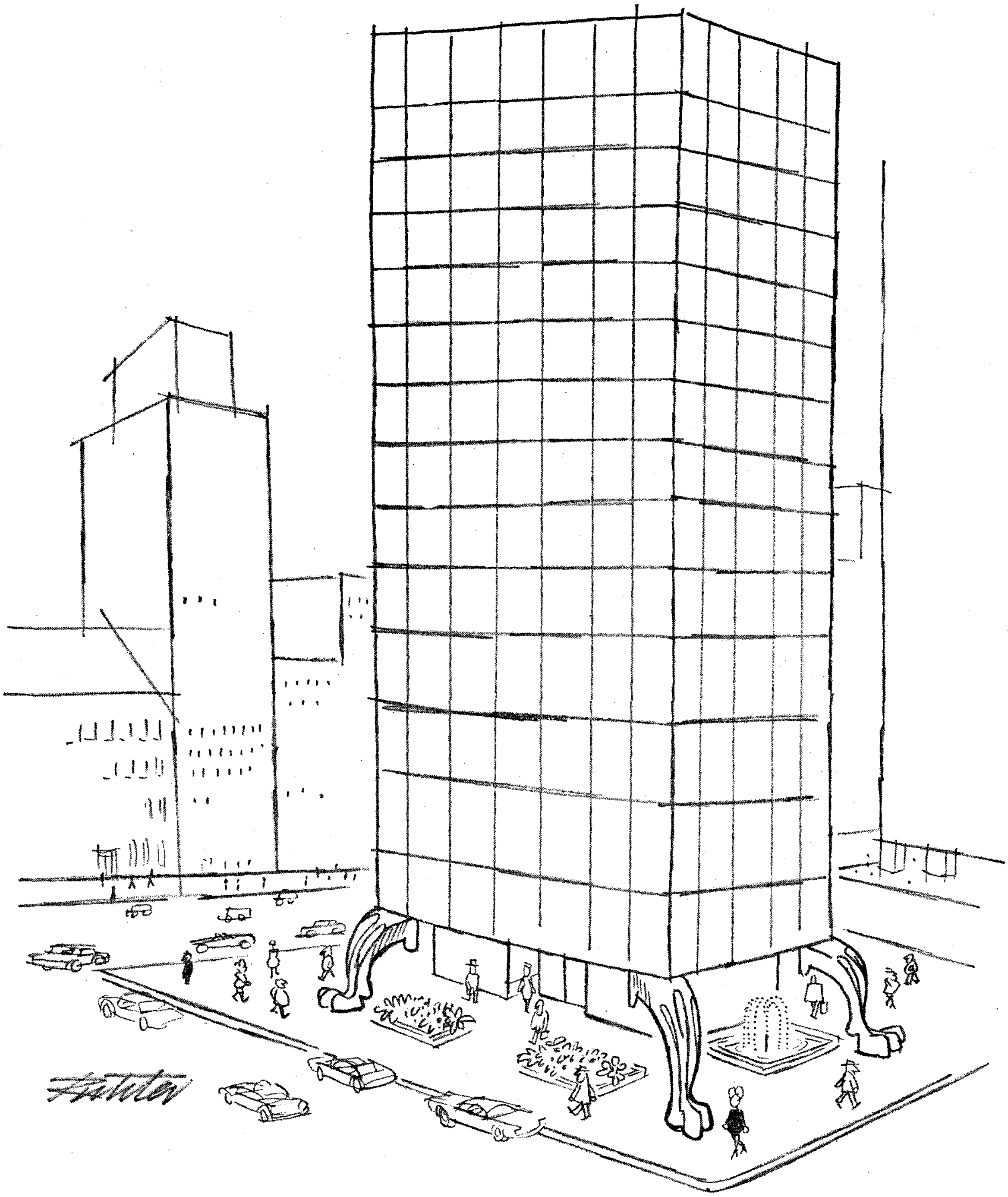


"What I don't understand is what ever prompted you to buy a book called 'Being and Nothingness' in the first place."

sandals and tell me the meaning of the way they fell. There had come a hum, and a tiny airplane had flown over—a police plane looking for raiders. Uri though that the police were looking for sacrifices. It was true that people attending sacrifices had been spotted from the air and then arrested, for the government believed, mistakenly, that sacrifices were preludes to raids. The plane had flown on, growing smaller and smaller over the hills, until it was like a bee droning in the distance, and Uri had watched it go. "Our religion is dying," he said again. "And the government wants it to."

It is ironic that Kaabong, as the seat of Dodoth County, has become the seat of change, for Kaabong is the site of the primary sacred grove of one of the largest Dodoth clans. The site is slightly west of present-day Kaabong, and the grove is lovely. Long, sweet grass, on which cattle graze, grows under the trees, and during the rainy season flowers bloom there—red flowers, like Indian paintbrush, and little wild petunias, which wilt in the sun. At one side of the grove is the sacred tree—a great wild fig, with orchids in its branches. Below the tree, the Dodoth have built a fence to enclose the actual most sacred spot—a spot determined many years ago, when a fire swept the grove, sparing only the wild fig and the rest of the enclosed area, thus determining the power of these to withstand harm. It has been subsequently said that in times of danger, times of attack, people who can run inside the fence are never harmed, and that the fence expands miraculously to include all those who reach it. This is an old and very famous sacred place, where in spring black bulls are sacrificed to induce rain.

A large population has always centered itself on Kaabong, which stands beside a river. The sacred place and the green fluvial plain, which has soil that is excellent for gardens, may explain the presence of the population, and the population may explain why in 1911 the white man known as the first Tupona, who represented the British Protectorate government in Uganda, established a camp at Kaabong. When Tupona found that to deal with the Dodoth and members of three other tribes belonging to what is called the Karamojong Cluster—the Jie, the Turkana, and the Karamojong—was to deal not with a chief or a king or any other central figure of authority but with elders—hundreds of conservative, opinionated old men—a system of chiefs was created, based on the system evolved by the Baganda people in southern Uganda. Each nation, such as Jie or Dodoth, became a county, and for each county a high chief was appointed. His title was Ekapolon, which, according to the eminent ethnologist Dr. Neville Dyson-Hudson, was adapted, possibly by the early administrators, from "*ekile apolon*," meaning "important man"—a title for an elder. The Ekapolon of Dodoth when we were there was not untypical—a pleasant, mild-mannered man of forty-five who always wore a khaki uniform of shorts and bush jacket, a hat, and polished boots. He drove a Land-Rover, was conscientious, and was unfailingly polite to Europeans, but it is not people such as he who pray to Akuj with their spears and arms raised and who, after death, their plumes asway, slip through the grass on their bellies to see the

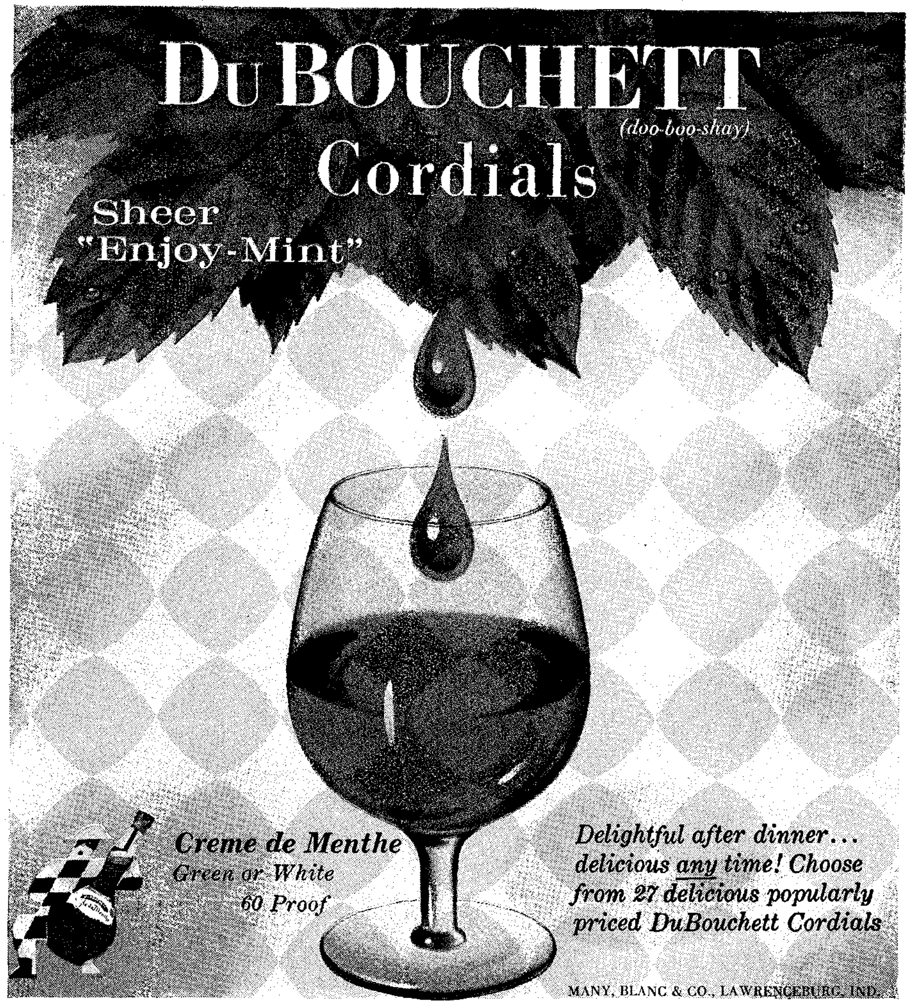


Dramatize your eyes with

FRENCH FORMULA CAKE MASCARA

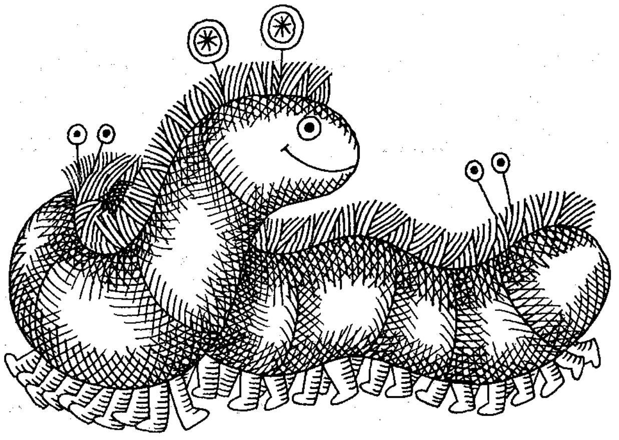
a new and very lush mascara to make your lashes compellingly beautiful and lustrous. The tapered swirl brush coats and curls every lash, even in hard-to-reach corners, with a waterproof coating of color that stays on until you remove it, yet leaves every lash soft and separate.

Germaine Monteil



DuBOUCHETT
(doo-boo-shay)
Cordials
Sheer
"Enjoy-Mint"
Creme de Menthe
Green or White
60 Proof
Delightful after dinner... delicious any time! Choose from 27 delicious popularly priced DuBouchett Cordials
MANY, BLANC & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

THE SILKWORM HAS TURNED



That's us. Been weaving fine silks for so many years people mistake us for a silkworm. But lately we've taken a new turn. We're using our traditional skill to make a wide range of fabrics and wallcoverings for today's homes and offices. Through architects and designers.

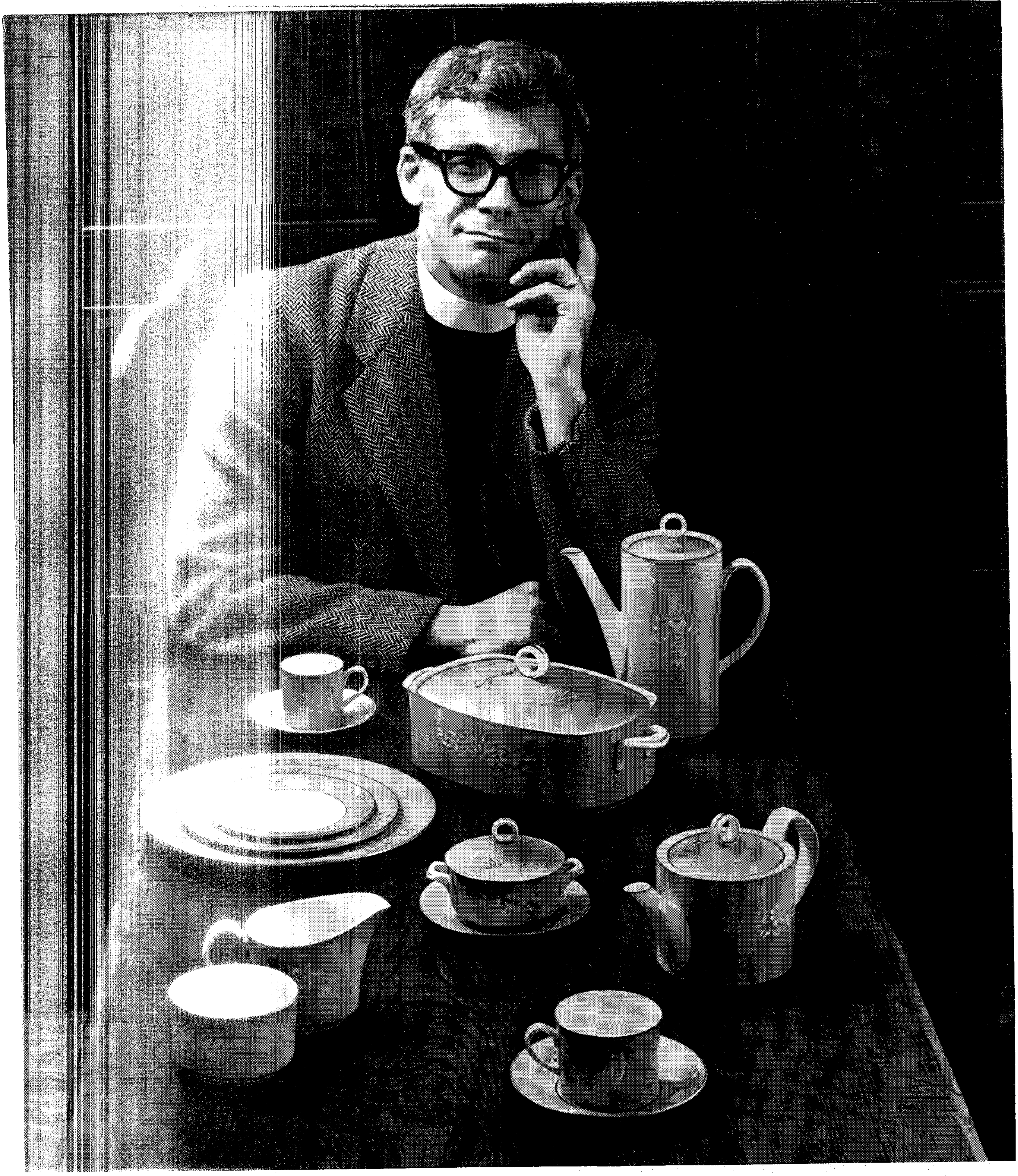
Scalamandrè
FABRICS, WALLCOVERINGS, TRIMMINGS

977 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK • ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO

sacred places of their clans. Below the chief, subchiefs were appointed for certain districts—not Dodoth districts but vaguely defined Protectorate districts. The title of the subchief is Jackait. This, says Dr. Dyson-Hudson, derives from the word "*ajakait*," and, since the office originated in Karamoja, was possibly suggested by a Karamojong prankster, for "*ajakait*" is a respectful word for a woman, the wife of a very rich man. As a woman is the satellite of her rich husband, so a Jackait is a satellite of the government, and does as the government sees fit. Below the Jackaits are third-degree chiefs, the Mkungus. A Mkungu has as his province a very small area.

The Ekapolon, the Jackaits, and the Mkungus of Dodoth have as their functions collecting taxes, preventing raids, judging any cases that the Dodoth householders see fit to bring to trial, and acting as intermediaries between their people and the government. But the Dodoth are a volatile nation, so the appointed offices have their risks. The Mkungus are men of the people, herding their cattle and minding their own business unless pressed. The Jackaits are more vulnerable to criticism but can usually pass any blame that accrues to them on to the Ekapolon. It is therefore the Ekapolon's office that is most dangerous. Some chiefs, blamed for unpopular government decisions, have been murdered. One was openly assassinated by an armed crowd, and a former chief of Dodoth was poisoned while he was drinking the beer of people he believed to be his friends.

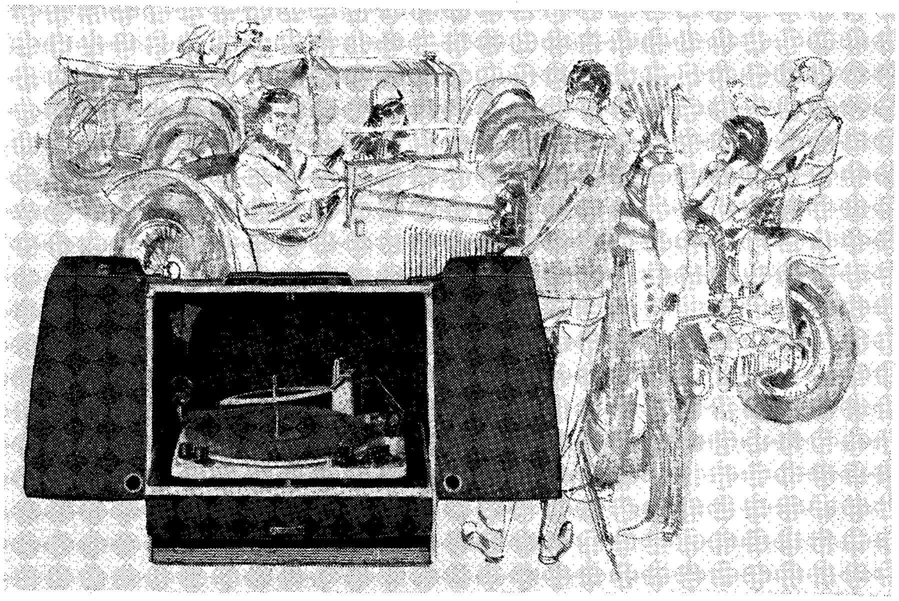
In the early nineteen-twenties, a second administrator, also called Tupona by the Dodoth, came to Kaabong, where he built a large mud house and a camp for his soldiers. At this time, Kaabong became the seat of Dodoth County. Today, the Ekapolon has a round dwelling there, and so does the Jackait of Kaabong District, and by the road is the county office, a boxlike structure built of anthill plaster, to which any mail is brought by passersby to be handed on to a Swahili-speaking mail carrier, who can occasionally be found in his home, among the rocks of the Kaabong hills. The second Tupona also instituted road gangs, and these are still active, but today they are small groups of sullen Dodoth youngsters who are working for their fathers. Rather than sell cattle to pay their tax, the fathers send their sons to earn the money. Because these young men leave their clothes and ornaments in the bushes to keep them clean, passing vehicles



Are you the kind of girl vicars give Royal Worcester to? (even if you aren't the sweetest soprano in the choir)

Yes ☐ No ☐ You screamed a little when he christened you too. But you're still his favorite niece. So he brings you Royal Worcester: purest and finest and whitest bone china in America. Whitest for century upon century of sifting England's palest bone and silkiest sands. Bless him for Sheraton: $44.50 each place setting. Others as little as $15.75 at all the posh jewelry and department stores.

For pattern folder and booklet on care of fine china: send 25¢ to Royal Worcester, Dept. D3, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y. 10010. In Canada, 131 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5.



New RCA Victor Solid State Stereo
built to take it – wherever you take it!

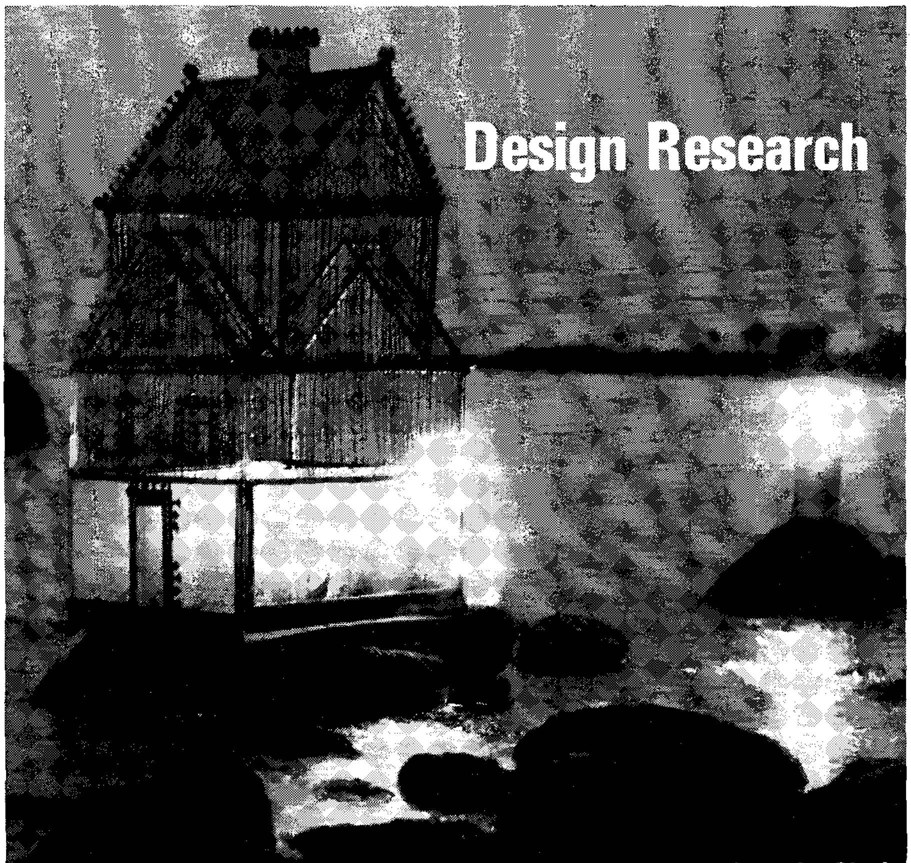
It's for the Action Crowd . . . the sleek new *Skyjet* portable stereo with new Duralite case that's scratch- and scuff-resistant. Rugged because it's Solid State—transistors have replaced tubes for instant sound, big new power. Rugged because RCA Solid Copper Circuits replace old-fashioned hand wiring. Studiomatic changer with Feather Action Tone Arm that locks in place for travel. Complete with smart Rollabout stand.

CONFIDENCE BRAND NAMES SATISFACTION

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tmk(s)®



Suddenly there is another DESIGN RESEARCH store. This one is in the Clock Tower of Ghirardelli Square on the San Francisco waterfront. It all begins May 11th. DESIGN RESEARCH, New York, Cambridge and San Francisco.

find them standing absolutely naked, leaning on their shovels or very reluctantly carrying basins full of dirt, which is slowly packed into gullies in the road. Rain cuts new gullies and reopens old ones. The road improvement advances only a few feet every day, and there is always ready money awaiting any father who cares to send a son.

Along the road, some years ago, came Somali traders to build mud-walled *dhukas*, or shops, in Kaabong and missionaries to build churches there. East of the road there is now a line of *dhukas* with galvanized-tin roofs, and a Protestant mission and a Catholic one occupy (by Protectorate law) sites at opposite ends of the town. The Protestant mission, at the south end, was run by a Karamojong minister for a time while we were there, but he was murdered in Karamoja by his own people for his daughter's bridal cattle, which he was driving to Kaabong, and after his death the Protestant church stood empty. It had a fence of living euphorbia, a spiny soft cactus with poison milk, and this ran wild; rows of white stones lining a driveway to the church door—a driveway over which, I think, no car had ever travelled—were kicked aside; and the wooden cross atop the thatch of the church roof became tipped by the weather until it tilted like the cross on St. Stephen's crown.

The Catholic mission, at the north end of town, was more active. It was run by a father superior, a young father, and a lay brother of the Verona Fathers, of Italy, who in a very few years had built a row of barrackslike classrooms and dormitories, a village of houses for the African schoolteachers and their families, a house for the fathers and the brother, a house for sisters, who had never come, and a mission church, of plaster painted to look like brick, which had panelled wooden doors, stained-glass windows, and a beautiful altar with small chapels at its sides. The interior of the church, with its lamps and paintings, and the interiors of the houses—especially the dining room of the fathers' house, with its curtained windows and its heavy white plates upside down on the tablecloth—were for all the world like interiors in Italy. To step from the church or the dining room into the wild landscape under the equatorial sun was something of a shock. On Sunday mornings, church bells would peal out over the Kaabong hills—a recording of the bells of St. Peter's, played on a public-address system.

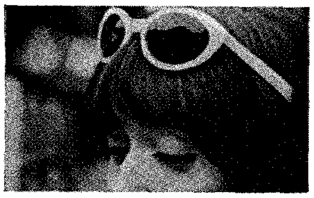
In addition to all this, the fathers

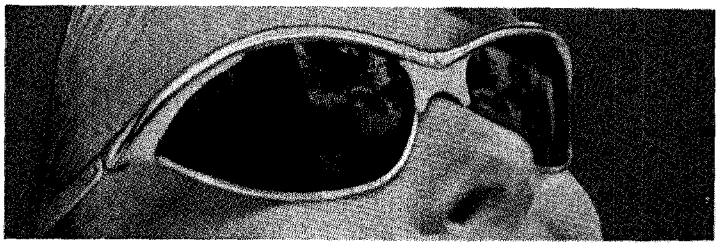
Seagram's
Extra
Dry
TIME
WORKS
WONDERS
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's
Extra Dry
Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
DISTILLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

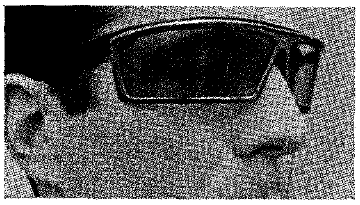
Only the perfect Martini Gin puts a new gleam in the gimlet.

Seagram's...perfectly smooth,
perfectly dry,
perfect.

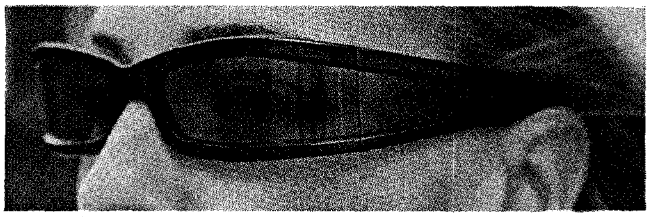
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

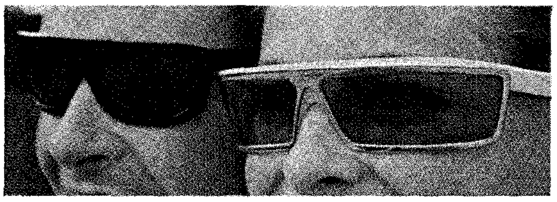






Top, Above: Chic Parisienne chooses C'Bon Coquette
Center, Above: Jet set choice for wear anywhere, C'Bon Intrigue
Right: Tall, dark and Spanish, he chose C'Bon Camelot
Below: To flatter an English complexion, C'Bon Illusion





Above: He's Nordic. She's lovely. They're mad about C'Bon Grenadier and C'Bon Camelot.

Left: On the Riviera you'll see lots of bikinis and C'Bon Verve

Below: The Italian look in C'Bon Magnifique

How do SMART people EVERYWHERE go OUT IN THE SUN?
IN C'BON, WHAT ELSE!

What else but C'Bon gives you the look that's in — from St. Tropez to San Francisco? What else but C'Bon gives you the most in continental styling, plus the year 'round protection of Polaroid lenses? Only polarized lenses stop reflected glare. All this will cost you a little more, of course, but you'll be glad to pay the difference when you see the difference. You'll find C'Bon only at better stores, $10.00 to $20.00. C'Bon, Inc., 1 Continental Road, Boston, Massachusetts 02150.

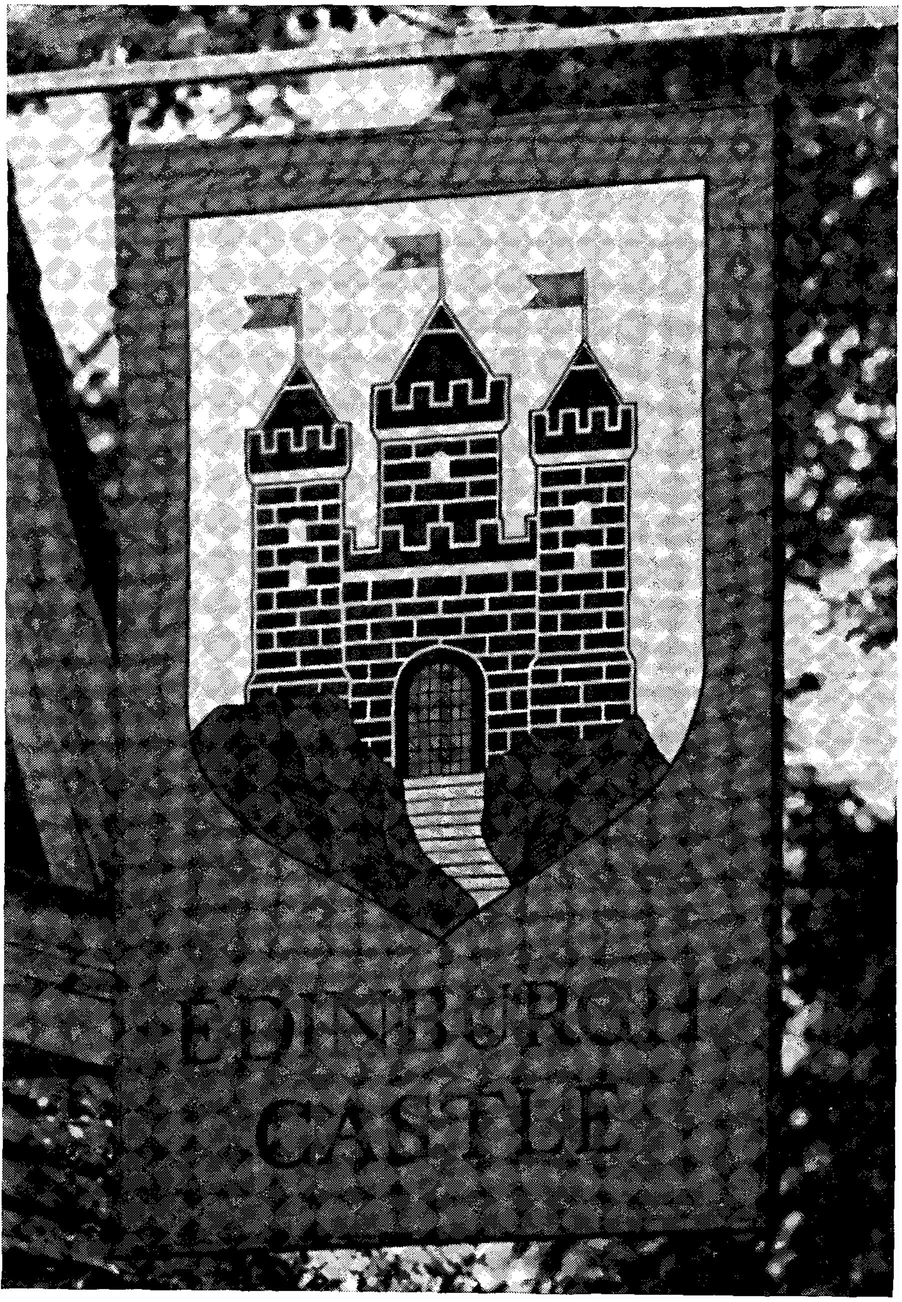
C'BON† POLAROID® SUN GLASSES

DON'T SAY SUN GLASSES–SAY C'BON!

† trademark of C'Bon, Inc. ® by Polaroid Corp.

and the brother had started a farm, whose crops and cattle fed their Dodoth students, and, with the help of the students, had cleared a playing field, where the young father, in his white robes, would play soccer with the uniformed, barefoot scholars. The scoring of the game was based on an indigenous Dodoth game, in which two teams of boys throw sticks at a rolling hoop as if they were spears. The Dodoth game could be said to be educational, for the spearing is good practice, and the points scored are called "calves" if the hoop is speared at a distance, presenting a small target, and "bulls" if the hoop is near. The long sticks whiz in the air, and the Dodoth boys shout as they accumulate cattle. They accumulated cattle on the mission's soccer field, too, for points were also "calves" there. After the game, the boys would dance their leaping Dodoth dances and sing their ox songs.

There was a third religious group living in Kaabong. This comprised the traders—the Moslem Somali shop owners, who preached no sermons, taught no schools, and kept to themselves, having very little to do with the town. Now and then, they would convert a young Dodoth to Islam, but this was because they needed a butcher and could not eat meat slaughtered by an infidel. Their shops, built of mud plaster, were dark and cool, for the walls were thick and the windows were tiny, barred, and shuttered. Air drifted under the vaults of the tin roofs, moving the curtains that the modest Somali women had hung to divide the shops proper from the private homes in the rear, and wafting the smells of cloth, candy, corn meal, and spicy little corn-meal cakes, which were among the articles that the storekeepers had for sale. The floors of the shops were of rough boards that creaked underfoot, and the counters were oiled and darkened by the pressure of many hands. Most of the time, the stores were packed with naked Dodoth, who stared solemnly at the objects on the shelves and fingered the cloth and tried it on for capes. But if the *dhukas*, with pocketknives and costume jewelry and bolts of bright prints ranged on the shelves, had an exotic quality to the Dodoth, to the storekeepers Kaabong was a frontier town, a dust bowl, to be endured until enough money was gathered to support them and their families in comfort at home. Most of the storekeepers prospered. The men bought themselves turbans or fezzes, well-tailored white shirts, and slacks or handsome saronglike garments to wrap



Ordinary sign.

A man's ordinary was also his castle in eighteenth-century Williamsburg. At least it was to John Burdette who ran a tavern near the Capitol, where citizens of the Virginia colony relaxed and discussed the affairs of that turbulent era. In Colonial Williamsburg today the sign, the ordinary, the Capitol, are part of an entire community that speaks eloquently of America's historic heritage. Come see. When you come, enjoy the comfort and convenience of the Williamsburg Inn, The Lodge, or The Motor House. And look for meaningful little things, such as this sign, along the lovely streets of yesterday.

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $20 double. The Lodge, from $12 double. Colonial Houses, from $13 double. The Motor House, $14 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Westchester County, ENterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805; Philadelphia, ENterprise 6805; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; Baltimore, ask operator for ENterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

around the waist. Their wives wore yards and yards of white muslin, under which their jewelry sounded, and they veiled themselves to the eyes, which they lengthened with kohl. Most of the storekeepers had cars or trucks parked beside the *dhukas*, most of the Somali children had tricycles or bicycles, and most of the quarters behind the shops had refrigerators, dark, massive furniture, and radios to catch the Arabic music and the news broadcast each night from Cairo or Khartoum. When times were hard and some of the Dodoth were starving, the Somalis made money in cattle, for at such times the Dodoth would sell cattle to the Somalis to buy grain. The Somalis would sell the cattle at a profit when the government cattle buyer came to Kaabong. When times were good, the Somalis made money from their shops, for the prosperous people bought corn meal, capes, axes, adzes, cooking pots, and wire to make jewelry.

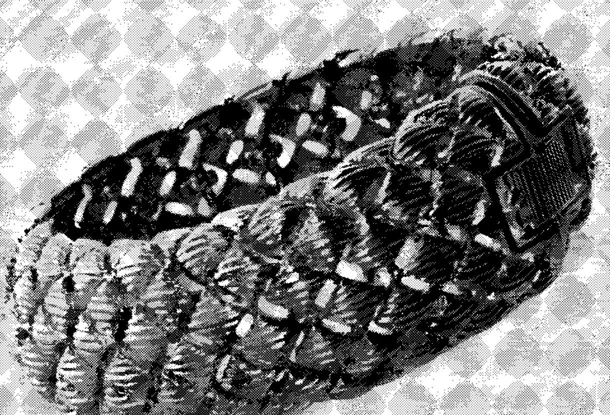
Still, for the handsome Somalis life was not all business. On Fridays, they left off leaning on the counters in their dim stores or looking out their barred windows, waiting for customers to come, and set up tables under the trees in front of the *dhukas*, to play a game with a board and counters, ignoring the town. Once, they bought two young camels from the Assistant District Commissioner, a European, whose headquarters were in Jie. Coming to Kaabong to investigate a raid that the Dodoth had mounted against the Turkana, he had found the captured cattle, because two young camels had been among the herd. There are no camels in Dodoth. Only the Turkana raise them, in their desert wilderness. The A.D.C. confiscated the camels, whereupon the Somali traders bought them from his office. Afterward, they kept a herdboy herding them up and down the forest, and at the end of Ramadan they ate them.

TO enforce the government reforms and to keep order, there were a "dispenser" and two sets of police in Kaabong. The dispenser, an extremely nice man from the Teso district of Uganda, maintained the dispensary, a small concrete box of a building by the river, where he bound the wounds and did what he could to cure the illnesses of any Dodoth who cared to come. The little building was always crowded, and the dispenser, who worked very hard, was always tired. He was an Iteso, a well-educated man who spoke English and wore Western clothing—white medical

What's pure, precise
and perfect for town?
The Nehru jacketed suit
from Collage,
a division of Phil Altbaum, Inc.
In the Dacron polyester
and cotton ottoman
of Galey & Lord.
For your nearest retailer
write us
at 1407 Broadway, N.Y. 18.

Galey & Lord

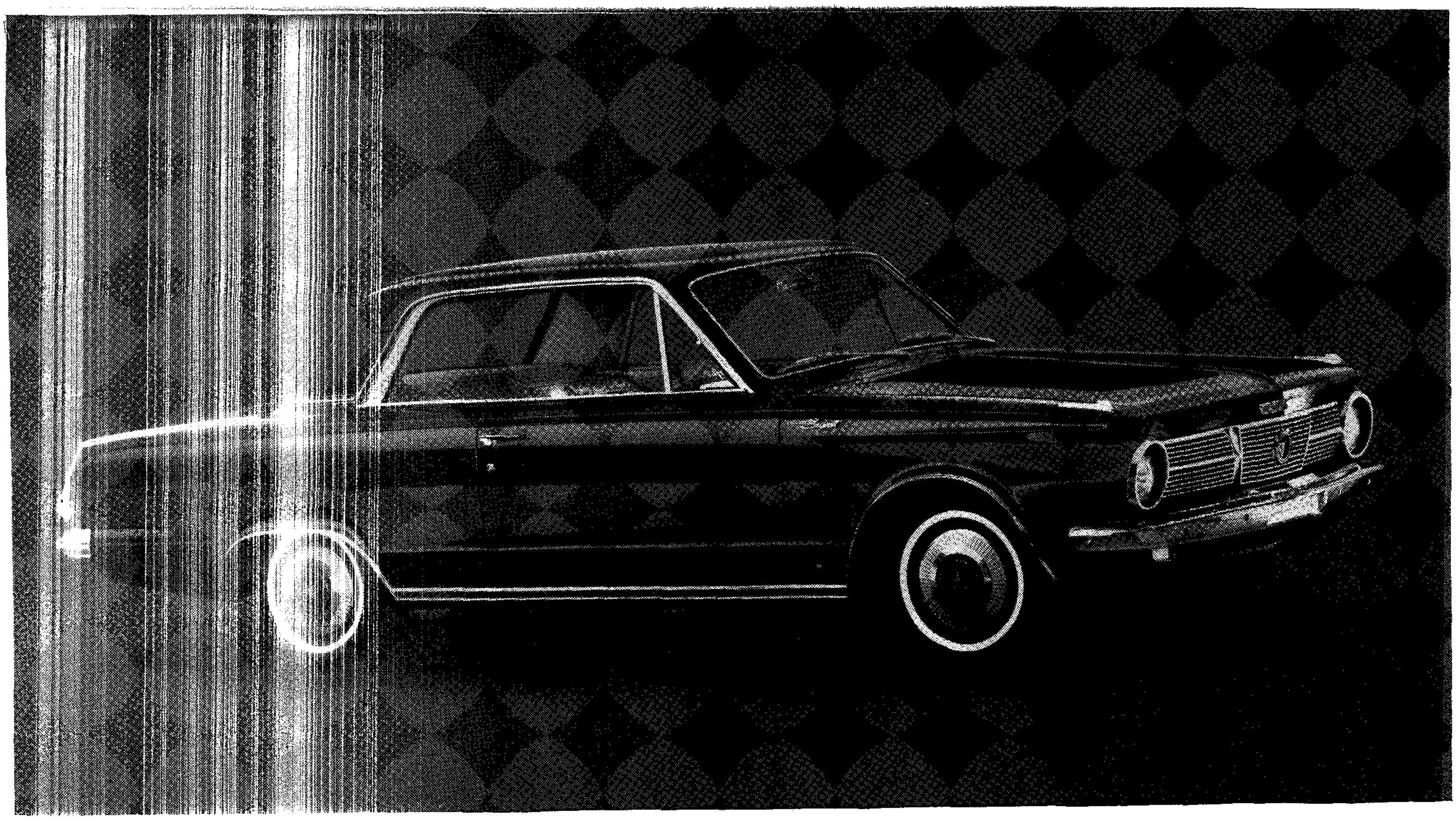
Burlington

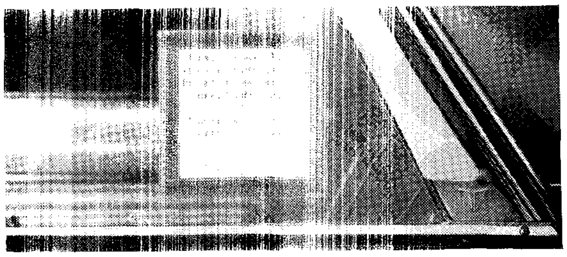


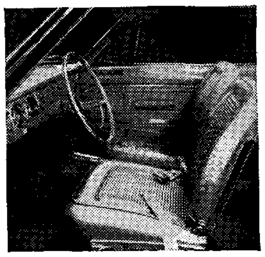
Bold, beautiful, and bombé... a new wrist fashion in the golden manner of Monet, bracelet, $12.50. Plus tax. At fine stores.

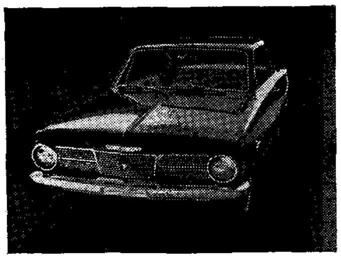
Monet
MASTER JEWELER

COPYRIGHT MONET JEWELERS, 6 WEST 32 STREET, NEW YORK









When you sign on the line for a new compact Plymouth Valiant you get a bonus in the fine print:

* *Here's how Plymouth's 5-year/50,000-mile engine and drive train warranty protects you:* Chrysler Corporation confidently warrants all of the following vital parts of its 1965 cars for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, during which time any such parts that prove defective in material and workmanship will be replaced or repaired at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business without charge for such parts or labor: engine block, head and internal parts, intake manifold, water pump, transmission case and internal parts *(excepting manual clutch), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints, rear axle and differ*ential and rear wheel bearings. Required maintenance: The following maintenance services are required under the warranty—change engine oil every 3 months or 4,000 miles, whichever comes first; replace oil filter every second oil change; clean carburetor air filter every 6 months and replace it every 2 years; and every 6 months furnish evidence of this required service to a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer and request him to certify receipt of such evidence and your car's mileage. Simple enough for such important protection.

I've got eyes
for Valiant.

Plymouth Valiant

Plymouth Valiant is the lowest-priced car made in America with this 5-year/50,000-mile warranty on the parts that keep you going.*

Add to this Valiant's low upkeep. And add high gas mileage and you've got the compact that hasn't forgotten why you buy a compact.

Stop by your Plymouth Dealer's and read the small print on Valiant's warranty, today.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION **CHRYSLER** **MOTORS CORPORATION**

THE ROARING '65s
FURY
BELVEDERE
VALIANT
BARRACUDA
Plymouth

J. PRESS INC.

TROPICAL 'WORSTED WEAVE' SUITS

DACRON* / COTTON
BASKET WEAVES
$52.50
DACRON* / ORLON†
GLEN CHECK
$59.50
DACRON* / ORLON†
HAIRLINE
$59.50

J. PRESS 'Worsted Weave' Tropical Suits are the result of a careful screening of modern textile blends.

Simulating the appearance of wool worsteds, they are economical in cost, minimal in weight, absorb hard wear gracefully, and can be dry cleaned or washed.

Tailored in the J. PRESS model with swelled edges and seams and hook vent.

*DuPont's Polyester Fibre
†DuPont's Acrylic Fibre

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK
J. PRESS INC.

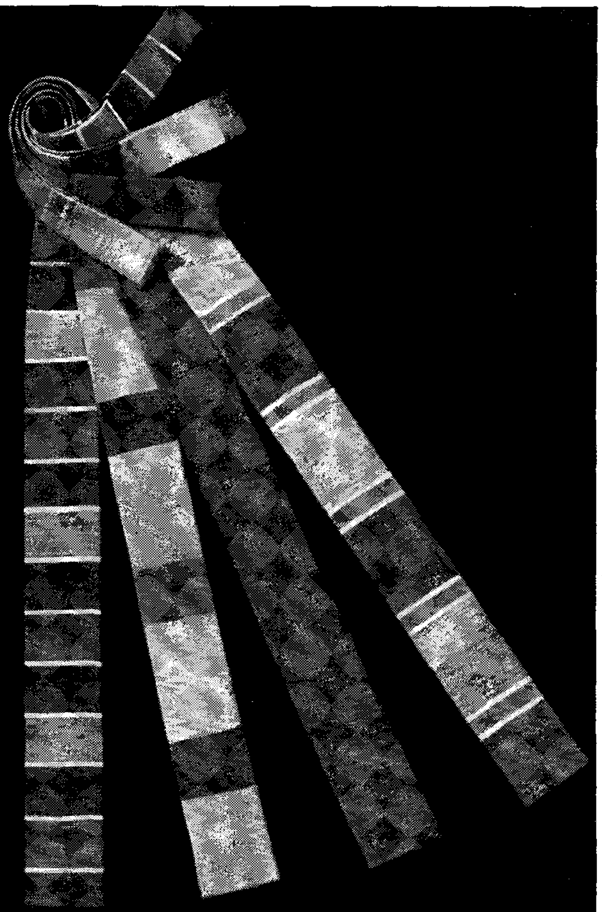
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

Sample Swatches & Brochure Sent On Request. Mail Orders Filled.

Regular Exhibits In 33 Principal Cities. Enquiries Invited.

if you
aren't touring
Thailand
this season

rooster
has woven
its silken spell
for you.

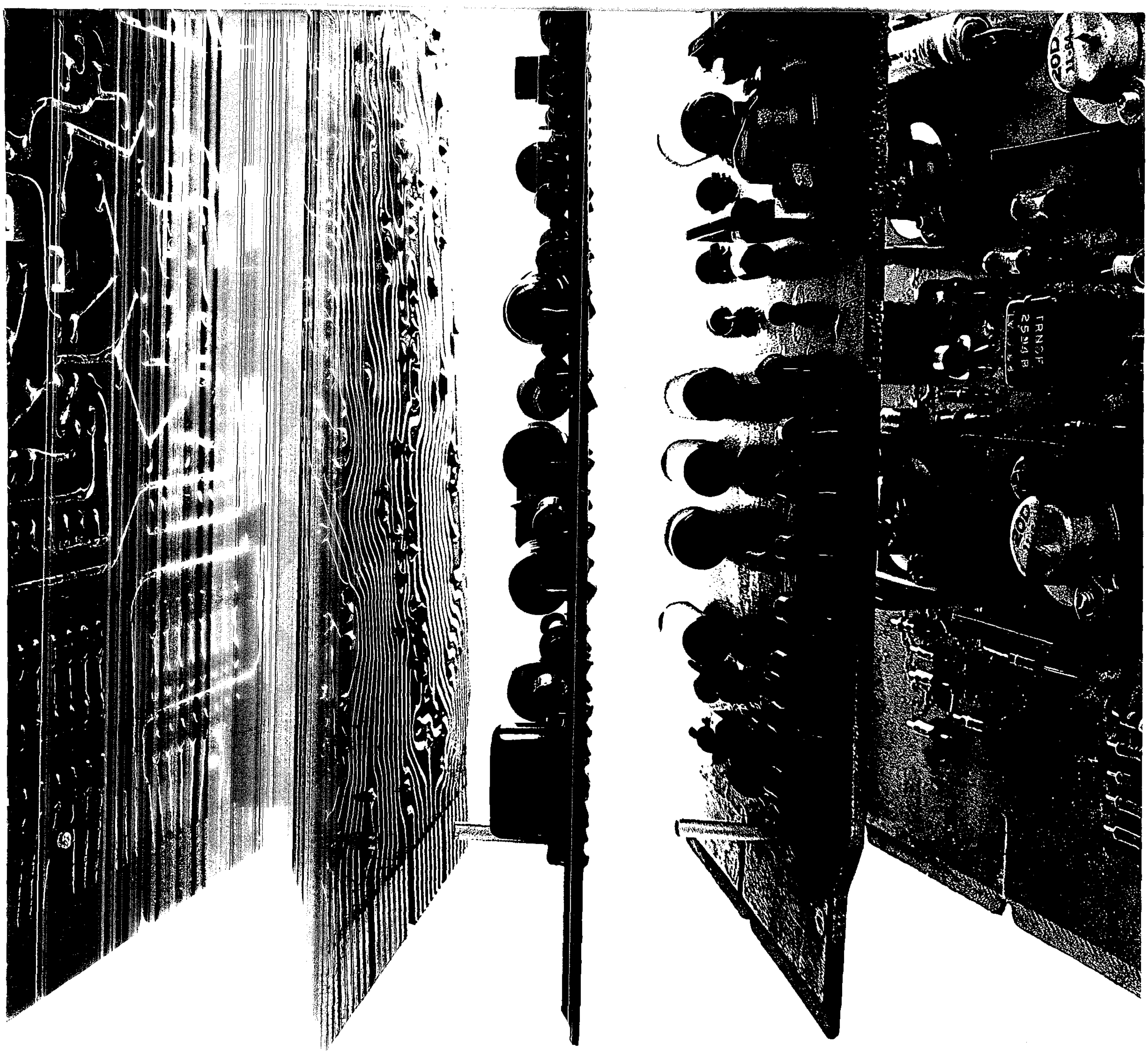


rooster

Original Thai Silk handwoven in Bangkok exclusively for Rooster, $3.50.
BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York • FILENE'S, Boston • JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia • L. S. AYRES OF INDIANA, Indianapolis
BURDINE'S, Miami and other fine stores. **ROOSTER CRAFT, INC., 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK**

trousers and a doctor's high-necked tunic, which was blood-splashed and partly unbuttoned at the end of each busy day. As for the police, one group of them was permanent. This was the *askaris*, the chiefs' police, who lived in orderly lines of huts behind the chiefs' compounds. These men wore caps and cheap khaki uniforms but no shoes, and sometimes carried rifles; however, being Dodoth, they were never trusted with bullets, so in times of need they used the rifle stocks as clubs. The second group was the Protectorate Police, who were almost permanent, since their tours of duty in Kaabong could last for years. They were Africans from "advanced" parts of Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, and the Sudan, and they lived, with their families, at the police post on one of the Kaabong hills, occupying prefabricated round tin houses that sparkled in the sun. These men and their families, with the dispenser and his family and the teachers at the mission school and their families, formed an enclave in Kaabong, that hardship post to which their jobs had taken them. With their Western clothes and educations, they seemed more like each other than those among them who were Nilo-Hamites—the racial strain to which the Dodoth belong—seemed like the Dodoth. The Westernized Nilo-Hamites' wives, lonely in the isolation of Kaabong, spent a great deal of time in their houses, where the curtains shut out the view of the raw hills, or else they visited each other or stood together at the town pump, installed by the government near the river, to talk while they or their daughters or their servants filled the kerosene tins in which everyone in that country carried water. Only when they had talked for a long time would the women help each other lift the heavy tins to their headrests, and return home to their laundry or their dishes. Any Dodoth women at the pump would fill their tins or gourds and be on their way quickly.

Day by day, in Kaabong, the local governing of the Dodoth wound on. The Protectorate Police, who sometimes had the use of a Land-Rover, might clatter with it into town and unload from its trucklike back the bleeding, naked victim of a raid, speared through a leg or a shoulder, whom they would heave onto the dispensary cot and interview while the dispenser sutured. When the interview, all written down on paper, was at an end, a policeman would seize the victim's hand, ink his thumb, and press his thumbprint on the paper. Relevant



BUILDING BLOCKS FOR TOMORROW'S TELEPHONE SERVICE

Electronic components by the tens of thousands arrayed on circuit boards by the thousands. These are at the heart of the Bell System's highly complex new Electronic Switching System. Now being built at Western Electric, a typical electronic system uses 160,000 diodes, 55,000 transistors, 226,000 resistors, capacitors and similar components. ☐ Over the next few years, millions of American telephone users will benefit from the new services ESS will offer. But for Western Electric the coming of ESS presents a technical challenge equal to any we have faced in the 83 years we have been a member of the Bell System. ☐ Not only do we stand behind the quality of the thousands of individual components, but we also make sure that each of these precision parts is assembled exactly. For the end requirement is that they work perfectly, each with each, and with every other of the billions of components in the nationwide Bell System communications network. ☐ We are able to do this job because, as members of the Bell System, we share its goals. Working together with people at Bell Laboratories, where ESS was developed, Western Electric people strive for perfection that enables your Bell telephone company to bring you the finest communications service in the world.

Western Electric
Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

(*Advertisement*)

Go find yourself an island.

Barbados. Guadaloupe. St. Croix.
Each with its own personality. Its own foreign origin.
Its own unique natural splendor. Three islands under three flags.
Each set, gem-like, in the delicious Caribbean.
Which is the island of your dreams? Visit them all and find out.
Our Island Discovery Plan makes it fantastically easy.
Where will you stay? Read on, to your delight.
Grapetree Bay in St. Croix.
Fort Royal in Guadaloupe.
Sandy Lane in Barbados.
Come and go as you please. Stay where you like as long as you like.
Hop from one island to another whenever you like.
Your accommodations are waiting for you;
the same special low rate at all three hotels.
A rate that includes everything: rooms, breakfast and dinner.
A rate that brings you *extraordinary savings.*
Why stay in the same old rut this summer? Go find yourself an island.
See your Travel Agent or contact:
Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y. JU 6-4500
P. S. Summer is perfect in the Caribbean. Trade winds provide
air-conditioning outdoors. Your hotel room provides it indoors.

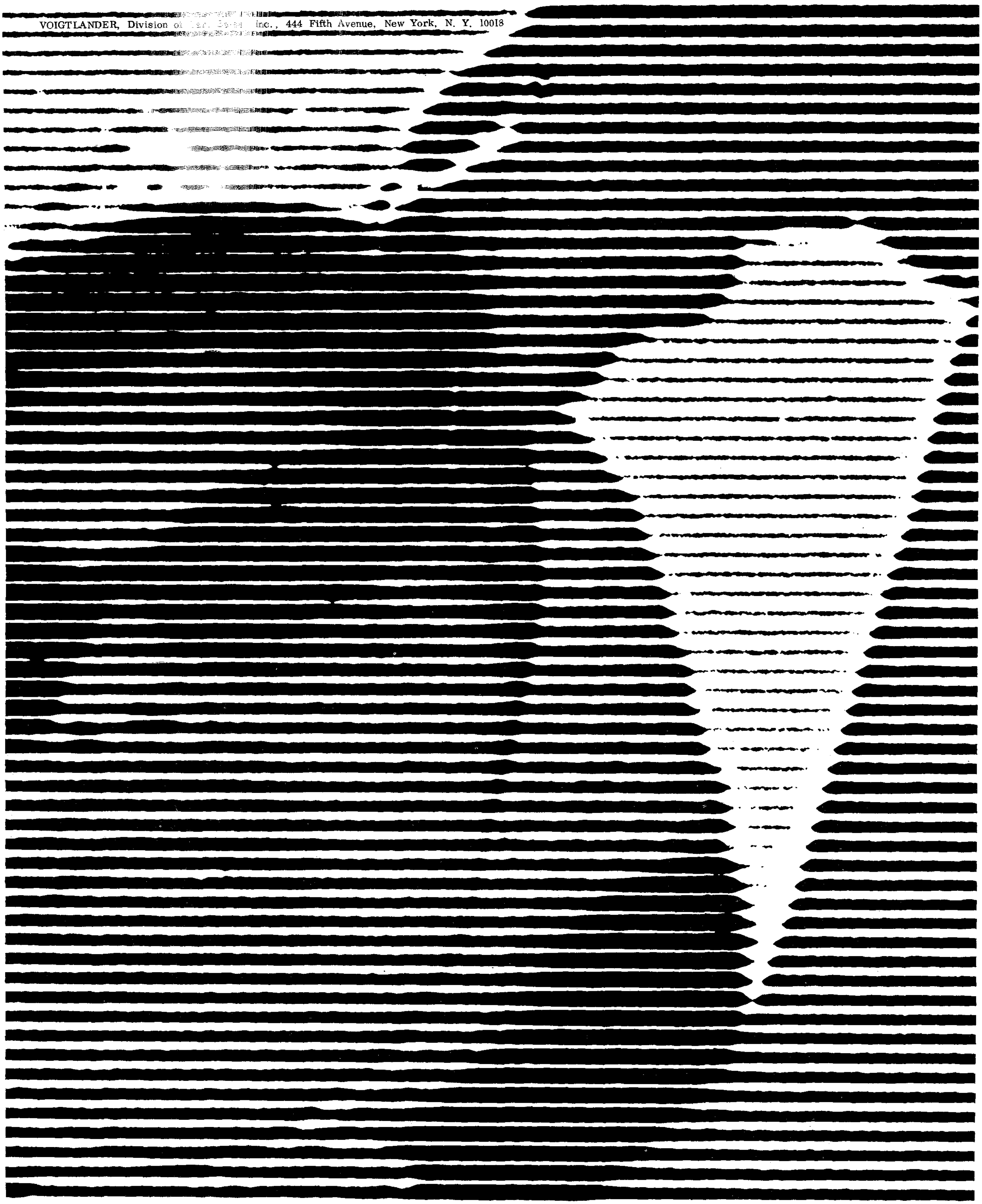
Cool Slice of Summer... Pie-cut neck, brief sleeved top. Adele Martin's two part dress, it's skirt on a camisole. Crisp rayon with the brisk look of linen in tangerine or turquoise. 6-16. 30.00

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 60c mailing

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

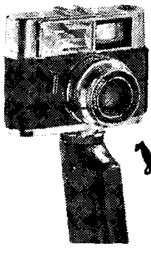
parts of the interview would be sent by radio to Moroto. If the victim was an aggressor in the raid, he, too, would be sent to Moroto, in a truck with a back like a wire cage.

Common criminals were sometimes captured by a chief's *askaris* but were much more commonly caught by irate householders who got tired of being robbed. There were many robberies in Dodoth while we were there, often the work of people who had been made homeless by Turkana raiders and, having left their gardens, had turned to stealing food. We once attended the trial of a widow and her husband's brother, whom Uri had arrested. The widow stole calabashes from Uri's field every few days for a month, and twice he caught her, warned her, and let her go. The third time—when her brother-in-law accompanied her, unfortunately for him—Uri tied them back to back and, along with the calabashes the two had stolen, took them to the chief's court, a huge thatched roof supported by pillars, near the Kaabong River, where trials were conducted in the Western manner. The deep shade of the thatch was filled with spectators, and the weeping prisoners waited a long time, crouching in the road, for the chief to come and try their case. Finally, Uri untied the woman but not the man. When the chief arrived—it was the Jackait of Kaabong district—in his Land-Rover, everybody stood up, and the *askaris*, armed with whips and rifles, paced up and down. When the prisoners were led before the bench (it was just that, a bench), Uri found he had to pay six shillings to accuse them. Grudgingly, he paid. Then the prisoners were made to stand during the time it took Uri to give evidence, during a speech by a spectator, who told the court that the man was a well-known thief, and during another speech, by another spectator, who told the court that the man was a thief because he had shifty eyes and all thieves have shifty eyes. At last, the Jackait, becoming weary, gave the verdict. It was "Guilty," which was no surprise. For helping to steal twelve calabashes, the brother-in-law was sentenced to six months in jail. Also, he was fined fifty shillings, some of which would reimburse Uri. But the widow, though she was a habitual offender, was fined only thirty shillings. Because women are their husbands' families' wards, the fine was to be paid by the brother-in-law—by the confiscation of his cattle, if necessary. Having aroused the pity of the court because she had no husband, the widow was awarded the calabashes and



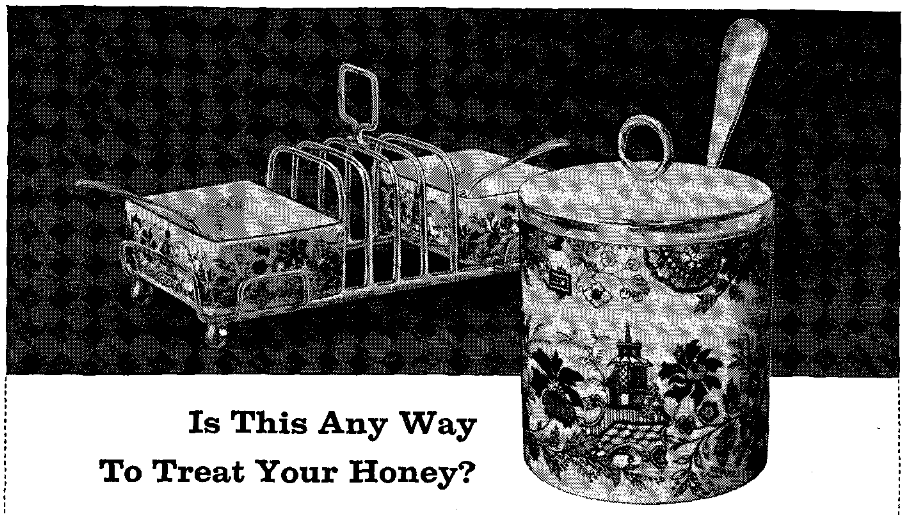
VOIGTLANDER, Division of Carl Zeiss, Inc., 444 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018

With **VOIGTLANDER,** your pictures will show more than you've ever seen before. Just because all cameras seem to look alike doesn't mean they are. Step back about a dozen feet and look at the picture on this page. See the difference a slight optical correction makes? Glass is glass. It's the experience of 207 years of hallowed lens crafting that makes it Voigtlander. All cameras may look alike but they don't see the same.



This is the Vitrona ... the world's only 35 mm camera with built-in electronic flash automation. Yours for only $115.

Voigtländer



Is This Any Way To Treat Your Honey?

The cognoscenti do. And their number is legion. Why not you? The honey jar is English pottery, our own design — a colorful distinctive floral and landscape. The lid and spoon are silver plated. Height: 4", $7.50*. Also available but not shown is a double honey or jam set with spoons in a portable silver plated rack with handle. 5½" high, $20.00*.

The other piece shown is a toast rack with butter and jam dishes with servers. Do you know that the silver plated rack absorbs the toast's heat and returns the warmth for a surprisingly long time, yet keeps the slices crisp? It's 8" long, $21.00*. Any one for breakfast? Or gift buying? Brides and hostesses love them.

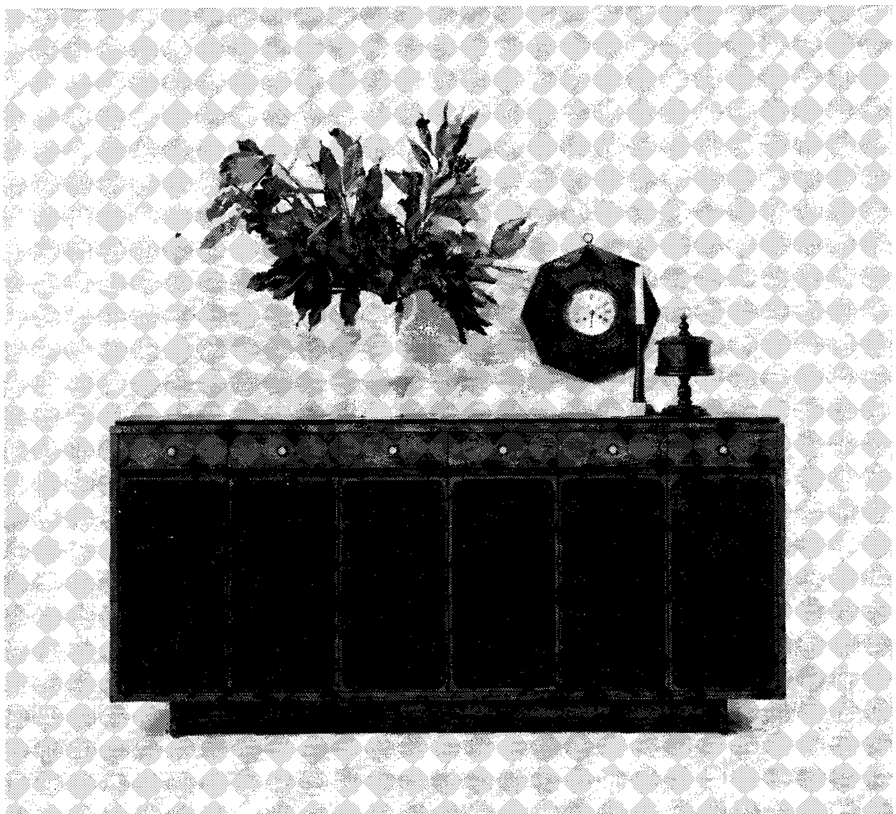
**plus tax*

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS

Visit our showrooms or write for full color folder.

1107 Broadway, New York, New York 10010

Birlant's, Charleston, S. Car. / Bohm-Allen Jewelry Co., Denver, Colo. / Buckingham & Flippin, Lynchburg, Va. / Gumps, San Francisco, Calif. / Gunderson Jewelry, Tacoma, Wash. / Frank Herschede Company, Cincinnati, Ohio / J. Jessop & Sons, San Diego, Calif. / Jobe-Rose Jewelry Co., Birmingham, Ala. / Rorke's, Burlingame, Calif. / Shreve, Crump & Low, Boston, Mass. / The Silver Shop, Millburn, N. J. / Walt Tetreaux, Gates Mills, Ohio / S. Wyler, Inc., New York, N. Y.



PAUL MC COBB

THE BUFFET • WALNUT WITH BLACK LEATHER DOORS. SLATE TOP.
VISIT US IN PERSON OR WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE.

425 E. 53 ST.

PAUL MC COBB SHOWROOMS • 425 EAST 53RD STREET • NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • PL 2-3485

was then set free to go home to the family she had so deeply wronged. She left the courtroom looking jubilant. Uri helped her carry the calabashes, which were too heavy for her. Her brother-in-law was bundled off to jail.

THE Protectorate government, the chiefs, the shops, the missions, and the Westernized government workers, together making up a town in a country that had never had a town before, created a group of Dodoth unlike any others the country had ever known. These were Dodoth townsmen, restless and ragged, who lived in modern man-and-wife families behind *dhukas* or in ramshackle huts in the bush around Kaabong. Most of the townsmen had been to mission schools and thus were partly educated. Most were Christians. And, as a group, they were oriented toward the West. This was no wonder. Over the altar of the Kaabong Catholic church was a picture of God, a white man. I don't know if the Protestant church had had a picture of God, but both schools taught the Bible fundamentally, without interpreting it in the modern way. Thus, the Book of Genesis, with the story of Adam and Eve to explain creation, and the story of Shem, Ham, and Japheth to explain race, was presented as solid fact, not as legend, by the missionaries and mission teachers, who represent the outside world. Africans are not aggrandized in the Bible, nor were they in the non-religious education offered, which was thoroughly Western in its focus. The writers of the texts were Englishmen, and those who organized the material were, at the Protestant church (it had its main branch in Moroto), also English, and, at the Catholic church, Italian. Therefore, to be educated in Dodoth was to be Westernized. Nothing was taught to the students about their own people, perhaps because almost nothing was known. One group of missionaries did not know that an immense tree growing near their classrooms was a sacred tree, and chopped it down. Elders visited the missionaries and asked them to sacrifice an ox to overcome the damage, which might take the form of a deluge of rain. The missionaries could not agree to this, and a theological argument ensued. The missionaries did not believe that the tree was sacred, and therefore could not hold a sacrifice, because to do so would be as much as to admit that the elders were right. Seeing the point of this, the elders departed. The huge tree lay on its side, and presently it rained for days and nights, and the Kaabong River rose

this is Callaway's "Royal Mosque"

One of a group of Callaway Jacquard towels that have received the 1965 International Design Award of the American Institute of Interior Designers. "Royal Mosque" is available in nine exotic color combinations. About five dollars at better stores. Callaway Mills, La Grange, Georgia

©1962, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

Never serve the coffee...without the Cream
[[Harvey's Bristol Cream, that is]]
HARVEY'S
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II WINE MERCHANTS
CHOICEST FULL PALE
SHERRY
BRISTOL CREAM
SHIPPED AND BOTTLED BY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
BRISTOL, ENGLAND
FOUNDED 1796
PRODUCE OF SPAIN

An after-dinner drink should be sweet, but Bristol Cream® isn't sticky about it.
Oh... you might enjoy it on the rocks, too.

between its banks and roared like a train. While all this was happening, the students, in their classrooms, were learning to speak English, reading books about Europeans, learning European history (which is valuable to know but is not the only history), and learning science, which included hygiene according to European standards. In the last, the students learned to wash daily, as the Dodoth do anyway. They learned to "open a window at night," though in Dodoth there are no windows in the round houses—only tiny doors. If a person sleeps with the door open, he may wake at night to see the moonlit space darkened by the head and shoulders of a leopard, which has come quietly over the wall of the dwelling. The students were also told to eat a balanced diet of meat, fish, or poultry, milk and eggs, butter and cheese, bread, fresh fruit, and vegetables. No such foods were available to the schoolboys, who lived on beans and corn meal, with occasional meat, and the concepts of diet were not taught—at least not to the students I met, who did not know that their diets at home, of milk and blood, lightly cooked fresh vegetables in season, and cereal grain, might be balanced enough. Some requirements seemed so out of touch with the lives of the students as to have an eerie quality. I read a composition written by a student whose parents lived near Kaabong. The composition had an assigned theme: "What I Did Last Summer." The student had written, "We boys went hunting last summer, while the men had to go on a raid. They went to Jie and around a village [as the round dwellings are called by the English-speaking mission teachers] and set a fire to the village. The people had to escape from the fire so our men speared them while they came out." From the same student I borrowed a book about technology around the world. This showed what was perhaps a damaging aspect of education, for in the book "the white man" was very favorably compared to "lowly hunting and fishing tribes." Some "Negroes" have learned technology from the whites, the book said, and now are fishermen in the Bahamas. These Negroes brave storms not through courage but through childlike faith. "We's safe, sure till de time comes, an' when dat day come not'ing can save us," say the Negroes. "You doner have to be scared: we's all in de Lord's hands, and you can't drownd till your time comes." I asked to buy the book from the student, thinking he might be glad to get rid of it, but he did not want to sell it; he was absorbing it

Mona Lisa
would've
if
she
could've
carpeted
The Louvre
with
Carpet by Magee

Because Magee is fashion.
And fashion makes a woman happy. Any woman.

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

without questioning its implications, and wanted to learn everything it had to teach.

The printed word has extraordinary power in Dodoth. Once, in a Kaabong classroom, I saw the following sentence written on a blackboard: "Before we sing a song we better tell you that your well come."

The teacher was not present, and something possessed me to point out the mistakes. The students, all boys of about eighteen, became extremely uncomfortable. "Are you sure?" asked one.

I said I was positive.

"The teacher wrote it," said another.

Even so, said I, it's wrong.

"But we don't have to worry about it," said a third—the oldest of the students. "Because we're only in technical school." What the missionaries and teachers tell the students also has extraordinary power, though one might not think so upon seeing a riotous student body for the first time. But one evening at our camp two students brought a bush baby as a present. The students had injured the bush baby when they caught it, and just as they presented it, with blood smeared on its tiny hands and dripping from its nose, it had a convulsion and died. To make everyone feel better, I remarked, "To think that people came from creatures such as these."

The students were shocked by this remark, and looked at me with horror.

"How can that be?" asked one.

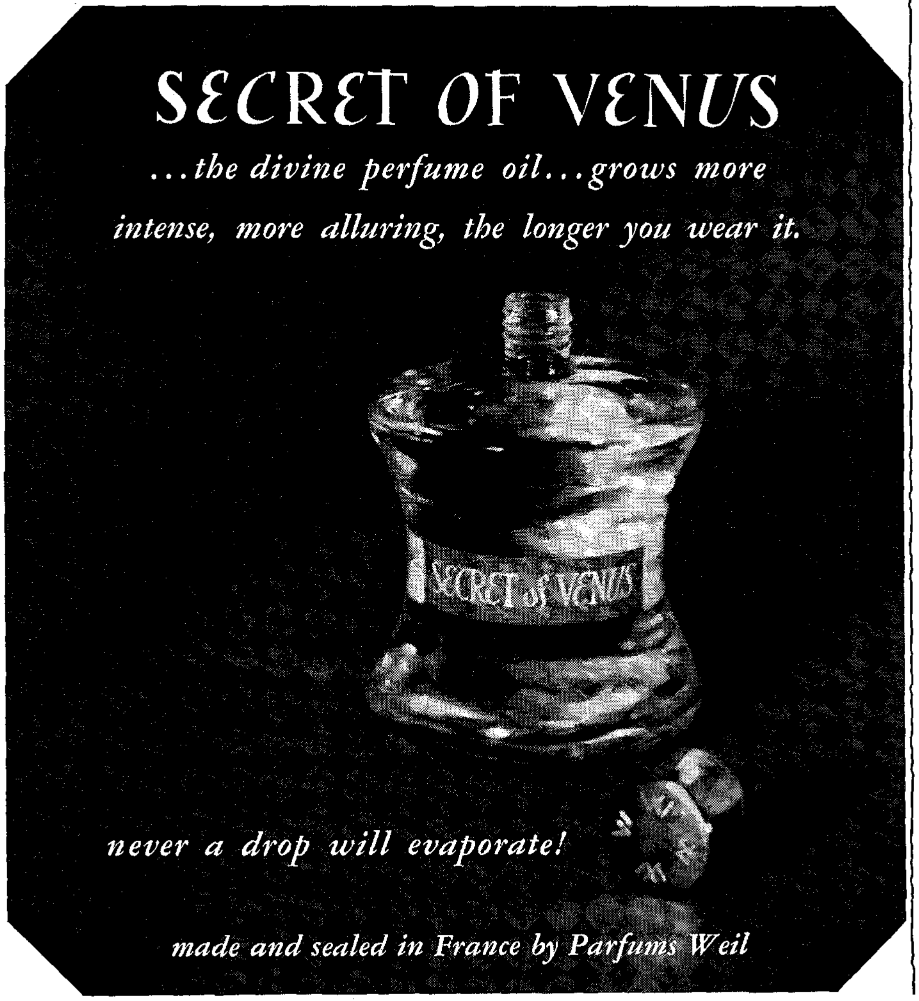
"You are calling God a liar," said the other.

I tried to explain, but the two were shaken, and presently they left together to walk home in the dark. One was a Protestant, the other a Catholic. As they left, I heard them singing to reaffirm their faith. First, for the Protestant, they sang "Turn Back, O Man," and later, far in the distance, they began singing a Mass.

In learning to read, many students come to accept Western standards, which by nature place Europeans and their ways in a high position and Africans and their ways near the bottom. While it is surely better for the new nations in Africa not to be broken into enclaves of tribes, and while the coming changes will benefit some people, it might be better if students studied the West as Westerners study anthropology. We saw Dodoth students become underprivileged Westerners, because the advantage possessed by Westerners is the subject of their education. Dodoth who distrusted Westernization not only

White—
this Corfam® poromeric
spectator stays white
(you can wipe away smudges).
Palizzio's design, 25.00
Designer shoe collections
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

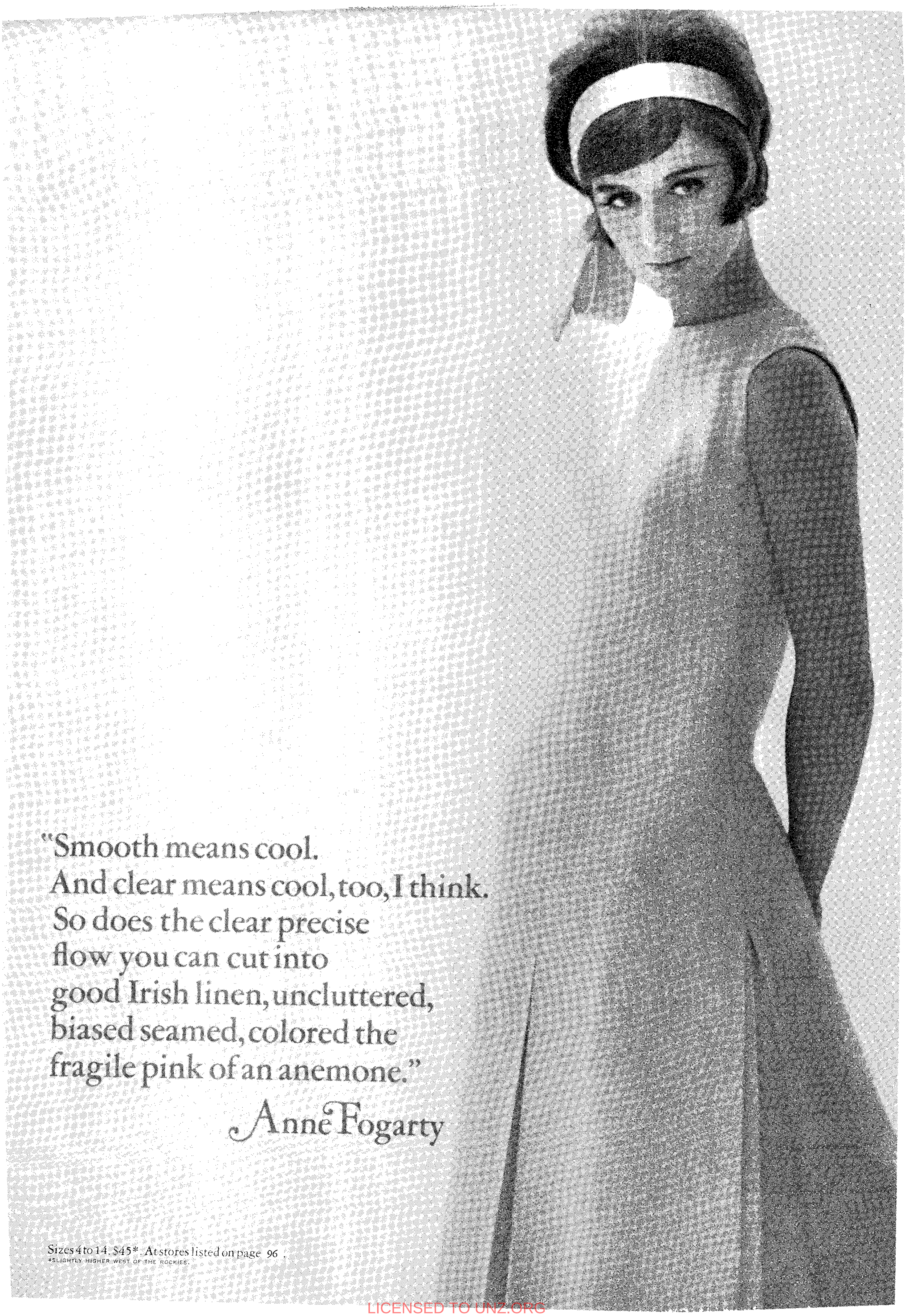


SECRET OF VENUS

...the divine perfume oil...grows more intense, more alluring, the longer you wear it.

never a drop will evaporate!

made and sealed in France by Parfums Weil



"Smooth means cool.
And clear means cool, too, I think.
So does the clear precise
flow you can cut into
good Irish linen, uncluttered,
biased seamed, colored the
fragile pink of an anemone."

Anne Fogarty

Sizes 4 to 14. $45*. At stores listed on page 96.
*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Northern

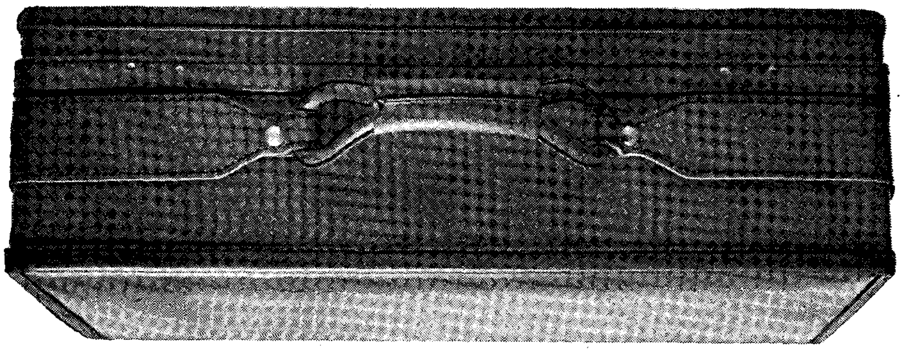
A far-north fantasy of Summer. Deer . . . leaping, posing, courting, standing . . . seen through a screen of twigs heavy with ripe cherries. All very small, very clear, as if from a great distance, in thin air. A singularly cool effect. VILLAGER's® roll-sleeved cotton shirtdress, in Pink, Blue, Brown, or Olive. Sizes 6 to 16.

About eighteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 18

©THE VILLAGER, INC., 1965. MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



You can't possibly see why Hartmann International costs $7^{50} more. So we're going to tell you.

Most of the reasons Hartmann luggage is worth more are invisible.

Hartmann International locks, for instance, are hidden away under two contour-shaped flaps.

(A precaution against damage, accidental opening or pilferage.)

The supported vinyl exterior of the Hartmann International has a completely flexible base.

Crush it and it springs back into shape. Stuff it and it "gives" to make room for an extra suit.

Inside, the cloth lining has an invisible layer of ZePel®. A stain resistant material that's impervious to the ravages of lipstick, perfume, hair oil, ink, or whatever. They roll or blot right off.

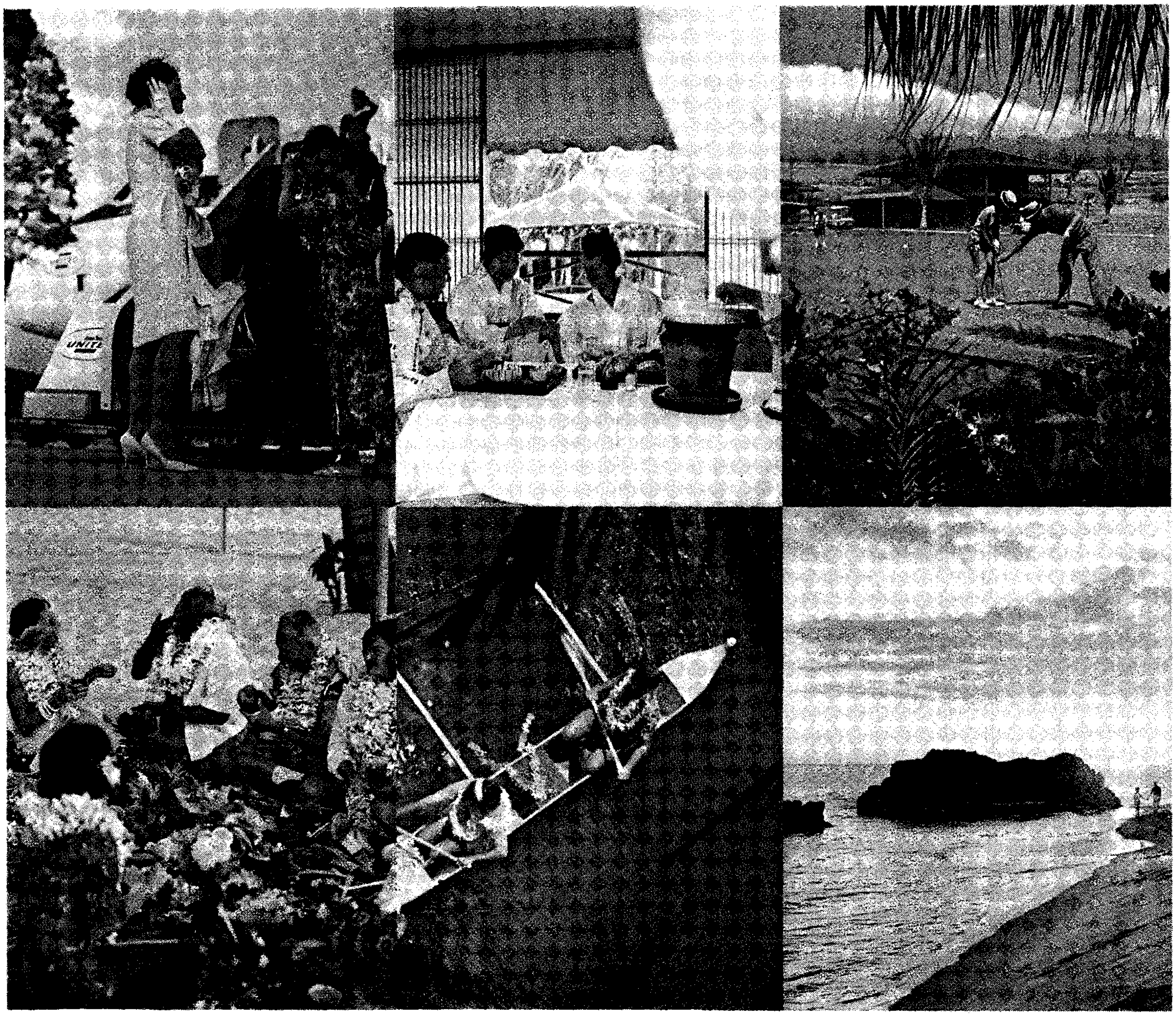
Those are some of the invisible reasons why we charge $7.50 more for Hartmann International.

There's one more reason that is clearly visible: you're looking at it.

Hartmann Luggage Co. Lebanon, Tennessee

refused to send their children to school but did not even allow them to visit Kaabong. The students belonged mostly to families who had been deeply exposed to the West to begin with—families who lived near Kaabong or who worked for the government or who were Ekapolons or Jackaits. In school, most youngsters learned enough to feel themselves inferior to other people and to discard some of their nation's values, but not enough to pass the nationwide competitive exams qualifying people for the higher government jobs. Thus, the higher-level jobs in Kaabong were held by people from afar and the lower-level jobs by Dodoth townsmen, who, after graduation, became clerks in the chiefs' adobe offices, or *askaris* marching barefoot with unloaded rifles, or servants to *dhuka*-keepers, scraping the pots and pans of the Somali women behind their husbands' stores. The townsmen's salaries were low and their families poor. Westernization did not enrich them. Some owned a few head of livestock. Some had wives who made gardens. But most spent part of their salaries for food. The Westernized townsmen, because they had learned to regard nakedness as backwardness, spent a large portion of their money for shoes and clothing. The shoes were cheap ones, and the clothing, unlike their own capes, wore out quickly, fell into rags, disintegrated, and had to be replaced often. Very few garments were made in Dodoth. The shirts and trousers, underwear and jackets, socks and shoes all had to be imported from cities hundreds, or even thousands, of miles away, and carried the last few hundred miles by the *dhuka*-keeper's lorry. Hence, high prices were charged even for poor-quality goods. Most of the rest of the townsmen's money went for gadgets. Jobholders in a money economy look with longing at the things that money can buy, and pay for china dishes, pocketknives, neckties, and alarm clocks. Also, the West is stylish. A second-hand object once owned by a European costs more, because it gives its owner more prestige, than a similar object once owned by an African. Ball-point pens stamped with "*Uhuru*" (Swahili for "Freedom") but made in New Jersey are sold for high prices in Kaabong, and people who can neither write nor draw wear them in their pockets.

It takes a strong person, an exceptional person, to overcome the difficulties of poverty and Westernization. Some young men we knew overcame



THERE'S AN ISLAND FOR YOU IN HAWAII. Fares start at $100 from California and only United shows you movies* on the way

When you fly United to Hawaii you can charge your tickets to any of seven major credit cards. And this summer take your choice of 11 daily United jets between California and Hawaii. Just choose your island, then call us or your Travel Agent. Aloha and welcome aboard!

Oahu. A rainbow of surfboards along Waikiki. A kaleidoscope of Polynesian pleasures, international shopping, exotic food of Japan, China, Polynesia. Luaus, golf, swimming, sunning, dancing, plus wonderful native entertainment.

Maui. Plush, green Robert Trent Jones fairways nestled by the broad expanse of soft, white sand of Kaanapali. Maui "diamonds" and Terriyaki-on-the-stick for a dime. Pineapples. Haleakala Crater, "House of the Sun." A natural swimming pool with seven levels. The ocean-hugging drive through a rain forest to heavenly Hana.

Hawaii. Black sand beaches, waterfalls, orchid farms, groves of coffee trees and orchards of macadamia nuts. A "drive-in" volcano. The Islands' best fishing is off Kona, where at sunset returning boats unfurl pennants boasting the catch.

Kauai. Rich with legend and beach after tropical beach. Hanalei Bay, where rainbows are born and paradise movies made ("South Pacific"). Waimea Canyon, spectacular color wheel spun by every passing cloud. Seas of sugarcane, pineapple and aloha.

*Jetarama Theater also features six audio channels of the best stereo and monaural programming. Movies by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc.

Order United's Hawaii Planning Kit here, only $1

United Air Lines, Dept. NY-5
P. O. Box 727, Garden City, N. Y. 11531

Please send me your Hawaii Kit featuring Sunset's 96-page Hawaii book (a $1.95 value) and your vacation folder and schedules. $1 (cash, check or money order payable to United Air Lines) is enclosed.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City_______________________________

State_______________Zip Code________

Have a Travel Agent? Please write his name below.

UNITED

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

Morgan-Jones luxurious, new Cashmalaire to blanket you 365 nights a year. Newest member of the Insulaire® family...woven of 100% Creslan® acrylic fiber...this soft, soothing thermal blanket will pamper the woman in you. Will comfort you. Will delight you with its beauty 365 nights a year. Such a blanket is Cashmalaire. Soft and light. With a luxury touch like nothing you've ever felt before. It machine washes and machine dries time after time. Retains its airy softness, its precious new look. Cashmalaire will keep you warm in winter (toss a light cover over it) and cool in summer. It's all the blanket you'll ever need. And only Morgan-Jones makes it. Treasure it.

Morgan-Jones

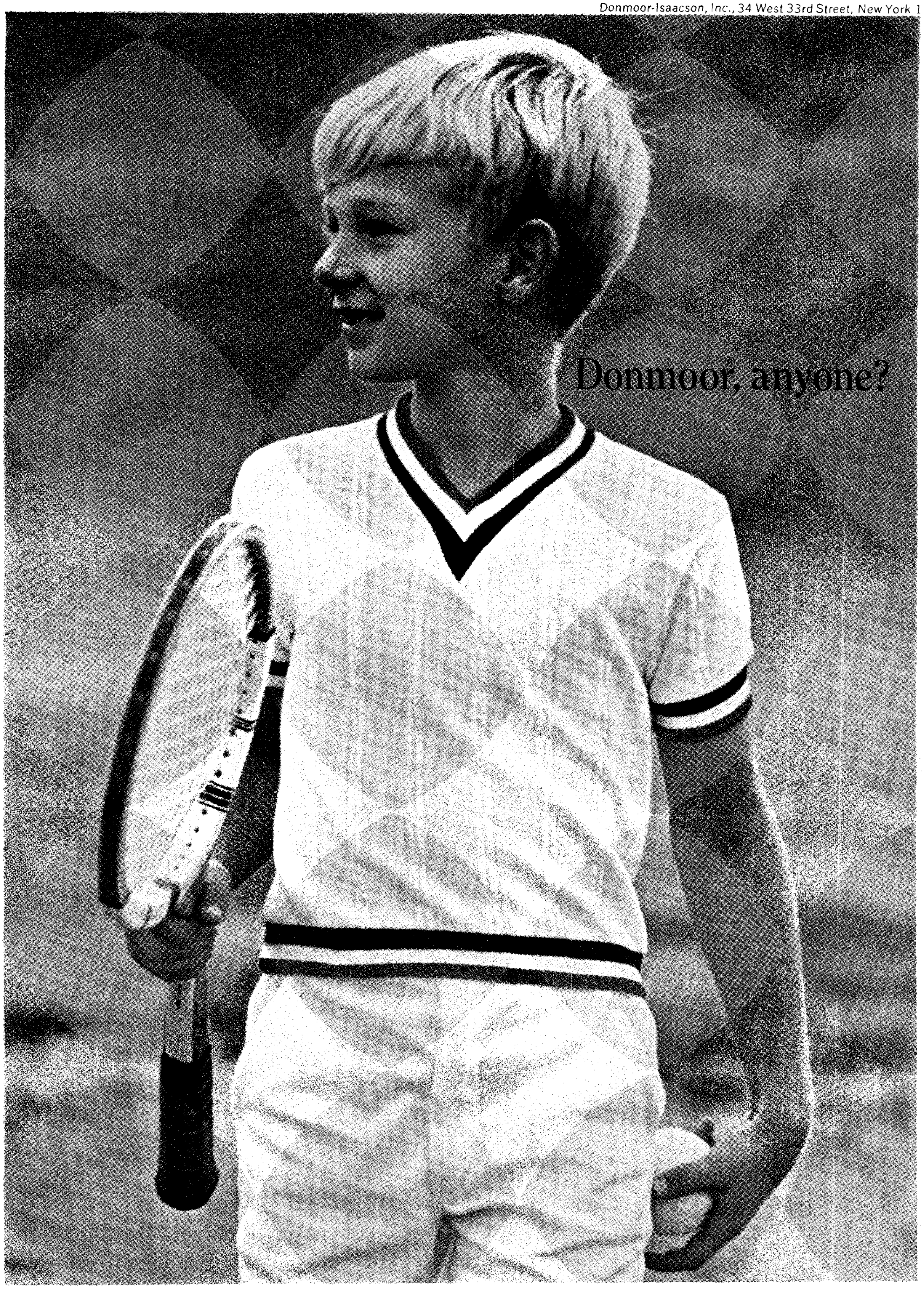
DIVISION OF SPRING MILLS, 104 W. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK 10018

Creslan comfort to wake you refreshed 365 mornings a year. Even with your eyes closed you can tell it's Creslan by all the wonderful things it does to a blanket. Like this one, by Morgan-Jones. Makes it heavenly soft to the touch. Gives colors a special radiance, too. And it's hard to believe, 'til you sleep under it, that so few ounces of pure softness could create such satisfying warmth. The fragile look? That's only a pose. Blankets of Creslan go into the washer and dryer time after time and come out as fluffy as ever. That's Creslan for you. And that's Cashmalaire by Morgan-Jones. Wonderful Insulaire® blanket for sweet dreams the whole year through. Creslan is a product of AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY, N.Y. CYANAMID

FOR DEALER LISTING, SEE COLUMN ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.

Creslan®
LUXURY ACRYLIC FIBER

Donmoor-Isaacson, Inc., 34 West 33rd Street, New York 1


Donmoor, anyone?

An ace of a shirt, on or off the court.
The tennis stripes are authentic. The cotton knit is crisp and cool.
The well-mannered look is typically Donmoor.
Team it up with his favorite chinos. There's a winning set.
Just made for boys and vice versa: Donmoor knit shirts.

them brilliantly. One, the son of a well-known Dodoth family, went to the Kaabong mission school, graduated, received a higher education at a Protestant school near Moroto, graduated, and returned to Dodoth to become the representative of his county in Uganda's Legislative Council. When the Council was not in session, he managed his own store in Kaabong; it was a successful one, and he owned a Bedford truck (called "fetford motoca" by the Dodoth), in which he transported his merchandise. Most of the schoolboys grew up to become townsmen of Kaabong, but some graduates—mostly those from the countryside, not the town—went home to assume their responsibilities. They guarded their cattle and soon forgot that they had ever been to school.

THE traditional amusement of people in Dodoth is dancing. Dances took place in the daytime and also on brilliant moon-washed nights when, after the day's heat, the earth, the grass, and the flowers gave up their fragrance, and the landscape, with its tumbled boulders on the hills, was no longer brown and green but black and white with moonlight and deep shadow. A young man in love would want a dance held where the girl he admired could join in—perhaps somewhere near her home. His friends would see to it that this happened, and after dark, when the moon rose into the trees, the young people would go toward the dancing place in small groups—two or three brothers together, or a brother accompanying several of his little sisters and armed with a spear to protect them against the leopards that, not infrequently, one met at night on the paths. The groups of young men would bellow for their friends as they passed their friends' dwellings, but the young men accompanying their sisters were quieter, and would stride along grimly, sometimes almost herding the group of little girls, for a young man prefers to go to a dance with his friends and to leave with his lover. Sometimes the chosen place was beside a dwelling. In this case, the little children and some of the older people of the dwelling might come out to join the dancers; the householder might dance with some of his wives. But usually dances were held on flat land somewhat away from dwellings, for young people in Dodoth, as elsewhere, prefer to be by themselves.

At a dance, the young men would stand to form a crescent not unlike the

CASHMALAIRE blanket (see pages 74 & 75), at these and other fine stores:

Abilene, Tex.	Thornton's
Albany, N. Y.	Whitney's
Albuquerque, N. M.	American Furniture Company
Alexandria, La.	Wellan's
Allentown, Pa.	Hess's Department Store
Amarillo, Tex.	White & Kirk
Arcadia, Calif.	Hinshaw's
Asbury Park, N. J.	Steinbach Company
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Austin, Tex.	Dillard's
Baton Rouge, La.	Goudchaux's
Baton Rouge, La.	D. H. Holmes Company Ltd.
Beaumont, Tex.	White House Dry Goods Co.
Billings, Mont.	Hart-Albin Company
Binghamton, N. Y.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Birmingham, Ala.	Pizitz D. G.
Birmingham, Mich.	Jacobson's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Company
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Charleston, S. C.	Jas. F. Condon & Sons, Inc.
Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott & Company
Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field & Company
Concord, Calif.	Rhodes
Conway, S. C.	Jerry Cox Company
Corpus Christi, Tex.	Fedway
Dallas, Tex.	W. A. Green Company
Dayton, Ohio	Rike-Kumler
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers
Durham, N. C.	Thalhimers Ellis Stone
Elgin, Ill.	Ackemann's
Elgin, Ill.	Joseph C. Spiess Company
El Paso, Tex.	American Furniture Company
El Paso, Tex.	Popular Dry Goods
Fairmont, W. Va.	J. M. Hartley & Son
Fort Worth, Tex.	Monnig's
Framingham, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Company
Fresno, Calif.	Cooper's
Fresno, Calif.	Gottschalk's
Fresno, Calif.	Rhodes
Galveston, Tex.	Eiband's
Glendale, Calif.	H. S. Webb & Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Wurzburg's
Greensboro, N. C.	Thalhimers Ellis Stone
Greenville, S. C.	Meyers-Arnold
Hammond, Ind.	E. C. Minas Company
Houston, Tex.	Foley's
Houston, Tex.	Joske's
Huntington, W. Va.	Anderson, Newcomb Company
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres Company
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott's
Jacksonville, Fla.	Ivey's
Kansas City, Mo.	The Jones Store—all stores
Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's—all stores
Lafayette, La.	Maurice Heymann
Lake Charles, La.	Muller's
Laurinburg, N. C.	McNair's
Lincoln, Neb.	Gold's
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffum's
Louisville, Ky.	Bacon's Downtown
Lubbock, Tex.	Dunlap's
Malden, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Company
Memphis, Tenn.	The John Gerber Company
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Memphis, Tenn.	Lowenstein's
Merced, Calif.	Gottschalk's
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Company
Midland, Tex.	Grammer-Murphey
Miles City, Mont.	Shores
Milwaukee, Wis.	Gimbel Brothers
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Monroe, La.	The Palace
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Company
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's & branches
New Orleans, La.	D. H. Holmes Company Ltd.
New York, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus and branches
New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's & branches
New York, N. Y.	Gimbels & branches
New York, N. Y.	Macy's & branches
Oakland, Calif.	Rhodes
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Company
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis
Omaha, Neb.	Kilpatrick's
Opelousas, La.	Abdalla's
Pacific Grove, Calif.	Holman's
Palo Alto, Calif.	Rhodes
Peabody, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Company
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner's
Phoenix, Ariz.	Diamond's
Phoenix, Ariz.	Korrick's
Phoenix, Ariz.	Rhodes
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Pomona, Calif.	Buffums'
Pomona, Calif.	Orange Belt Emporium
Port Arthur, Tex.	Bluestein's
Raleigh, N. C.	Bell's Linen Closet
Rochester, Minn.	Dayton's
Sacramento, Calif.	Weinstock-Lubin & Co.
Sacramento (Downtown), Calif.	Rhodes
Sacramento (Southgate), Calif.	Rhodes
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr—all stores
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller—all stores
St. Paul, Minn.	Dayton's
San Antonio, Tex.	Joske's
San Diego, Calif.	Walker-Scott
San Francisco, Calif.	City of Paris
San Jose, Calif.	Hale's
San Mateo, Calif.	City of Paris
Santa Ana, Calif.	Buffums'
Sherman, Tex.	Price's
Shreveport, La.	Rubenstein's
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Southdale, Minn.	Dayton's
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch
Tucson, Ariz.	Levy's
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin
Visalia, Calif.	Gottschalk's
Waco, Tex.	Monnig's
West Palm Beach, Fla.	The Pioneer Company
Whittier, Calif.	Hinshaw's
Wichita, Kan.	Innes
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Davis, Inc.
Woonsocket, R. I.	McCarthy's

Morgan-Jones

104 W. 40 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018/A DIVISION OF SPRINGS MILLS, INC.

Breton
sailor shirt
from France

Stimulating as the coast of Brittany . . . our Breton sailor striped shirt. Boat neck and three-quarter sleeves get you ready for the hard work in play. Rugged all cotton knit defies salt spray. Blue stripes on natural, S, M, L. $7

New York • Bergen County • Stamford
New Rochelle • Fresh Meadows

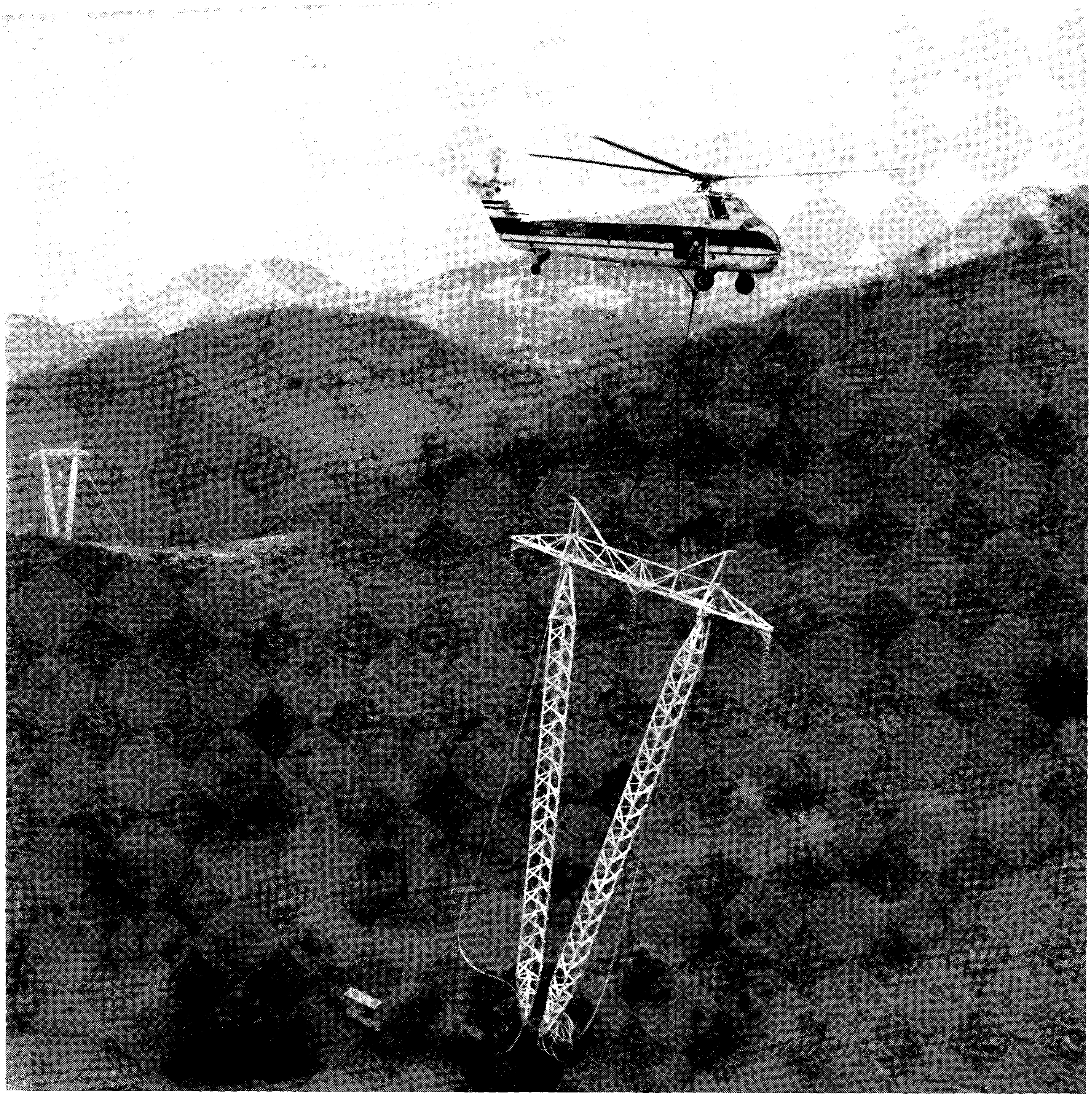
Bloomingdale's
Men's Store

When
you
mix
with
CINZANO
you mix
with the
best!
ITALIAN SWEET VERMOUTH
EXTRA-DRY FRENCH VERMOUTH

MUNSON G. SHAW CO. SOLE IMPORTER U. S. A.

crescent formed by the trained horns of an ox. The young men would stand with their shoulders touching and hold their cattle clubs under their arms. The moonlight would shine on their handsome backs as they leaned inward, all together, and, with their hands up, muffling their voices, sang together as a chorus. Presently, one young man would rapidly sing a few lines, and then the group would sing a slow, bellowing chorus—for all the world like the voices of cattle—and suddenly the leader would step to the center of the crescent and leap straight up in the air. Two or three girls, who had been waiting with the other girls where the horns of the crescent almost touched, would rush forward and leap also—two small leaps to the young man's one. The young man would leap again and again, higher and higher, and sing to his special name-ox; the young men in the crescent would sing the slow bellow, clapping the rhythm; and the girls, who leaped so that their skirts snapped up twice to the left, then twice to the right, would begin to scream in reply. "*Angaiyeya, Lopeta*," a song might say, "I speared a man at noon." "*Angaiyeya, Lopeta*," the chorus would repeat as the singer, who called himself Father of Lopeta, his ox, leaped and the jumping girls, their neck rings chiming and their skirts asway, danced and screamed before him. Presently, the song would change. "Cholokol's horn is a barrier in the midst of cows, in the midst of milking cows," a new song would begin, and Cholokol's owner would burst into the center to leap with the girls. The singing, the clapping, the sharp staccato of the feet striking hard against the earth, and the shrill, rippling screaming could be heard afar, tempting more young people to the dance—the young men coming from miles away, the girls from nearby, for, even with their brothers to guard them, girls cannot go roaming after dark—and the dust would rise to make the air thick and cast a haze over the moon.

Dodoth dances are considered not an art but excitement. In the lulls, the girls provoke the young men to tussle with them. A young man may seize a girl by the arm and pretend to be about to slap her, but she will laugh and he will release her. After the dances, people make love. Sometimes, as a dance is ending, a girl entices her lover by challenging and teasing, taunting and jeering, until he follows her home in a passion, crawls through her private gate after her, and into her little domed night house, and bangs the door. He



Puerto Rican engineers designed this new pylon for installation by helicopter.

Progress report to U.S. industry:

Puerto Rico boosts power output to record high

This helicopter is planting a power pylon in the mountains around Santa Isabel, in southern Puerto Rico. Electrical engineers should be delighted with our picture. It demonstrates a new method of installation—and it can save them days on labor.

A generation ago, the power supply in Puerto Rico was feeble. Only one home in three could use a light bulb.

By racing ahead with new methods, Puerto Rican engineers multiplied power output fivefold in the last ten years.

Puerto Rico now generates more electricity per square mile than any other country in the Western Hemisphere.

Today, nearly every home, no matter how remote, is plugged into the power system. Factories are being built in every part of the island, and are opening at the rate of *four every week*.

More than 2,300 industrial plants are turning out everything from antibiotics and switchgear to precision instruments and haute couture.

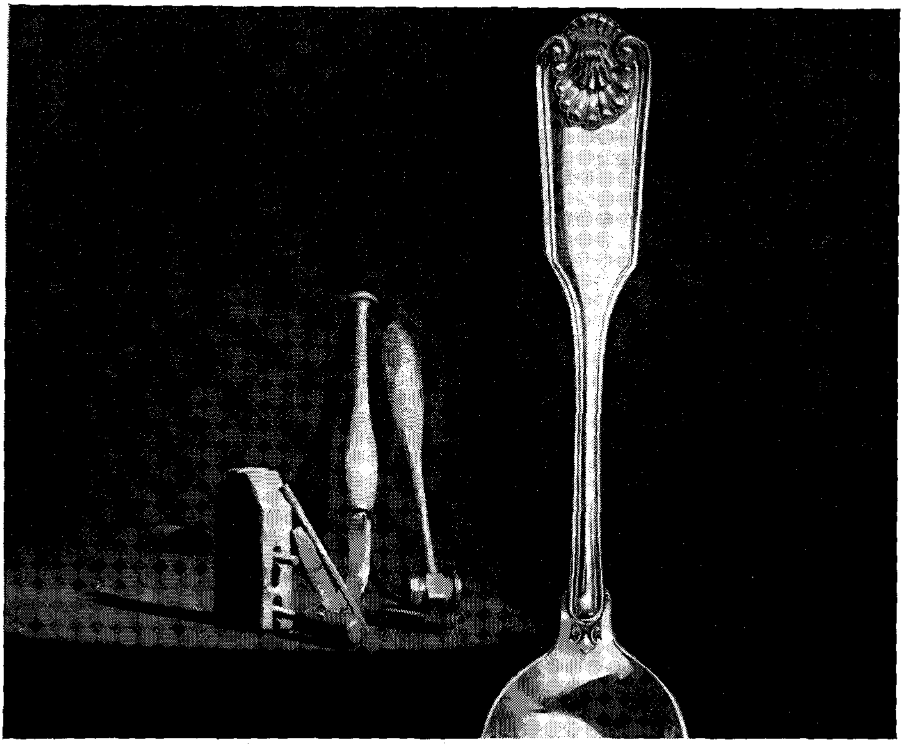
Electricity is not all that has been given a boost in Puerto Rico recently.

The incentives for branching out here are greater, too. You now get up to 17 years' tax holiday. There are more skilled workers than ever before. Average profits are a record *five times* better than on the mainland.

Ever considered Puerto Rico as a site for your plant? You should.

For information on profits and prospects, write: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C8M, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019.

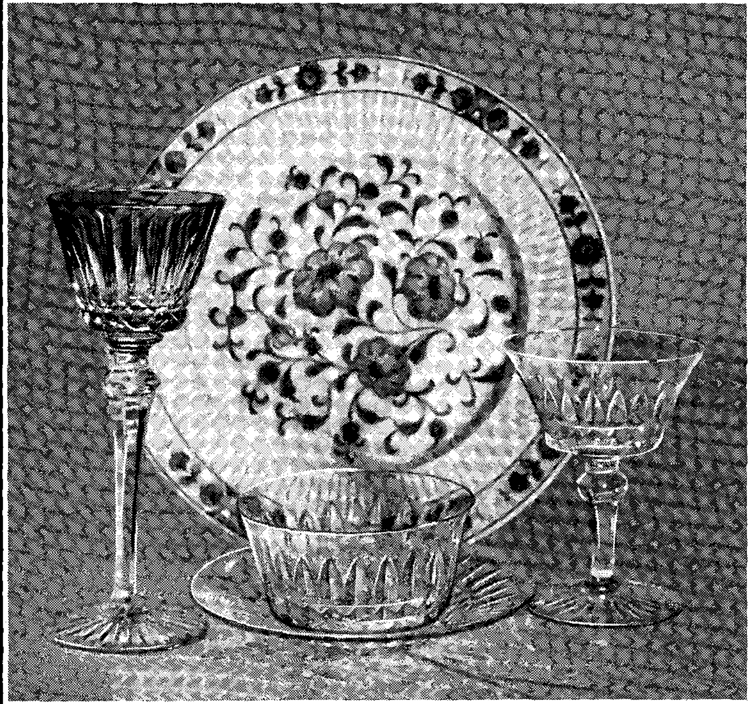
Once you had to inherit it



Today you can find the beloved form of Fiddle Shell in Frank Smith Sterling

48-pc. service for 12, $402. At Maier & Berkele, Atlanta; Bromberg and Co., Birmingham; J. B. Hudson Company, Minneapolis; B. Altman & Co., New York; Hardy & Hayes, Pittsburgh; Schwarzschild Bros. Inc., Richmond; E. J. Scheer, Inc., Rochester; Galt & Bro., Inc., Washington, D.C.; other fine stores. **The Webster Company,** Creators of Frank Smith Sterling, North Attleboro, Mass. Silversmiths since 1896.

BACCARAT . . . the crystal of Kings . . . since 1764



CERALENE CHINA . . . in the distinctive French tradition

CERALENE CHINA . . . imported from Limoges, France

This brilliantly cut, full-lead crystal by BACCARAT is BUCKINGHAM at $14 per goblet, and $12.50 per saucer champagne. The tall Rhine wine glass, cased in any one of four colors, is $30. The MEDICIS porcelain shown here is the purest white, translucent Limoges china, made by RAYNAUD for CERALENE in a soft blue decor: $39.50 per five-piece place setting.

Write Dept. Y8 for illustrated brochures featuring stemware or gifts, 25c each, and/or one dollar for "How to Choose and Use Wine Glasses."

at fine stores and at
BACCARAT
55 East 57th St., N.Y.C

leaves when the gray light begins to show in the east.

Some of the young people fall in love, and some of these get married. Some do not get married, being prevented by one set of parents or the other—usually the girl's. It is considered an excellent thing for young people in Dodoth to have affairs before marriage, because marriage is so complex a matter, involving so many people and so much property, and being such a vital function of society, that for it to be entered into lightly, at the whim of young people, would be a dangerous thing. Even the wedding is composed of so many stages, phases, and ceremonies that it takes most of a year. After it is over, two families are united, and in the bride's family a person and her descendants are replaced by a herd. The herd is gathered from many of the bridegroom's relatives and friends, each of whom contributes stock, and when, at last, it is driven to the bride's father, the cattle are distributed again, not only to the bride's father but to many of his relatives and his wives' relatives, and to his sons. A web of property is cast over the families; they are enmeshed. An affair is considered a personal matter—a woman in her lover's arms. A marriage is a public matter, and a married couple a segment of a larger whole. In a usual Dodoth marriage, the bride does not leave her mother's court until she has raised two children to the age when they can walk. Before that, she goes to dances and is visited by her husband, who lives at his home. After that, taking her two children and a cow accompanied by its calf—a present from her father to her husband—she goes to join her husband's clan in a ceremony, and becomes a member of his family for life. There is no such thing, in traditional Dodoth marriages, as a man, his wife, and their children alone against the world. A man, it could almost be said, is only partly considered a single entity. For the rest, he is considered one of his group of brothers. But for a woman it is different. Each girl alone, without her sisters, will join her father to her husband. Each married woman alone, without her co-wives, will raise her family in her court. Of course, a woman is considered one of the group of her husband's wives, and co-wives often like and help each other. However, in Dodoth a man and his wives do not function as one intermingling marriage but as a series of distinct marriages; the interaction of a man with each particular wife has its own particular nature, and if a man is happy with his

It's a Taylor Champagne...and you'll love it! Get-together people add gaiety to any occasion with the pop, bubble and sparkle of Taylor New York State Champagne. Celebrating? Entertaining? Always have some in the refrigerator. Need a gift idea? This is it. Dining out? Order it with pride. / Ask your wine merchant for Taylor booklets that show you how to enjoy wine more—cooking, dining or entertaining.

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N.Y.—producers of Wines, Champagnes, Vermouths

TAYLOR
TAYLOR
New York State
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT

first wife but not with his second, the children of both marriages reflect it.

LOPORE'S family was an example of this. Some men's wives seem homogeneous, but Lopore's were not. It is said in Dodoth that a man should marry women of different physical types and characters, to give variety to his life, and Lopore's four wives were very different—he married them for different reasons—and his family was complex. His first wife, who was named Rengen, was a reserved and austere woman, almost the same age as he. Her skin was soft and wrinkled, so fine and thin that it looked like crumpled silk. She was not tall, but she looked tall, because she carried herself so straight. She smoked a delicate, long-stemmed clay pipe, wore an aluminum lip plug, and owned and wore a handsome leather cape that swept the ground. She was the bride of Lopore's youth, whom, as a girl, he had courted at dances, and for whom, at the most difficult time of his life, he had paid a hundred cattle to her father, Thonal. Rengen was sharp and sometimes hostile; she had great strength of character and a forbidding, brilliant mind. She was called by three names: Father of the Tall White Sorghum (women have father-names for grain, the way men have for oxen); Akimat, a name deriving from the word for fire; and Thonal's Daughter—all of which are forms of respect. Lopore had a deep affection for Rengen, and a respect sometimes tinged with awe. She could hurt his feelings, and she was not afraid of him; in both of these respects she was different from some of his other wives. Some Dodoth husbands consult their senior wives about their business; Lopore often consulted Rengen. Lopore's children by Rengen were his favorites. Lopore and Rengen had had six children, of whom three had died by the time I knew him. The oldest living son was Akikar, and Lopore was deeply fond of him. Akikar, who was twenty-three, did not resemble either of his parents. He had none of Lopore's temper and impatience, none of his mother's cold brilliance, and must have taken after a gentle grandparent now dead, for he was a dreaming, thoughtful person who, since he was too old to be a herdboy, spent a great deal of time in the shadowy green gardens of his father's wives. He would lie on his back and watch the sky for rain clouds and talk with his little sisters, or carve objects for the family, or improve the garden fences. He was very kind to me. He undertook to teach me

Summer Pajamas

COOL AS A BREEZE

Brief Pajamas

Cool India zephyr cotton. Light blue, yellow or white—all with contrasting piping

$8.50

Regular Pajamas

Imported Tootal sheer cotton voile. Blue, grey or cream, $20 (also in brief pajamas, $16.50)

Sizes: A. B. C. D.

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH ST. · NEW YORK 17

Sea Island
GEORGIA

One of America's Most Distinguished Addresses

. . . where discerning families spend their holidays

...in fact, many consider it their country estate—where children are looked upon with particular favor and meticulous attention is devoted to good service and gracious hospitality.
...where resort life is centered around The Cloister, its own Beach Club and pool facing five miles of snow-white private beach, 27 holes of the finest golf, superb tennis, dancing under the stars, skeet, riding, hunting, fishing, boating, cycling.

. . . all in a setting of landscaped beauty and unusual charm. Attractive private residences are also available for rental.

For reservations write Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Georgia, contact travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. JU 6-4500, also Boston/Chicago/Washington/Toronto.

the language, and would sit in a garden house or by the river for hours, patiently repeating words.

"What is that?" Akikar would ask carefully.

"An ox," I would reply.

"Yes, very good. An ox. But you should say 'a brindle.' What is that?"

"Little stones," I would say.

"Yes, very good. It is little stones. But learn to call them 'sand.' "

Lopore was protective of Akikar; for instance, he had never allowed Akikar to go on a raid. Akikar would not have been a good warrior. Lopore was wise.

The second child of Rengen and Lopore was a daughter, of twenty-one or so, named Chuchu. She was alert and brilliant, like her mother, and was very beautiful, with a soft, pretty mouth, a clear voice, and wide eyes. She lived in a little section of her mother's court, and had built herself a sleeping house for all the world like a huge, thatched jar. It was entered through a narrow passage, and it was hot and dark inside, for the walls, floor, and ceiling were all plastered. It was built this way for privacy—a girl's or a bride's house. Chuchu was married. Her husband, chosen for her by Lopore, was one of his dearest friends, and was therefore much older than Chuchu. In addition, he was not in the least good-looking. But he was amiable and kind—a very fine person. Chuchu loved him dearly, and the whole family was devoted to him. He and Chuchu had had two little girls, who had died, and then two more little girls—a three-year-old and a baby named Iloshabiet, for me. Both children were beautiful. Perhaps, of all the people in the family, Rengen most loved Chuchu. Rengen and Chuchu spent their days together in Rengen's garden, and went to the river together, and, in the evenings, sat together in Rengen's court. One day, Chuchu would have to leave Rengen to live with her husband, whose dwelling was very far away. But it was said that to replace Chuchu in Rengen's affections, when Chuchu was gone, Rengen would keep Iloshabiet to raise as her own.

Perhaps Lopore's favorite child was his third child by Rengen—his son Akral, the fifteen-year-old herdboy of the family. Akral was tall but still growing, and had an untroubled, pleasant face and a forthright manner. Akral had Lopore's courage, directness, fondness for harsh jokes, and lack of subtlety. I think he was the sort of boy Lopore had been once, long ago. Like Akikar, Akral enjoyed teaching,

Fortrel
the fiber you can relax in
and forget about wrinkles

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Hickok Slacks took a strong stand against wrinkles when they chose a fabric of Fortrel polyester and Zantrel 700 rayon from Burlington Mens Wear. Tailored trim and natural, these slacks keep their just pressed look, thanks to Fortrel. Styled with or without belt loops. In your choice of seventeen interesting colors. Sizes 29-44. About $10. Available at Benson Rixon, Chicago; Gimbels, Philadelphia & suburban branches; Miller's, Knoxville.

Fortrel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

and he taught me all about the personalities of his father's cows, which he took into the forest every day. He asked me many questions about life in America but made fun of the answers, because he was impish and too exuberant to be polite. He tried to teach me how to braid ten grass blades into a toy animal, but such teaching took a lot of patience. Finally, he made the animal himself and capered around with it. "Yah! It eats people!" he cried.

Once, he gave me a spray of berries to eat. I ate them. They were like dumb cane, which burns so strongly as to be temporarily blinding and to take away the power of speech. Akral laughed loudly at my plight, and said, "But you mustn't eat the seeds!"

Another time, he made me a grass earring like one of his own. My ears are pierced, and as I inserted it, he asked if my ear piercing had been painful.

I said it had not.

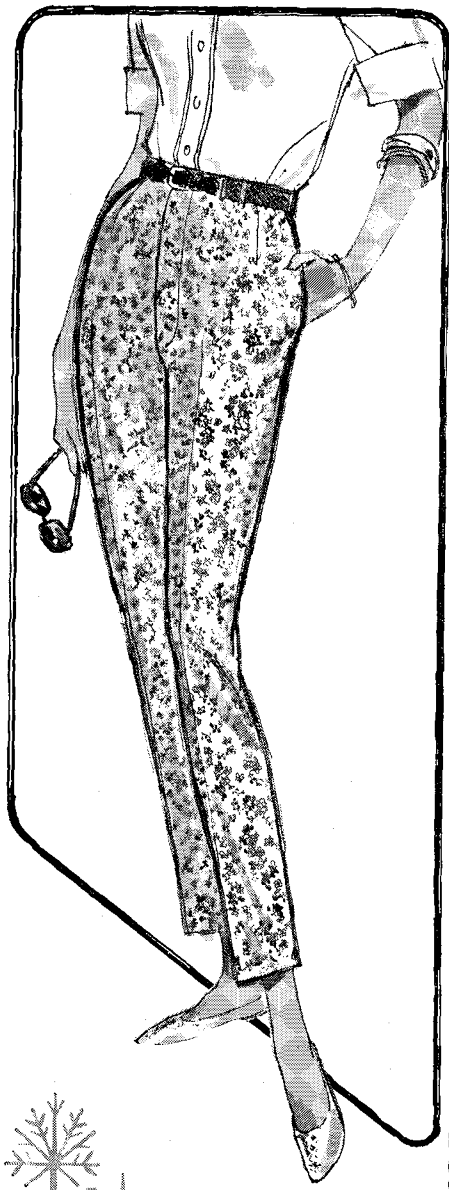
"Mine was terrible," he said with pride. "Almost unbearable. But the lip is worse." He removed his lip plug. "You don't do that, do you?" he asked.

I said we did not.

"That is cowardly," he said.

Akral was deeply attached to his father. Together, Akral and Lopore had charge of the cattle—Lopore as the owner, Akral as the herdboy—and the two would spend time every evening discussing the herd. One evening, Lopore criticized Akral for neglecting the cattle. Akral made excuses, increasing Lopore's anger. Lopore shouted, and Akral, grown up as he was, burst into tears.

Rengen, as the chief wife, had the largest court in the dwelling. Entering her section from the corridor that bordered the cattle pens, one walked along a high-walled passageway, which led into a bare, round kitchen, containing only fire ashes amid the three round stones that supported her cooking pot. Beyond the kitchen to the left was Chuchu's little court. Rengen's own night court was to the right of the passage. Her sleeping house, which was larger than Chuchu's, had plaster walls but only the inside of the thatch for a ceiling. Older married women build houses this way, not needing the same amount of privacy that younger women need. The plaster walls were red, and the straw ceiling was black with soot and smoke. On the far side of the night court was Rengen's day court. This, in a Dodoth home, is the work court, where the woman keeps her churn, her cooking utensils, and her grindstone, and, standing on heavy wooden legs, her thatched granary



No pretense—
just elegant, graceful, well-composed—these wild flower, lawn cotton slacks. And because John Meyer is fetish about fit, they become part of you. A tonic for warm, lazy (or active) days. Fully lined, precisely tailored. In articulate summertime colors of green, red or blue.
Sizes 8 to 16. About $13.
For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
AT FINE STORES

Beach or Garden—
Swim or Play—
there is only
J. Berlé

Ready-to-wear swim or play suits, made from the finest exclusive French materials, with built-in Delineators.
From $67^{50}

J.Berlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

W-u-r-r-l-d's best travel bargain*

insist on
COOK'S TRAVELERS CHEQUES
"Scotty" is right because...you save *25% on the issuance charge when you buy Cook's Travelers Cheques. Safe...accepted everywhere. Safer than cash, too, for they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Backed by the world's largest Travel Organization.
THOS. COOK & SON
In $10, $20, $50, $100, and $250 denominations.
STILL ONLY 75¢ PER $100
WHY PAY MORE?
at authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.
(Coming soon—the new Cook's Travelers Cheques with magnetic ink)

Nova Scotia's Cape Breton: Leif the Lucky, John Cabot, Captain Cook and John Paul Jones all knew its splendour

The countryside is green and flowering, and warm in welcome. The Cabot Trail, 185 miles of spectacular highway, plunges into verdant valleys, climbs round timbered peaks. It begins at Baddeck, on salty Bras d'Or Lake, one of the finest yachting playgrounds on the continent; follows the Margaree River, home of trout and Atlantic salmon, winds through Cape Breton Highlands National Park and along the beaches at Ingonish and Neil Harbour, then soars over the towering headland of Cape Smoky.

During the 18th century, on the rugged shores of Cape Breton, France and England fought for supremacy in Nova Scotia. One hundred years later, shiploads of Highland Scots immigrated to this "New Scotland."

Today, each of these cultures retains its distinct identity. The spirited Gaelic Mod, an annual festival of Celtic culture, is held at St. Ann's (Aug. 9-14), while in fishing villages such as Arichat and Cheticamp, the soft Acadian French accents still charm and the ancient crafts are skilfully perpetuated.

"The Road to the Isle," across the Canso Causeway, beckons you on to your own kind of adventure. Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, awaits your discovery this summer. To help you start planning, mail the coupon today.

THE PROVINCE OF

NOVA SCOTIA

Canada's Ocean Playground

For free, illustrated literature, write to the:

Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Name____________________________

NY-8-5-65

Address____________________________

City____________________________

State________________Zip Code__________

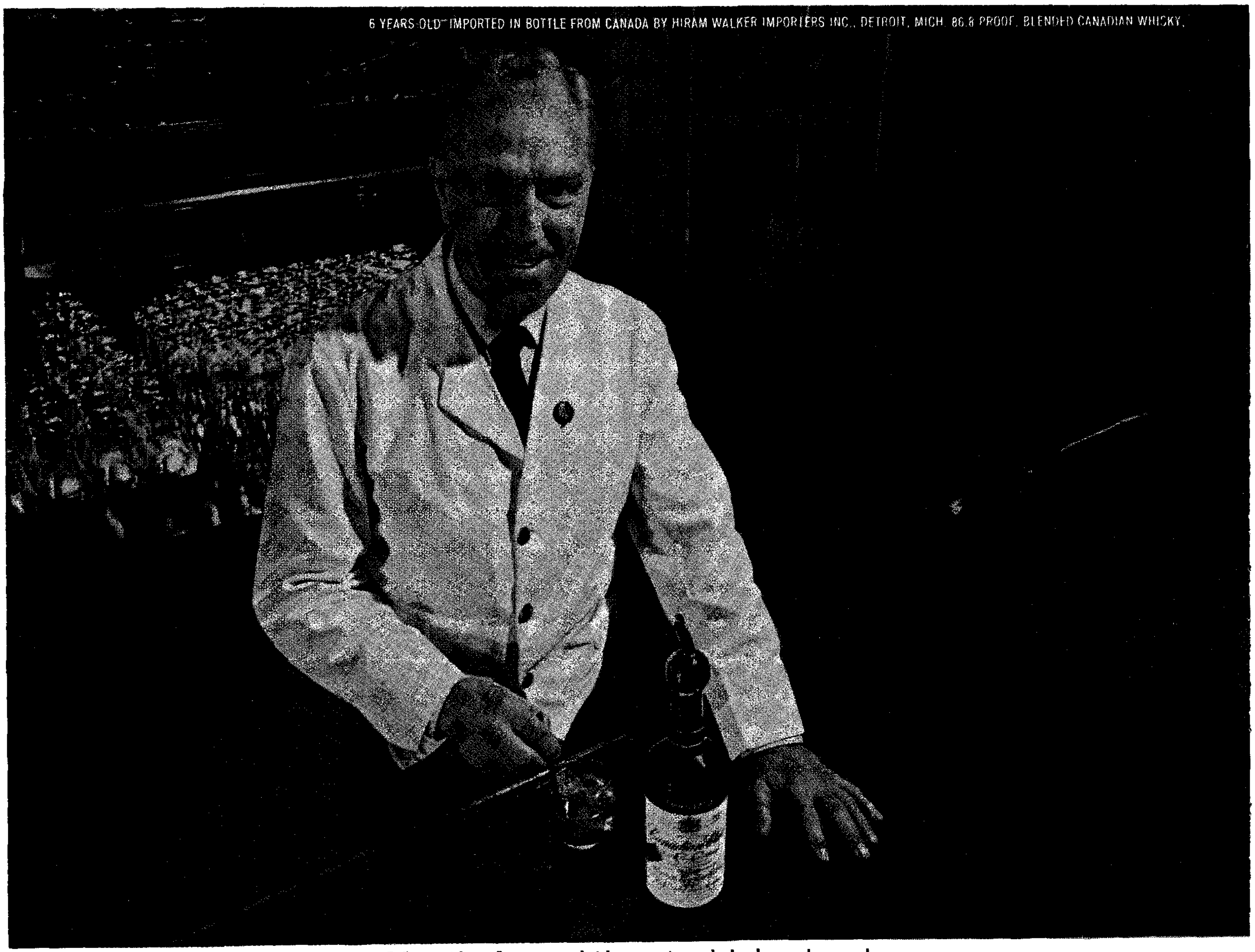
Other information offices located at:

30 W. 54th St., New York 19, N.Y.
607 Boylston St., Boston 16, Mass.
43 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto 12, Ont.
Central Station, Montreal, Quebec

Recipe for a good bartender:

Mix one part Will Rogers,
one part Chet Huntley,
one part Sigmund Freud,
and one part Grantland Rice.

Add the skill to mix 197 different drinks,
the stamina to stand up all day long, and the good nature
to serve each customer as a friend.



6 YEARS OLD IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

May is National Tavern Month. A good time to drink a toast
to your favorite bartender...for doing
so many things so well. Why not stop in tonight?

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

baskets, in which she stores through the year her harvested, winnowed grain. In the center of Rengen's day court was her day house—a circle of thin poles two or three feet high supporting a tiered conical thatch, where Rengen could work when it rained. Most of the important activity of the dwelling took place in this court. If a calf was sick, it spent its illness tethered to the leg of a granary basket. If one of the children of the house was sick, it might lie in the shade of the day house. When Chuchu went to visit her husband for the day, she left her baby there for Rengen to mind; Rengen would play with her and trundle her until she was hungry, and then, lacking Chuchu's milk, would offer her water. By the end of the day, the baby's crying could be heard for miles. Rengen blamed me for the crying, which put her nerves on edge, and if I visited her in the evening before Chuchu came home, she would look from the shrieking baby in her arms to me with great annoyance. A baby takes on the character of the person it is named for. Obviously, said Rengen, I had cried a great deal as a baby. Rengen once let the baby suck at her dry breast. The baby tried, then wailed with disappointment. Rengen was very angry with me. "This is your fault. You hold her," she said.

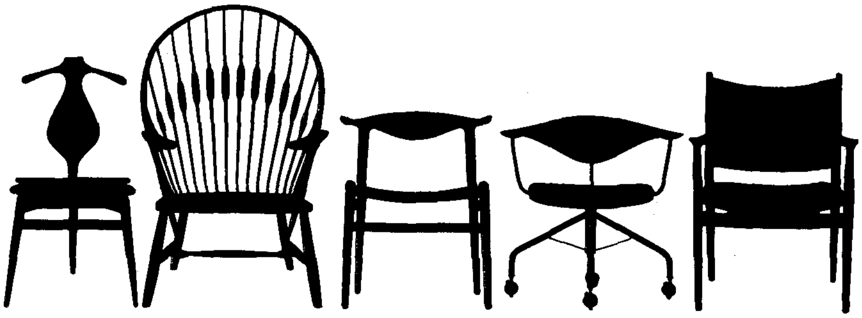
When the family spontaneously decided to extract the lower incisors of all the little girls in the dwelling (except Chuchu's young daughter and baby, whose milk teeth had already been extracted), the operation was performed in Rengen's court. Her son Akral sat in her day house with one of his weeping little half sisters between his knees. Her son Akikar, mild and impassive, placed a stick as a bit in the girl's mouth, and while Akral held the girl tightly, Akikar expertly hooked out the lower teeth with an awl. They were second teeth, deeply rooted, and as they came out, they cracked loudly, and the smell of blood filled the air. The little girl screamed that she was dying, and vomited red foam. She was released, to wash away her tears and rinse her mouth, and her sister, begging and crying, her hands pressed over her mouth, was captured by Rengen and handed over the heads of all the seated people to Akral, who gripped her with his knees. The weeping little girl began to scream, "Akikar, help me!" Akikar dispassionately pried her jaw open and forced the bit into her mouth. He worked carefully—the extraction took only a moment—but she struggled so that he nearly pierced her

Fit for a King

For the King of Denmark, in fact, who ordered the Valet Chair when it was first created in 1953. But Hans J. Wegner, the designer, wouldn't sell it to him, because he did not yet feel that the chair was complete, beautiful as it was. It took another two years before Wegner evolved the final design that satisfied his own concept of unity in form and function. Only then, in 1955, did the King receive the chair, for Wegner, a true sculptor in wood, cannot be rushed by kings, by queens, by a demanding public. Each design that he creates is developed slowly and thoughtfully; each new chair is taken to his own home and used until he has achieved the full expression of elegant simplicity, beauty, and comfort for which he is so well known.

Jensen's takes pride in having been one of the first to recognize this man who established a landmark in modern Scandinavian furniture. When we introduced him to the United States in 1950 through his Round chair, now simply called "The Chair," we felt that his work represented the unique quality of outstanding design and craftsmanship that is a tradition at Jensen. Our leadership in setting design trends is manifest in our comprehensive collection of fine Scandinavian furniture, lamps, textiles, ceramics, and other works from the hands of today's most distinguished artists from Scandinavia.

If you would like to see the Wegner chairs, you can visit the United Nations building in New York, UNESCO in Paris, or the Denmark Pavilion at the World's Fair. But if you would rather, come sit in our chairs at Jensen's, and visit our Wegner Exhibition of Landmarks in Furniture Design, starting the first week in May.

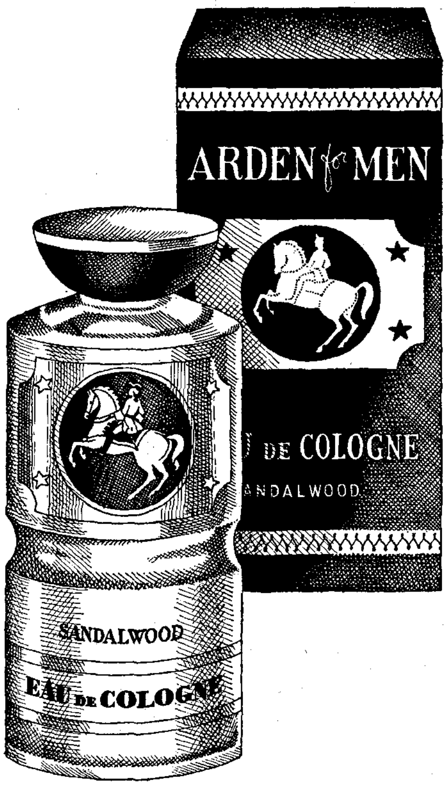


Among the great chair shapes of this century—five Wegner landmarks.

GEORG JENSEN INC.

667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 1-2400
SCARSDALE MILLBURN MANHASSET

'Arden for Men' is the greatest thing Elizabeth Arden has done for women.



Elizabeth Arden's distinguished Eau de Cologne for men, with the Sandalwood scent women remember; 4.00, plus tax; at

Arden for Men

1 East 54th Street

palate with the awl. She moaned hysterically when it was over and her teeth lay on the ground. Three girls in all had their teeth taken out that day. There were splashes and trails of blood all over the court from their spitting and bleeding, and, oddly, all three girls, including one who had been brave, seating herself between her half brother's knees and placing the bit in her mouth of her own accord, were teased for complaining by Chuchu, who long ago had suffered the same fate. The extraction is done for beauty. Girls "don't have to have it done if they don't want to," say the Dodoth. But for the younger girls it was different. Rengen had decided when their teeth should be extracted, and this job had been done by a specialist, an old woman in Kalapata who knew how. Their teeth had been cut from their tiny gums a few weeks after they were born—the gums slit and the little buds hooked out, because their presence, say the Dodoth, threatens a baby's life.

Lopore kept his shield and his spear in Rengen's night house, but he seldom slept there. She had given her night house, with its thick mud walls and blackened thatch, to the young men of the household; they slept inside with the door shut, the smoke from the fire making them keep their heads near the floor. Years earlier, Rengen had had enough of stuffy houses and of coughing at night. She slept alone in her day house, between two leather mats. At night, the fresh wind blew through the poles; the little bats that hung in the thatch flew over her; and on wet nights the rain drifted down on her sleeping face, and foggy air beaded her eyelashes.

The marriage of Lopore and Rengen had been a long one and, when I knew them, had developed an aura of mutual respect. In their attention to their children, Lopore and Rengen were like partners, for Rengen had as much to say as he about what happened to them. One day, the cattle buyer came to Kaabong. Many people sent their sons—usually their oldest sons—to earn tax money by being herdsmen for the buyer, but because Akikar was not feeling very well at the time, and because the pay was good, and Lopore and Rengen wanted some member of their family to be sure of a job with the buyer, they sent Akral. During the sale, an ox that had been bought died of an injury. An older man, a resident of Kaabong, suggested to Akral and another boy that the three of them cook some of the ox's meat and eat it. They did, and an alert policeman smelled the

Southwick

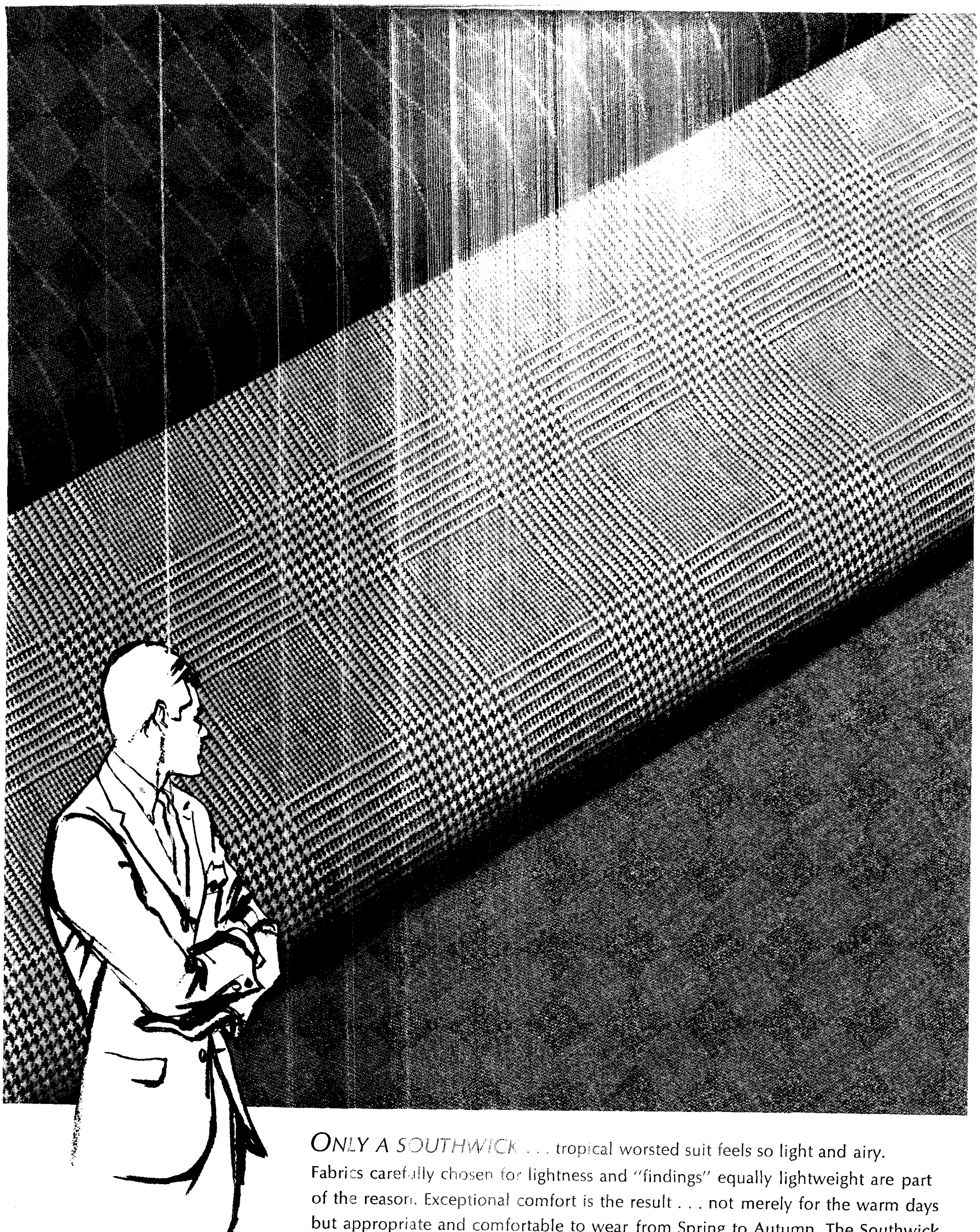
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N. Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	*House of Walsh*
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Texas	The Varsity Shop
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N. Y.	Edw. Miller
Huntsville, Ala.	The Madison Shop
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lakewood, Cal.	Norm Meager
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co. Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.	Jack Lane
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lee, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N. C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidsons
Rochester, N. Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N. Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Tulsa, Okla.	McDonnell & Co.
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

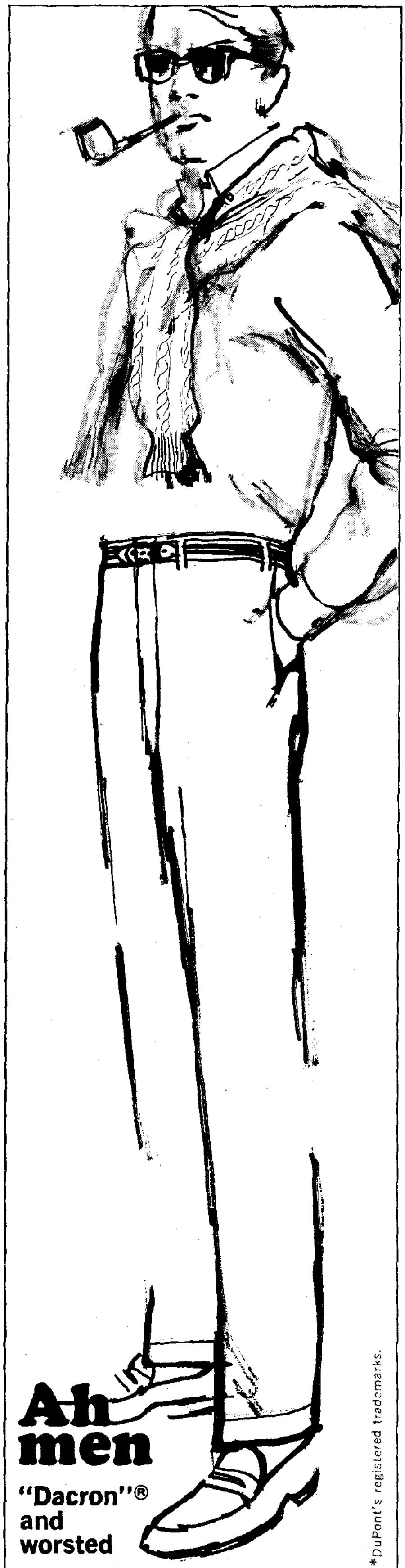
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



ONLY A SOUTHWICK . . . tropical worsted suit feels so light and airy. Fabrics carefully chosen for lightness and "findings" equally lightweight are part of the reason. Exceptional comfort is the result . . . not merely for the warm days but appropriate and comfortable to wear from Spring to Autumn. The Southwick original natural shoulder styling adds a further note of comfort and distinctive individuality. From $90. Prices higher in the West.

Southwick *Clothes*

BY GRIECO BROTHERS


Ah men

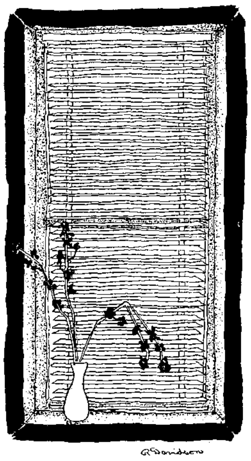
"Dacron"® and worsted

*DuPont's registered trademarks.

55% "Dacron"* polyester and 45% worsted, the handsome fabric. Impeccable the tailoring. Traditional the lines. Shades of grey, brown, olive and blue from a collection of men's trousery that well-dressed gentlemen have come to expect from Austin Hill. Sizes 29-42. About $20.00. At fine haberdashers or write Austin Hill Ltd., 318 North Front Street, Baltimore, Maryland, or 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Ah!

roasting meat and arrested all three for eating what belonged to the buyer. They were taken to the Jackait's round tin jail. News of Akral's arrest reached Lopore a day later. He put on his Western clothes—a pair of shorts, an Army overcoat, an Army hat, and a pair of heavy rubber-tire sandals—and went to Kaabong to beg for his son's release. Though many women would have left such a matter entirely up to their husbands, Rengen accompanied Lopore, her head high, her face expressionless, and a bowl of cooked pumpkin in her arms, so that Akral would have enough to eat. I drove them in the Land-Rover.

The jail, without air or windows, must have been fearful. Sunlight winked and danced from its eight galvanized sides, and no one within made a sound. Lopore stood looking at it as if he could not believe that it contained his son. Rengen, the bowl in her arms, stood looking at Lopore. A guard appeared, and Lopore spoke with him, explaining that his son was young and could have made a mistake. The guard said Akral would have to stand trial. Lopore asked that Akral be released in his custody. "Give him to me," he said. "He will not escape." The guard said indifferently that Lopore should explain the matter to the Jackait, and Lopore left to look for him. Rengen gave the guard the pumpkin, and waited to see the guard open the jail door a crack and push the pumpkin inside. Lopore returned, very discouraged, to say that the Jackait had offered to try Akral in the morning. Akral would have to stay in jail another night. "We can go," said Lopore. Rengen said that she, for one, would not go home but would stay at the dwelling of a relative, to be near her son and to bring him more food early in the morning. So we left her standing by the jail, her arms folded, and went home.



In the morning, we returned to Kaabong to attend the trial. But either Lopore or the Jackait had been mistaken. We found the courthouse empty and learned that the Jackait had left Dodoth the previous evening on a long trip, and if we had not happened to meet the Ekapolon that morning, who, to please the European, offered us any or all of the prisoners in the jail, Akral might have been there indefinitely. The three prisoners were brought out, so I could choose the ones I liked. Akral came blinking into the sun, followed by his fellow-prisoners—a boy his own age and an older man who was wearing a ragged and voluminous brown cloth garment. Akral came straight to his father, who hugged him to his side. Akral, dazed by his experience, leaned against his father and, when asked how he was, said mechanically, "I have eaten an ox." Lopore held him very tightly and promised the Ekapolon to bring him to trial. The other boy looked hopefully at Lopore, and Lopore asked for him as well. The Ekapolon assented. The boy, it turned out, was named Remi and was the son of one of Lopore's in-laws. Lopore flung his arm around Remi's shoulders, too, and pulled the two boys toward the car. He pushed them in, got in behind them, and slammed the door. The Ekapolon waved, Lopore thanked him, and the man in brown was taken back to jail.

When Rengen, whom we found at the roadside, saw Akral, she looked him over quickly to see that he was all right. Then she climbed into the back seat respectfully, since men were present, and said nothing. We came to my camp. Remi dashed home, Akral dashed home, Rengen walked quickly after him, but Lopore paused to thank me and then strolled home after Akral and Rengen. My husband and I later visited Lopore's house. Almost the entire family were gathered in the cattle pen, for it was the time when the cattle were coming in. Akral was sitting on the fence. Several of the cattle came over to see Akral, their herdboy, and blew at him with their breath. He pushed them affectionately with his foot and said, "They are wondering where I have been." To thank me for my part in redeeming her son, Rengen came out of her court and gave me a little teapot full of milk, a green calabash, a bowl of ripe tomatoes, a bowl of string beans, and an egg. This done, she stood smoking her pipe and looking at Akral with satisfaction.

"He was in jail two days," said someone.

"Three days," said Rengen.

Nothing was required of Akral that evening. He watched his sisters getting ready to feed the calves, drew deep breaths of the clear air, and basked in the pleasure his family took in having him at home again. On an impulse,

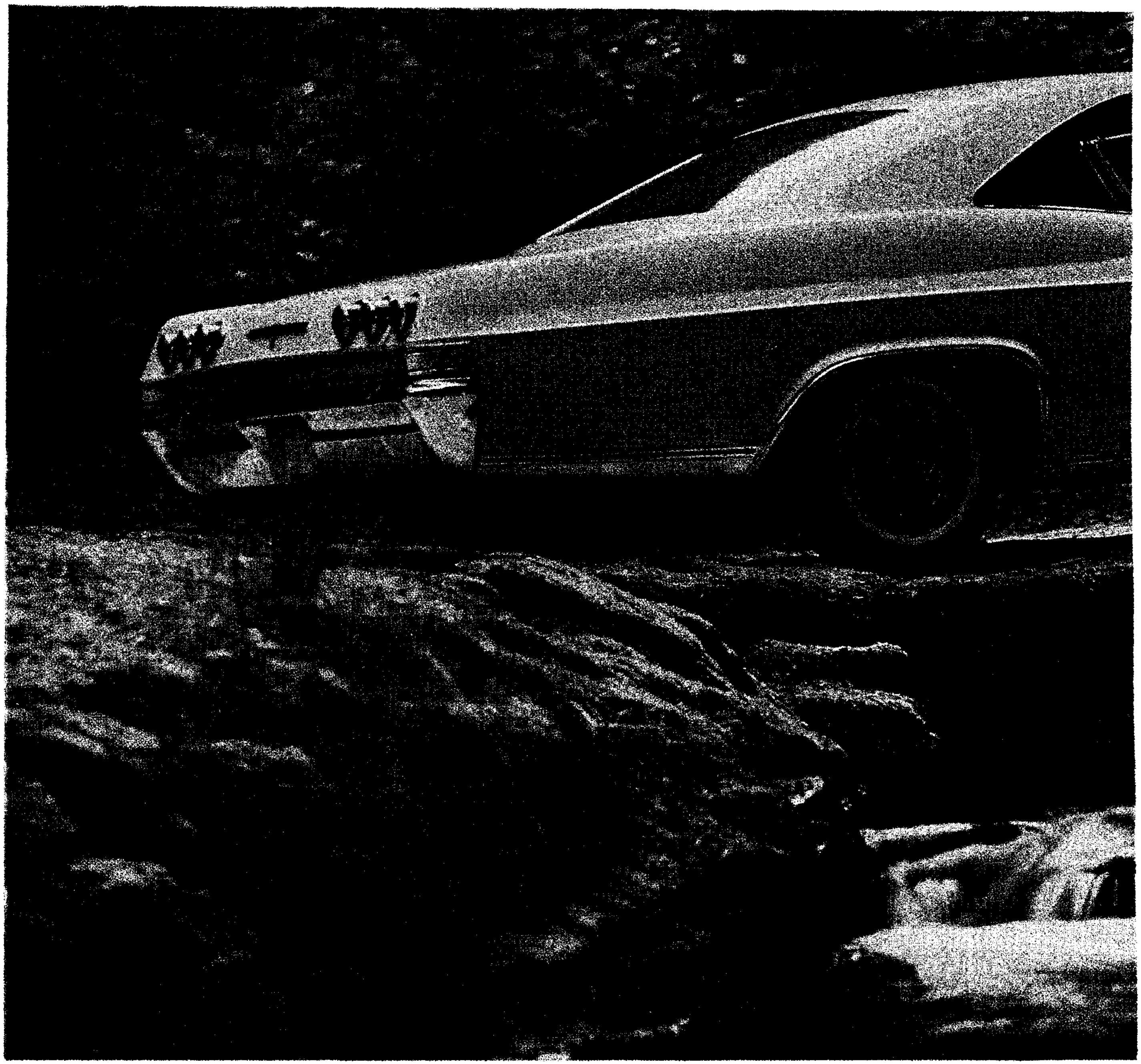
NEWMARKET
NYRA
'64
CLUBHOUSE
OWNER

Pedigreed

Break away from the work-a-day whirl. Make tracks for greener pastures and indulge yourself in personal pleasure. Our Pacer Slip-on offers a standing invitation to the comforts of the good leisure life. Racy silhouette in soft llama calf; black, oak, nutmeg, white. This happy breed of shoe is just one from our new Lazer Collection, created especially for time a man can call his own. 30.00

Johnston & Murphy

GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE 1, TENNESSEE/GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR



If you're interested in roughing it, you've got

Stay in your car and you stay in the lap of luxury. Swathed in carpet, cradled in foam cushioning and Full Coil springs. Roughing it? You'll forget the whole idea . . . .

What better way to see the great outdoors than wrapped in lush Chevrolet?

You go ahead and get all the nature and fresh air you want while you're there. Climb trees, wade creeks, fill up on the active life.

But don't expect Chevrolet to provide any of the rigor and hardship. All Chevrolet is going to contribute is the excitement of truly memorable transportation to and from. And a nice comfortable place to rest if the activity gets to be too much for you while you're there.

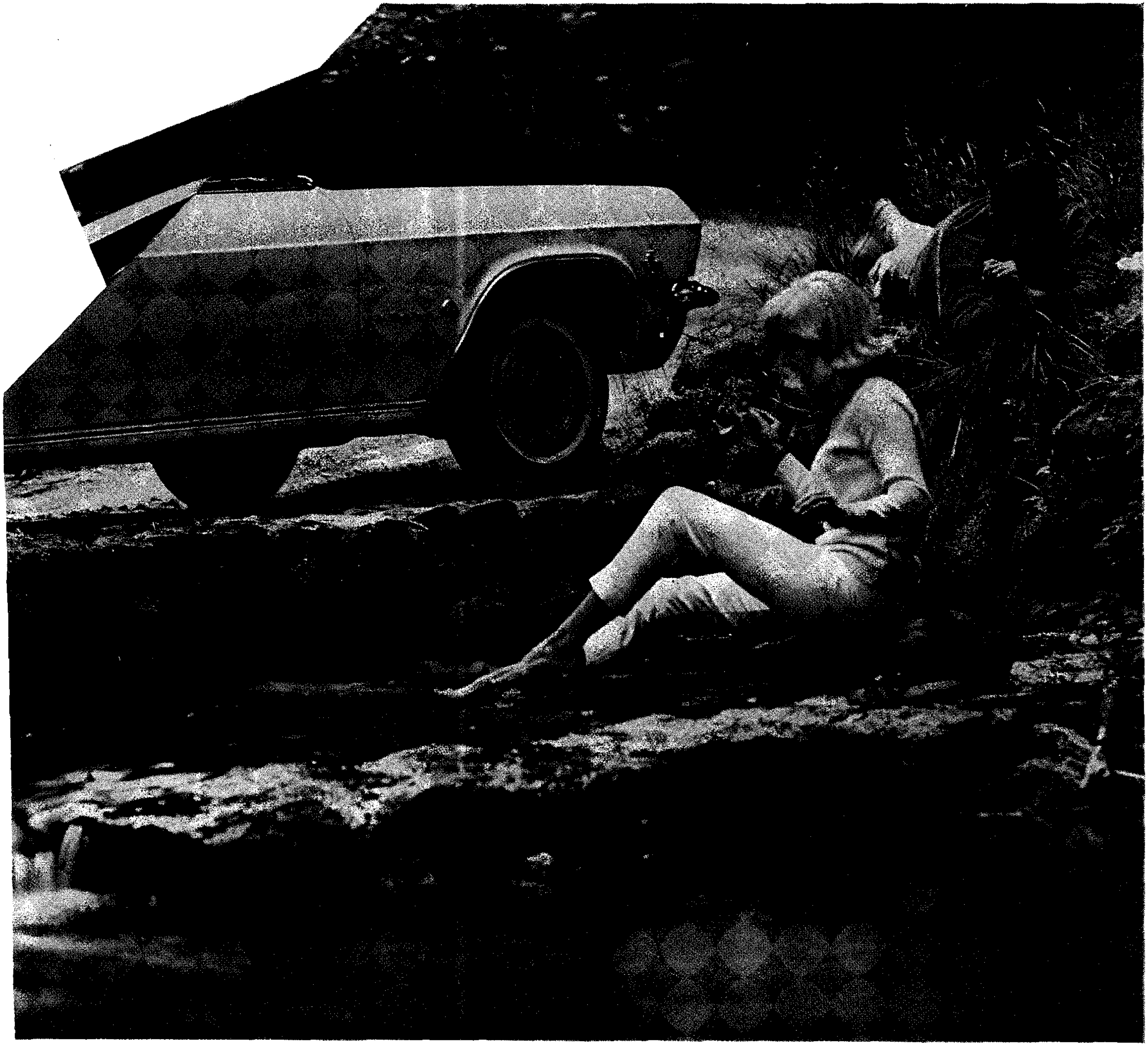
Step inside for a moment, won't you?

How is Chevrolet going to provide all this drama? Oh, the usual way—the way Chevrolet always does things. Done even better in 1965. Like in a completely new body (Fisher, of course) and chassis—Wide Stanced, Fully Coiled, Girder-Guarded, and insulated as all get out.

The result to you is smoother Jet-smooth ride, quieter, softer luxury, and yet more positive control, better handling, finer all-around roadability than ever.

Or like with the new interior you'll find in this Impala—all new instrument panel, gorgeous deep-twist carpeting wall to wall, patterned cloth

Impala Sport Coupe



to get out of your Chevrolet.

and vinyl upholstery, deep foam-cushioned seats, high-level ventilation and other touches of luxury here and there. Four-Season air conditioning if you order it. Makes a nice lush contrast to the rugged environment outside, doesn't it?

Choices on top of choices

Just what sort of luxury would you like to have? For instance, you can order from six different radio-and-speaker combinations for Chevrolet, including AM-FM Stereo. Or fifteen Magic-Mirror colors.

A wide range of different power teams is available. And dozens of other delightful decisions to make in all kinds of things. Your dealer can tell you all about them.

So you go ahead and rough it. Besides, won't it be nice, when you're all through, to climb back inside a nice, quiet, cozy, luxurious Chevrolet for the trip back home? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

for stretch fabric
lean on Klopman
®REG. TM DUPONT

Only the best for **Hathaway!** And only Klopman's stretch fabric of Dacron® polyester, combed cotton and Lycra® spandex had all the prerequisites for their matched sportswear. The name of the fabric is "Easy Living™" and deservedly so. It plays along with you, Simple Simon-ing your every move. Relaxes back to its original shape when you do. Its neatness lasts through scorching, muggy days. It can take scores of launderings with all of its bright richness intact.

Shirt about $13. Walk shorts about $16. Ginger or blue, in a full range of sizes. At all the very best stores.

Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc.
Men's Wear Division,
115 West 40th Street, N.Y. 10018.
A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

he dropped from the fence and milked a cow onto his palm. He crouched beside her, milking and drinking, with Lopore watching, and I wondered how often the family let him do this, since the milk from each cow in the household herd is assigned to a particular court.

"Whose cow is that?" I asked Lopore.

Lopore smiled down at his son, to whom at that moment he would have given anything, and, softly, his voice alive with pride and pleasure, he answered with another question: "Isn't it mine?"

THAT evening, just as I was going home, the shadowy figure of a woman I had never before seen slipped in through the cattle gate and, skirting the wall, went silently around the cattle pen and over the fence, and disappeared through the low doorway of a courtyard. The family's conversation had paused as she went by, and Lopore had glanced at her. She had passed with her eyes cast down, she had said nothing to anyone, and no sound of greeting or talking came from the court she had entered. Her name was Ngira, and she was Lopore's second wife. She had caused him deep unhappiness, but from her appearance in her middle age it was hard to see how she had caused anyone pain, for she was as thin as a stick, with spindly arms and long, spidery legs, and had a gaunt, emaciated face, with huge eyes. Like a cow's soft eyes, like dark mirrors, her eyes looked as if a landscape could be reflected in them. Only those eyes and her straight body hinted at what must have been her beauty as a girl. She had been courted by Lopore while his marriage with Rengen was new, and had entered his dwelling as a bride within four years after Rengen had been established there. Ngira's son Torori was born the same year as Akikar. Ngira was shy compared to Rengen, abstracted and silent where Rengen was expressive. Perhaps Lopore wanted a change from a dominant, assertive woman when he married Ngira; he married her for love, choosing her for herself, not for the alliance with her family, who fell upon hard times and were never very helpful to him. Perhaps her quietness appealed to him, or perhaps it was her huge eyes; in any event, it became clear after a few years that such a remote woman was no wife for him. Perhaps he lost his temper with her; perhaps he beat her. He did not hesitate to beat one of his wives if she annoyed him. His quick-witted wives

Presenting the absolutely perfect Bermuda vacation:

Luxuriate at THE BERMUDIANA:

Feel lush, plush and palatial in the heart of Hamilton. Be balconied with a harbour view or overlook the lavish gardens and king-size pool. (Did we say luxuriate? Every lovely room with private bath, telephone, fresh hot and cold running water). Lunch in the Terrace Room or poolside. Nights are for dining and dancing in the magic Moongate Room or Sunken Garden, where Bermuda's brightest stars shine by dark. Turkish baths, beauty and barber shops—everything. A world of air conditioned splendor—and it's only a short stroll from Hamilton's exclusive shops.

Go out for sports at the BELMONT GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB:

Bermuda's newest air conditioned hotel. Smart yet sportsmanlike. Everything from olympic pool to tennis to fishing to 18-hole golf to skittles. Sail, skin dive, water ski, too. Warwick Room or Cedar Court for dancing, live-it-up limbo and calypso. A whole new resort world just 10 scenic ferry minutes away from Hamilton.

Or steal away to HARMONY HALL:

Succumb to informal Bermuda. Unwind in an air conditioned oasis that lives up to its name. A pink and white cottage-style hotel in 7½ flower-splashed acres. Loaf by the garden pool. Dine with an extraordinaire French accent. Linger in the Gombey Room. (Smooth dancing and hot calypso.) South Shore location, five taxi minutes from Hamilton.

And get in the swim at our magnificent BEACH CLUB:

Bermuda's blue waters and pink sands are yours. South Shore ocean swimming from a powdery 1,000 ft. long beach. Dining room, bar, changing rooms—all privileges and facilities of this beautiful beach club are yours. Free transportation included, of course.

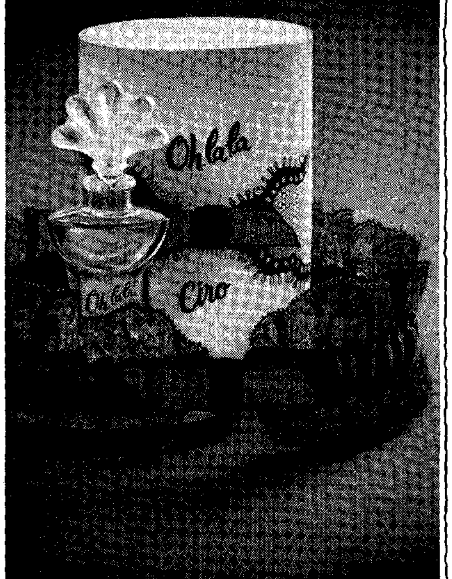
If you can tear yourself away from one, you can enjoy all three (beach club, too!)

This is the fairest exchange on the world's fairest island. The 3 reasons you've got to go to Bermuda. Stay at one hotel and exchange dinners and facilities at the other two. If you think this is like getting 3 Bermuda vacations in one, you're right. (Unless you count our Beach Club as a fabulous fourth!) Come soon, but remember—you may never want to go home.

Carroll F. Dooley, Managing Director

Color folders and rates:
See your Travel Agent or ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, INC. Representatives • 1270 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y., N. Y. 10020 • PL 7-2444 • Chicago • Miami • Toronto • London

HOTELS OF DISTINCTION
THE BERMUDIANA
HARMONY HALL • THE BELMONT



Oh la la

for
those
black
lace
moods!

Parfums
CIRO®
PARIS · NEW YORK

could dissuade him, but silent Ngira probably could not. After four years of marriage, she left him. She was pregnant with her daughter, Alaina, at the time, and, followed by her little son, Torori, she walked all the way along the plain to the west and up the slopes of Morunyang, where her father had his dwelling.

Lopore had paid Ngira's father forty cattle for her. He could have had them back, but he did not—first, because in the heat of the moment, when he might have demanded them, her family had very few to give, raids and the marriages of her brothers having taken most of them; and, second, because Lopore did not want to part with his children. I believe he never saw his daughter Alaina until she was almost grown, but ties between children and their fathers are strong in Dodoth. When Torori was thirteen years old, he decided to visit Lopore. He walked alone from Morunyang and presented himself at his father's dwelling. He must have remembered his father exactly, for he was exactly like him. He had the same large frame, the same strong body, the same deep eyes, but, more than that, he had copied Lopore's personality. He had Lopore's gestures, tempers, and spells of sudden tenderness. Lopore was so glad to see Torori that Torori decided to live forever with his father. Rengen took him into her court, and he sleeps there to this day.

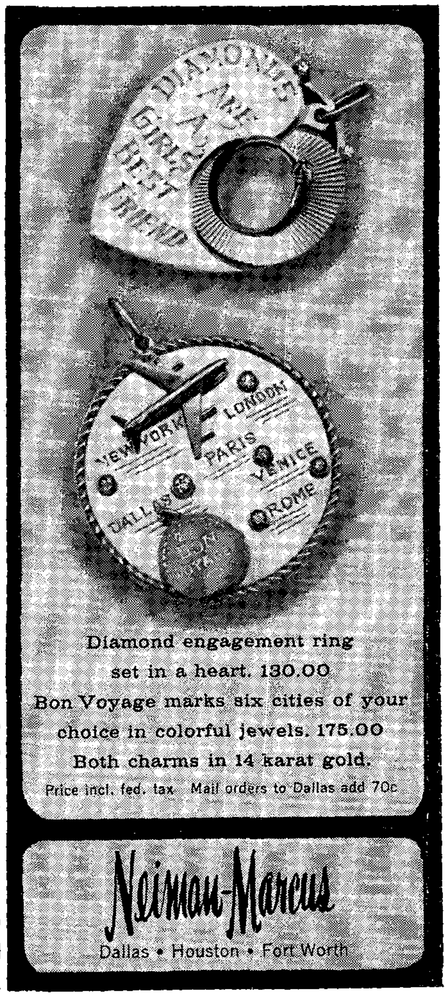
Not long after Torori came, his sister, Alaina, followed. She was shy, like her mother, but, like her brother, she resembled Lopore. This was unfortunate, for his heavy face and jaw were better suited to a man than to a woman. Also, Alaina was short—not willowy, like her mother, but rather stumpy—and she had an incurable sore beneath one arm. When she came, she brought her father an offering—a gourd filled with butter.

Meanwhile, in his dwelling in the mountains, Ngira's father died. Ngira's mother was senile, and when the household fractured, Ngira was helpless, hungry, without a protector, alone. Her children visited her and begged her to rejoin Lopore. Finally, they persuaded her. Her coming was rather touching. Her children preceded her, to announce her to their father. Lopore made her welcome and helped her to build a court. Even so, there was no real reconciliation. She had returned for economic reasons, and though she lived within Lopore's walls, he and she were never again as husband and wife. She had very little contact with the peo-

The Anne Fogarty
shown on page 71
is available at these fine stores.
Anne Fogarty Inc., 550 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18

LORD & TAYLOR, NEW YORK
JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA
GARFINCKELS, WASHINGTON
RICH'S, ATLANTA
J. L. HUDSON, DETROIT
CHARLES A. STEVENS, CHICAGO
STIX, BAER & FULLER, ST. LOUIS
DAYTON CO., MINNEAPOLIS
L. S. AYRES, INDIANAPOLIS
NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS
FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO
J. W. ROBINSON, LOS ANGELES

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N.Y.	Wm. Hengerer
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Columbus, Ohio	F & R Lazarus
Dayton, Ohio	Rike Kumler
Denver, Colo.	May D & F
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's
Lincoln, Neb.	Hovland Swanson
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart D. G.
Miami, Fla.	Burdine's
Newark, N.J.	Hahne & Co.
New Haven, Conn.	Esthers
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Phoenix, Arizona	Goldwater's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhodes
Rochester, N.Y.	B. Forman
St. Petersburg, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Z.C.M.I.
Seattle, Wash.	Best's Apparel
Toledo, Ohio	La Salle & Koch



Diamond engagement ring
set in a heart. 130.00
Bon Voyage marks six cities of your
choice in colorful jewels. 175.00
Both charms in 14 karat gold.
Price incl. fed. tax. Mail orders to Dallas add 70c

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

BOAC has a really super idea.

For $115,* we'll let you in on it.

For just $115*, BOAC will fly you to beautiful Nassau. On a fabulous new kind of airplane.

You know what you can do when you get there? You can tack a few sails around. Or play some classical tennis. Or catch up on the sleep you've lost from too many nights at too many discothèques.

Isn't that super?

You can even take a tour if you want. For just $196**, BOAC will give you 7 blissful days to tan your beautiful hide, and 6 nights to dance to a goombay beat instead of the usual jazz. (The price includes round-trip jet fare, hotels, breakfasts, dinners, sight-seeing and transfers.)

Rather go to Jamaica? BOAC will give you 7 unforgettable days and 6 nights to learn the ska for just $232.50**. Or 7 days and 6 nights in Bermuda for only $151** (with everything that's included on the Nassau tour).

BOAC will take you to the islands on the new Super VC 10, with its Rolls-Royce engines set back near the tail, so all the noise is behind you.

The Super VC 10 is just about the best way to go anywhere that's ever been invented.

So call your Travel Agent and get in on it. There's a really Super VC 10 flying from New York to Nassau and Jamaica***. And one leaves for Bermuda every afternoon at 3:30. It gets you there in time for dinner.

Isn't that super? Well, isn't it?

*17-day, round-trip jet economy excursion fare from New York.
**Departure from New York, double occupancy in hotels.
***One plane thru service to Jamaica via Nassau.

BOAC
AND BOAC CUNARD
SERVICES OPERATED FOR BOAC CUNARD BY BOAC

The Super VC 10.

You travel with twenty seven pieces of matched antelope crammed with pink satin sheets. Right? And a different set of furs for every pair of shoes. Right? And about 30 Givenchy originals. Aren't we right? And in each piece of luggage you've spread a French Flanelle—the same thin sheet of jasmine-scented pink flannel you keep in your bureau drawers at home. You're trying to keep Flanelles a secret, but it's hopeless. Lubin Flanelles scented with Nuit de Longchamp. 18" x 30". $10 plus tax.

FRENCH FLANELLE
BY LUBIN.

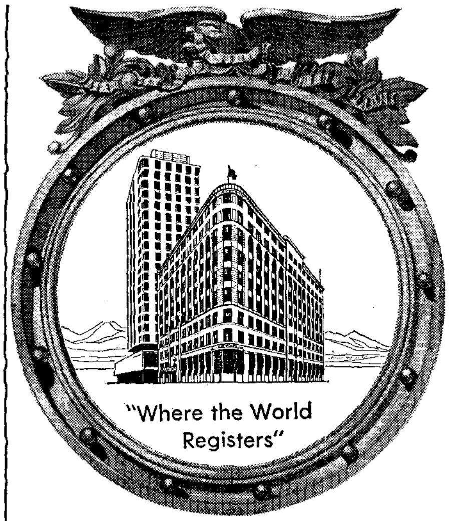
flanelle parfumée LUBIN flanelle parfumée

Sold at perfume counters of the world's greatest stores such as Bonwit Teller, I. Magnin and Neiman-Marcus.

ple of his house, slipping in and out without being noticed; like a little dog, she would step hastily and quietly along in the curved shadow of the wall, slip out through the doorway, and be gone. If she met someone on her way, she might give him a greeting, a wan smile. She might come back in the evening, and she might not. While we were there, she vanished for three weeks almost unnoticed. Rengen had overheard her telling her daughter she was off to visit someone in her family. Otherwise, Lopore would not have known.

Hearing of Ngira's good fortune, part of her family had also come to live with Lopore. They built a rather shoddy dwelling outside the wall of Ngira's court and demanded many things from Lopore. He usually refused what they asked. The family consisted of Ngira's widowed sister, the widowed sister's married daughters and their children, and the widowed sister's son Sokot, the titular head of the family, who dressed himself in a ragged, frayed coat and a pair of shorts, and who was not above visiting Lopore's dwelling in the middle of the day, when no one was there, to help himself to something. He once stole money from Torori—money that Torori had earned by working on the roads and had planned to give to Lopore in order to please him. Torori had difficulty believing that his own cousin would wrong him so deeply. But it was in their treatment of Ngira's mother that the harshness of her family showed most plainly. Though Ngira had courts and houses, though her widowed sister and her sister's daughters all had courts and houses, no one had built anything for the old woman, who was blind, except a wretched open hut against the dwelling wall, like a garden shelter, of four posts and a flat sod roof that absorbed rain. The old woman used her clothing as curtains between the posts, and wore only a filthy rag for an apron. Ngira's sister had taken the old woman's jewelry, since it was just a question of time before the old woman would die. I used to wonder what sort of mother she had been to her children, to reap such treatment from them. She may have been harsh, like Ngira's widowed sister. She may have been remote, like Ngira.

The first time I visited the old woman, I found her squatting in her hut. Her bones seemed covered only with her dry skin, which was covered, in turn, with sores and gray ashes, for nobody had troubled to clean her fireplace in many days. Everything in the hut—the curtains, the floor, the few



THE
Brown Palace
HOTEL
DENVER, COLORADO

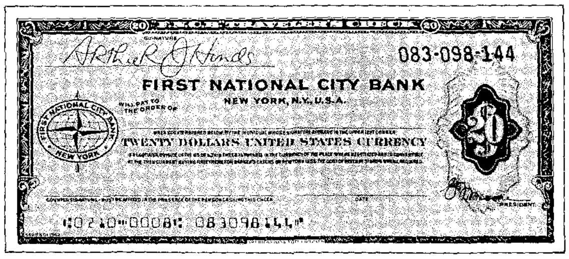
The Brown Palace, located in Denver, the climate capital of America, has been noted for its hospitality for over 70 years. On main travel routes of planes and trains, it is the gateway to a vast scenic and vacation area. Come for a day or an extended stay.

To expedite your reply, write Dept. NY

Member
DISTINGUISHED HOTELS
A network of America's great independent hotels
KARL MEHLMANN, General Manager
Represented by
ROBERT F. WARNER, New York City
GLENN W. FAWCETT, Los Angeles

NEW, FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER! Fashionable Mingei-Ya denim apron now a set for ladies of the household. Comfortable, ideal for kitchen, garden, crafts. Lime, pink, orange, turquoise, blue, red solid colors. Blue, orange or red ticking stripes. Blue/green, pink/orange, or rainbow stripes. Red or blue bandana cloth. $11.50/set; $6.50 adult (one adj. size); $5.50 child (S,M,L), all ppd. Mingei-Ya, 2033 Union Street, San Francisco, California.

Where can you buy travelers checks backed by the "on-the-spot" refund system second to none?



083-098-144

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

NEW YORK, N.Y., U.S.A.

WILL PAY TO THE ORDER OF

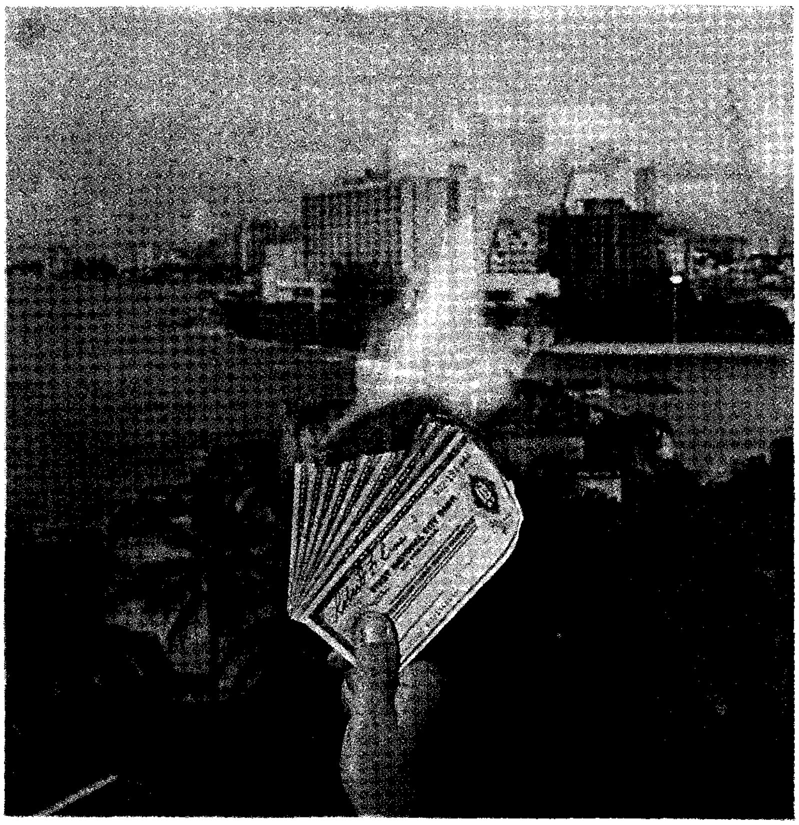
TWENTY DOLLARS UNITED STATES CURRENCY

DATE

PRESIDENT

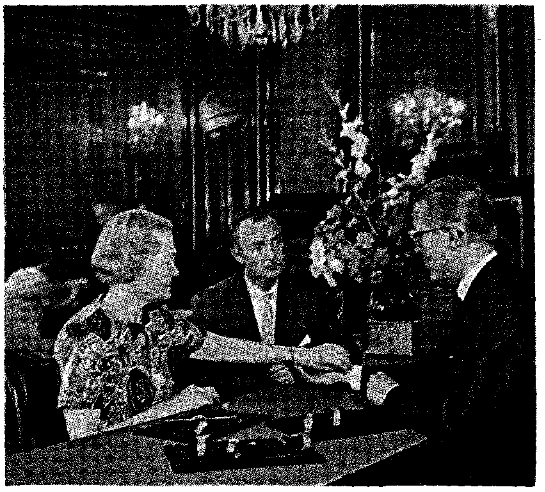
First National City Travelers Checks are available at thousands of banks throughout the United States and all the world.

Wherever you live or travel, you can be sure of the extra safety provided by First National City Travelers Checks. Actual tests, made 'round the world, show their *ready availability...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability.* In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points...and principal hotels there can direct you to the nearest one. First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.



Test No. 1—Refundability—in San Juan

Robert F. Cina of Brooklyn, N. Y., honeymooning in Puerto Rico, made this test by burning $250 in First National City Travelers Checks. Directed by his hotel to the nearest of First National City's 11 Puerto Rican branches, he received a full, on-the-spot refund.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Geneva

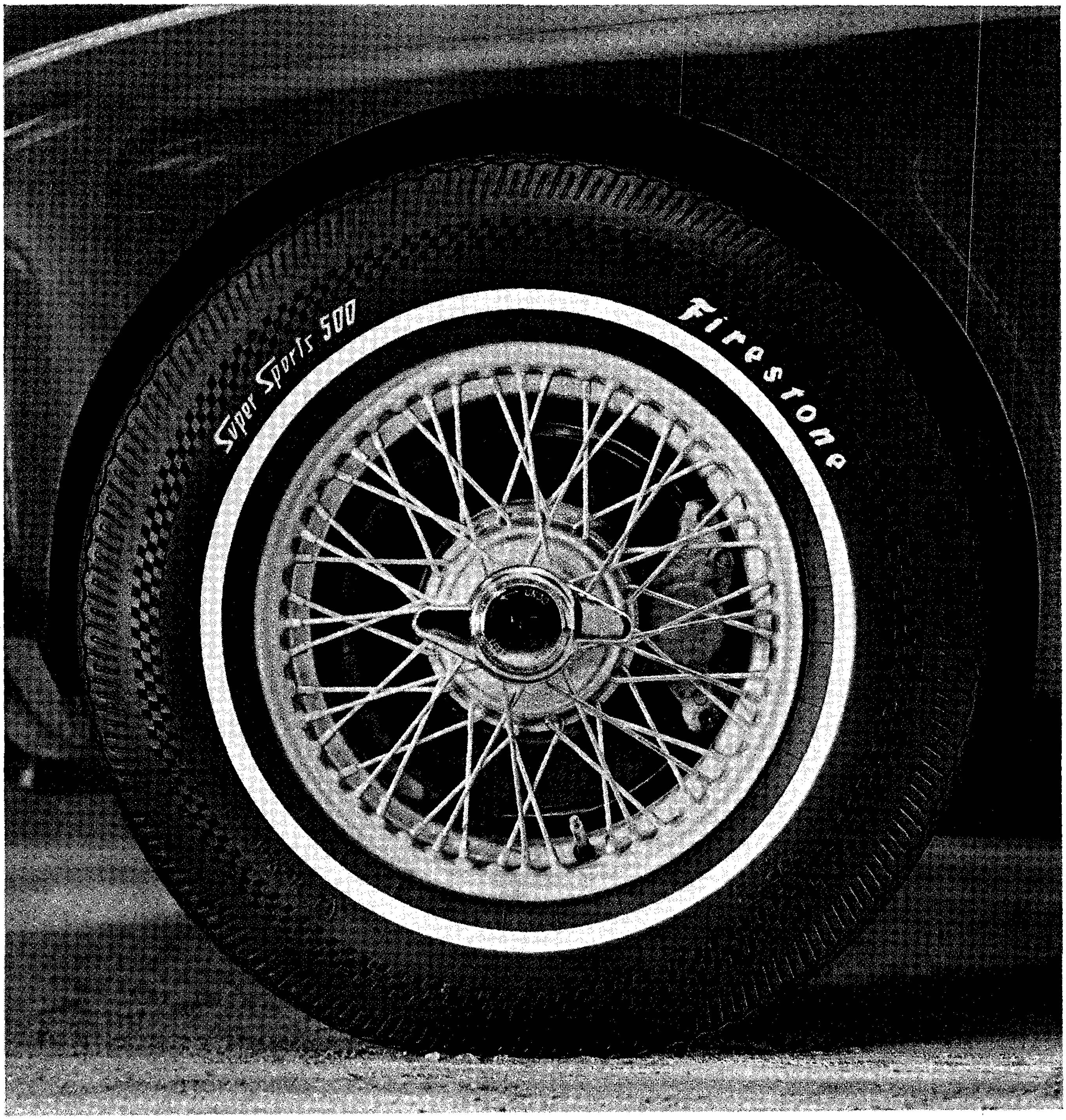
American businessman Robert L. McEwen and his wife are shown shopping at Switzerland's famous Patek Philippe. They found First National City Travelers Checks good here as everywhere.

Test No. 3—Availability—in Amsterdam

In just minutes, Mr. & Mrs. F. A. Boom of Amsterdam, bought their First National City Travelers Checks at the Amsterdamsche Bank. They're easy to buy at banks all around the world.

First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money®" wherever you go!

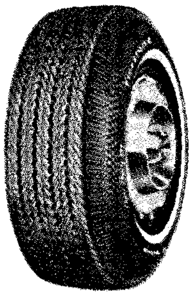
Official Travelers Check New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



MEET OUR 125-M.P.H. TIRE

(MANY 60-M.P.H. DRIVERS WILL BUY IT)

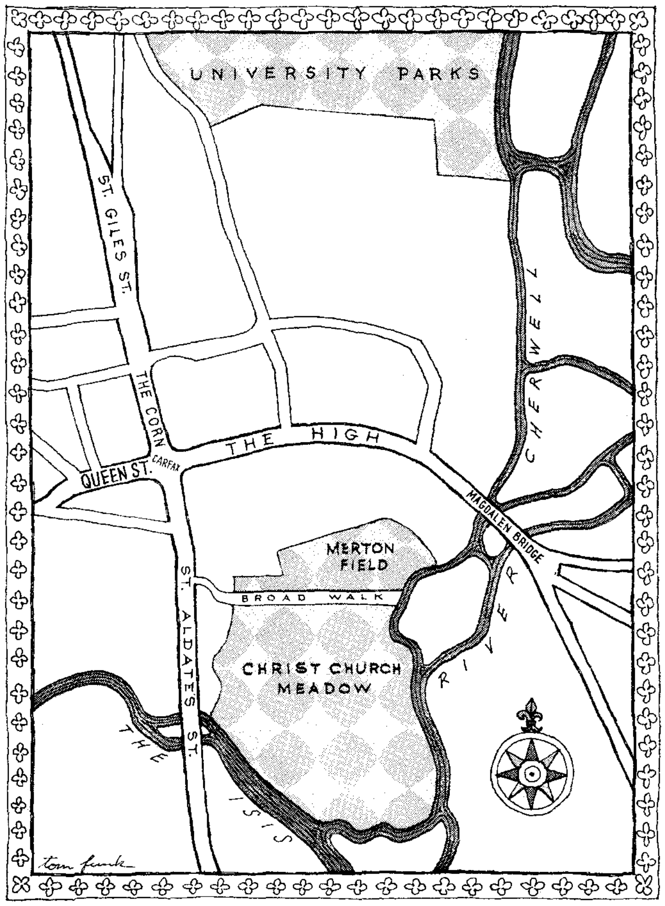
Before bringing out our new Super Sports 500, we put it through every test you could think of. One, for example, was at sustained speeds of 125 mph—24 hours a day, days on end—at our blistering hot Texas test track. Now, you may not want to drive at such speeds, but we wanted to be certain you had an extra margin of safety when you really need it. And, you do. Blowouts? Forget them. This tire has race tire construction that welds the nylon cord body and tread inseparably together. The wrap-around tread gives cat-claw traction, especially on curves. And tie-bars are built right into the tread to take out wavering at high speeds. The tire has our exclusive Sup-R-Tuf rubber, and that means extra miles and months of service. Those are only a few of the facts. For more information, the man to see is the man who sells the Super Sports 500 — at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T.M.



THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS **FROM FIRESTONE**

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE ROAD AND THE MEADOW



TO students of Linguistic Philosophy, a school of thought that has been much in vogue in Oxford since the war, words like "love," "beauty," "life," and "freedom" are known as hurrah words—an allusion to their ability to produce strong but vague emotional responses that conceal or replace our understanding of their real meanings. It might be said that "Oxford" is itself just such a word. To someone who was up at Oxford fifty years ago, for instance, the name of the city probably evokes a sepia-toned image of towers and spires, of lush meadows and gowned undergraduates, of cobbled alleys and broad thoroughfares, of poky old warrens and splendid, upthrusting structures—in short, of a quiet, sequestered haven where, ever since the establishment of the University, in the twelfth century, wisdom has been made available rather than taught, soaked up rather than chased after. There are people, though, whose first reaction to the word "Oxford" would be a good deal less nostalgic. These include quite a few Members of Parliament, numerous students of contemporary urban development, and almost anyone who has attempted to drive through the center of Oxford on a weekday morning, whether he was travelling east and west between London and Gloucester or north and south between Birmingham and Southampton or was simply trying to go from one side of the town to the other. Their response would more likely be a boo than a hurrah—an indication of what they think of a city where traffic chaos makes for difficult shopping, declining trade, angry bus conductors, dangerously impatient drivers, overheated engines, and a mounting fury at the realization that although the noise and exhaust fumes go from bad to worse, nothing constructive is being done about it all. In Oxford nowadays, the feeling is widespread that what the Luftwaffe spared during the war the automobile and a planning vacuum have thoroughly blitzed in the years since.

After contemplating or being trapped in Oxford's traffic snarl, many people living elsewhere in England have come to regard the city as an object lesson in how dreadfully wrong things can go in a community that refuses to try to accommodate itself to the era of the automobile. The people of Oxford, however, maintain that they *have* tried—long and variously, and with sundry forms of outside assistance—and have yet to arrive at a solution to their problem. As long ago as 1927, a scheme was drafted to give Oxford a ring of outer bypasses that would siphon off through traffic before it could enter the city and send it around instead. The sponsors of this program had precedent on their side, for in the first or second century A.D. a somewhat similar scheme was not only drafted but implemented, undoubtedly with dispatch, by the Roman invaders of England, who—perhaps even anticipating Matthew Arnold's thought of Oxford as the home of lost causes—built two roads to enable their troops to bypass the small British settlement that occupied the site. But these are more complicated times, and in England today no one is particularly surprised by the fact that at least one segment of the ring envisioned in the 1927 plan has yet to be completed, partly because in 1932 a group of dons dealt the whole Oxford traffic program a near-mortal blow by making a historic protest against the use of a stretch of land two miles south of the city for part of the bypass system. "The controversy is expected to continue for some time," the London *Morning Post* reported then. The controversy has, in fact, continued ever since—outliving the *Post*, achieving a degree of complexity comparable to that of the balance-of-payments problem, and stirring up the entire community to such heights of acrimony that, according to students of local history, there hasn't been a more bitter disagreement between Town and Gown since the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when from time to time natives of the city set fire to college halls and lynched undergraduates and, in the words of the University handbook, "the lanes around St. Mary's ran with blood." The present battle, moreover, has not simply been waged along the clear-cut lines of Town vs. Gown but has also shattered the internal unity of the Gown forces, with viciously fratricidal consequences. College has warred with college, and, within the embittered colleges themselves, don with don. Lifelong friendships, and even bridge foursomes, have dissolved. Indeed, to someone returning to Oxford after a long absence, as I did some months ago, it is likely to seem a miracle that, under the strain of the acrimonious dialogue, the University hasn't drunk deep, in the best Socratic manner, of the hemlock it has so resolutely set before itself.

THE Romans withdrew from England in the fifth century, leaving their bypass around the Oxford settlement at the disposal of anyone who wanted to use it. In those days, most travellers were more interested in reaching towns than in hurrying past them, and over the next seven hundred years this became particularly true in reference to Oxford, which was gradually taking shape as a trading,

How to enjoy yourself abroad without really trying

Cook's Independent Pre-arranged Travel is prepared for you—or for your family—according to your own ideas. All reservations are confirmed in advance.

Why spend good money to go abroad, then waste precious hours over there in ticket offices, in wiring for hotels, budgeting in local currencies, arranging sightseeing—or worse, revising all your fine plans because last-minute accommodations are just not available?

It doesn't make sense, especially when Cook's can look after everything before you leave home. Start when you like, go where you wish, stay as long as you desire, travel deluxe or modestly. Cook's arranges it all!

Just get in touch with your nearest Cook's office or agent who represents Cook's. Tell them what you have in mind. They'll consult with you, give you the benefit of their experience, draw up a suggested plan, and tell you what it will cost.

At each major city, Cook's man will be on hand to meet you. He'll greet you (in English) and arrange for you to get to your hotel, where you'll be an expected and welcome guest. Your transportation reservations are all confirmed. Your sightseeing is ready. And everything is all paid for before you leave.

This isn't a plan for first-timers only, though it's helpful to them, too. It is used over and over by the world's most sophisticated travelers. They know how to avoid the petty annoyances that waste the time and ruffle the tempers of those who are less fore-sighted. They know how to enjoy every minute of their trip abroad—without really trying.

Easy-going, effortless, delightful way to travel? Of course. We call it the *Independent Travel System;* it was originated by us many years ago. It's the ideal way to see the best of everywhere—with nothing to do but enjoy yourself.

Hadn't you better get in touch with Cook's or their agent about *your* trip—while reservations are still available?

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y., MU 8-4000

COOK'S

religious, and educational center. Toward it, in ever-increasing numbers, pilgrims, scholars, and wagonloads of goods made their way over roads that wove in as best they could from every direction to link up with its four principal streets—Cornmarket (the Corn), leading in from the north; the High, leading in from the east; St. Aldate's, leading in from the south; and Queen Street, leading in from the west—which all met at Carfax, in the center of the city. Starting in the twelfth century, Oxford's oldest colleges grew up on either side of the High, between parkland to the north and meadowland to the south, among them being Magdalen, Queen's, All Souls, University, and New College, which were right on the High or very near it, and Christ Church, Corpus Christi, and Merton, which bordered on the meadowland. This compact medieval university city pretty much retained its shape until the Victorian period; then, with the dons, who previously had been required to remain single, for the first time getting married and having large Victorian families, it started to spread northward. Architectural purists consider it tragic that the dons didn't break through the barrier of celibacy a little earlier, for if they had done so North Oxford would now be full of fine Georgian houses instead of Victorian mansions. In the eyes of most people, however, the real tragedy came somewhat later—in the nineteen-twenties, when William Richard Morris, destined to become Lord Nuffield, decided to set himself up as England's answer to Henry Ford and chose his native village of Cowley, just east of Oxford across the River Cherwell, as his Dearborn. The result is that Cowley—grown from village to suburb to urban sprawl, and finally made part of its once much larger neighbor—is now home to better than sixty per cent of Oxford's citizens (there are a hundred and six thousand of them, nearly three times as many as there were half a century ago), although a majority of Cowley's working population is employed not in the Nuffield plant but in stores and offices on the other side of the Cherwell. Almost everybody else in Cowley has occasion to cross the Cherwell several times a week, since all of Oxford's shops and places of entertainment are situated in the old city, and so is its railway station, which was put up during the nineteenth century on the western outskirts.

Things would undoubtedly be bad enough even if there were more than one way of entering the old city from

Chipp
Clothiers Furnishers

SUMMER DINNER JACKETS
. . . in lightweight fabrics complemented by our colored dinner shirts will highlight your summer dress occasions.

DINNER JACKETS	
Oxford weave Arnel®/Rayon (gold, rust, sky blue)	**$45.00**
Seersucker stripes, Dacron®/Cotton (grey on white)	**45.00**
DINNER TROUSERS	
Black 9-oz. Dacron®/Wool	**25.00**
DINNER SHIRTS	
Pleated Front Silk (natural sand)	**18.50**
Pleated Front Broadcloth (blue, pink, yellow, white)	**12.50**

Add 75¢ for postage
Mail orders accepted No C. O. D.'s

14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

Julius Monk's brand new, all new musical revue

Bits & Pieces XIV

"See it...You'll be happy-happy"
—Esterow, Times

with GERRY MATTHEWS
JAMIE ROSS BARBARA CASON NAGLE JACKSON
Nightly (except Sunday) at 9 P.M. and 11:30 P.M.
Reservations: PLaza 9-3933

PLAZA 9-
at The Plaza

The key to a wonderful spring holiday is the Dennis in Atlantic City

NEW MOTEL • INDOOR POOL • FINE FOOD

On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.

RESERVATIONS:
phone Atlantic City
609-344-8111

New York Tie Line
WAlker 5-3970

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

All I said was Qantas.

Look what happens when they find out you flew to Rome on Qantas. You're a visiting celebrity—and the city is yours. You're a Qantas passenger, experienced, knowing, full of life. And you have been pampered royally from the moment you boarded your Qantas V-Jet, thousands of miles ago. You have flown with the world's most interesting passengers—people who share your zest for living. Thus it is everywhere: Qantas passengers are special people—and they receive special treatment. Next trip, do as the Romans do: call your travel agent or Qantas.

Either way around the world. Every day from San Francisco.
First flight of the day from New York to London.
Offices: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Dallas, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu.
(BOAC General Sales Agent in major cities.)

QANTAS
Australia's round-the-world airline

There is only one Arnel.
It keeps this golfer smooth!

Play 18. Toss into the machine; easy to iron. Evan Picone's "Golf Piconery" pant-skirt and jacket in Concord's denim of Arnel triacetate and cotton. Light blue, sand brown, orange and yellow. 8-18. Jacket, about $15; skirt, about $11; matching seersucker blouse, about $8. At Stern's, N.Y.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleve.; Stewart's, Balto.

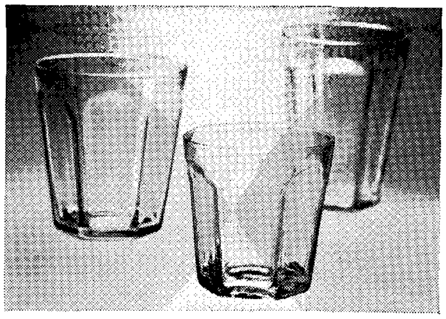
Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

the east, but there isn't. All the roads leading to the city from that direction, including those from Cowley and the main highway from London, merge to cross the Cherwell over a single span—Magdalen Bridge—and from there traffic proceeds along the High to Carfax. Save for tarmac and traffic lights, Oxford's four main streets are as they were when pilgrims walked into the city centuries ago. In consequence, the High is daily choked with long streams of stalled and staggering traffic: double-decker local buses that, having long since given up trying to keep to schedule, travel, New York style, in bunches; local cars, provision trucks, mail vans, builders' lorries, motorcycles, and motor scooters; intercity buses and long-distance tourist coaches; and here and there leviathanlike vehicles hauling engine-room machinery for ships in southern ports. Darting this way and that through the immobilized processions are thousands of bicycles, many of them ridden, in termtime, by undergraduates headed for sherry parties or for lectures on the collapse of the Roman Empire. These cyclists make life extremely dangerous for the pedestrian who is stumbling along the outer edge of the narrow, overcrowded sidewalk or trying to zigzag through the jammed traffic to the other side of the street. So fearsome is the scene that it has provided the inspiration for a now nearly traditional jingle used by English schoolchildren as a Latin mnemonic:

What is it that roareth thus?
Can it be a Motor Bus?
Yes, the smell and hideous hum
Indicat Motorem Bum!
Implet in the Corn and High
Terror me Motoris Bi:
Bo Motori Clamitabo
Ne Motore caedar a Bo—
Dative be or Ablative,
So thou only let us live.

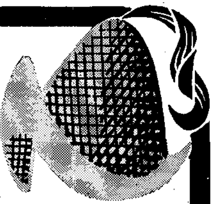
Oxford's road dispute has given rise to a form of strife in which sides change, battle standards are flown upside down, and the ground shifts, both figuratively and literally. The struggle has moved from the outer bypasses to a proposed internal-relief road, or roads—principally one that, crossing the Cherwell at a point south of Magdalen Bridge, and more or less paralleling the High over a wide stretch of open ground, would relieve both of these facilities by providing Cowley with an alternate access to the old city. It would all seem simple enough if it were not that most of this "open ground" happens to be Christ Church Meadow, a sixty-six-acre tract of unspoiled countryside that was given to the college whose name it bears in



ANTIQUE
JELLY GLASSES

Late in the last century, great-grandmother Bryce asked the factory to produce glasses like these for her own use in putting up jellies and jams. Now they have been resurrected, much to the delight of those who treasure fine crystal of ancient lineage. You may buy Bryce's Antique Jelly Glasses in the highball and single or double old-fashioned shapes shown above in ruby, deep blue, amber or clear crystal. Look for them at your favorite fine glassware department or write to Bryce for the name of the dealer nearest you.

Bryce Brothers Company
MT. PLEASANT, PENNSYLVANIA
Fine Hand-Blown, Hand-Cut, Lead Crystal Since 1841



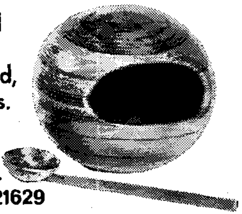
Ponce DeLeon should have seen our fountain

In the Spanish Court at Hotel Hershey we have our own fountain of youth. Our guests discover a new world of carefree pleasure where worries slip away. Feel younger, fast! Visit our fountain; golf courses; pool; riding trails; tennis courts and woodland paths. ■ Lovely accommodations, completely air-conditioned. For the entire family—it's INCOMPARABLE.

Hotel Hershey
Hershey, Pennsylvania
Represented by ROBT. F. WARNER, INC.
New York: JU 6-4500 • Wash., D.C.: RE 7-2642
Chicago: RA 6-0624 • Boston: LA 3-4497

SK Teak
hand-fashioned in Sweden

Nut Caves to Salad Bowls. Handcrafted limited editions. Solid, carefree. Fine shops.
catalog—10¢



THE HOLDINGS Inc.
- R.D. 1, Denton, Md. 21629

IF YOU WANT ONE WRITE AND WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT IT IS

WE ARE going to describe something to you here. If it is what you have been looking for, write us through the party below and we'll tell you where you can see one, try one, and buy one. We won't, however, mention its name anywhere in this ad.

The reason is this: if we told you its name you'd think about that. We'd rather you thought about yourself and what you want.

We suppose we have got to say that it is a motor car. Now let's see whether it suits you:

1. It has four doors and they go *chunk*. So do the hood and the trunk.

2. It is beautifully designed to please humans, not sales-curves. Therefore it is tall enough so that a woman may step in and out gracefully, and a man may wear an opera hat if he so chooses.

3. Its soft leather seating is extraordinarily comfortable and its interior thoughtful, opulent, and capacious. Interior trim is done in walnut. Floors are covered in deep pile carpeting.

4. However, it is not unduly lengthy on the outside; no longer than it need be, in fact. Nor does its styling change. While this makes for a certain lack of gaudiness (scarcely a head will ever swivel save those of fine car buffs), it also makes for easy handling and parking.

5. On the road the ________ is as responsive as your own breathing, and requires as little conscious effort. However, it will tend to find its own cruising speed at about 78.6 MPH, so you may have to restrain it to avoid arrest.

6. It is superbly balanced. Of its power assisted brakes one automotive authority says, "It is like encountering a wall of dough; even at 110."

7. The motor is so soundless that even after years you will try to re-start it when it is running. At first you will try it at every stop light.

8. We should say "especially after years." Although the ________'s motor will seem to function faultlessly from the start, it is in fact thoroughly broken in after perhaps 47,000 miles.

9. The ________ could easily last you 15 years. With reasonable care, longer.

10. The finish on every fitting, whether visible or not, is *finished*. (The ancient Greeks used to do this too; they'd meticulously sculpt the unseen side of a frieze because the gods would know. With us it's inspection engineers—one to every three workmen, a ratio unequalled.)

11. If you are one who clings to the traditional you will be comforted to know that the ________ is possibly the only car that still comes equipped with a crank and a chromium slot to fit it into. The reason for this automotive equivalent of belt and suspenders is quite simple: our engineers want to be perfectly sure batteries are here to stay before they do anything rash.

12. If you, too, are one who is so pernickety about the ________ as to trust absolutely no one else, there is a fitted case which slides from under the dash and contains a variety of adjustment tools and touch-up paint. Heavy tools are fitted in the trunk.

13. The ________ equipped with power steering, automatic transmission, and much else sells for $5495*.

14. If you are going to Europe anyway, you may order a ________ in your home town and pick it up in England, say, for $4187; thus saving $1308 for yourself.

15. A chauffeur's partition may be had for $336 more. Not many people have chauffeurs, but some of you may have children.

16. Now, do you wish to know what it is and so forth? You may use the coupon below. The addressee has assured us that she will forward your request immediately, so you should be hearing from us very soon.

- -

Dear Mrs. Occupant, 451 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco:

I should very much like to know what it is, where I can see it and drive it, and to receive a free four-color brochure that tells more about it.

Yours faithfully,

Name________________________________

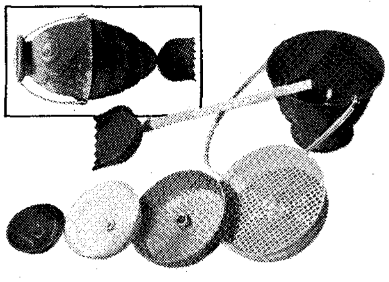
Address______________________________

City____________________State____________

---

*Manufacturer's recommended retail price.

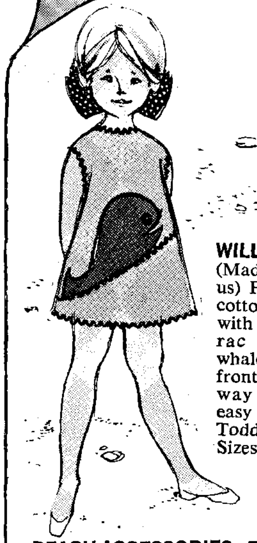
©1965, Occupant, 451 Pacific Avenue, San Francisco.



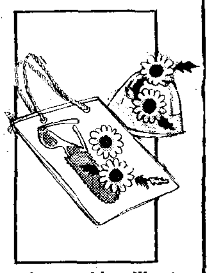
FISH MOLD SAND SET (Import) A brand new beach set of most unusual design. The "fish" breaks down into a pail, a sieve, three sand molds, and a shovel. Of durable plastic in brilliant colors. When assembled in fish shape, over 12" long. **2.75**

WILBUR THE WHALE Always ready for a romp in the waves, Wilbur has a shiny black vinyl body that is 39" long. A wood hand hold extends on each side of his head to help his riders stay aboard but Wilbur usually tosses them playfully into the drink, anyway. **3.95**

TOYS AND TOGS



WILLIE THE WHALE (Made exclusively for us) Play Dress in blue cotton denim trimmed with darker blue ric rac braid, huge red whale is appliqued on front, buttons all the way down back for easy wearing.
Toddler Sizes 2-4, **8.00**
Sizes 3 to 6X, **9.00**



BEACH ACCESSORIES (Exclusive with us)—Gob Hat and Bag Set—Made in white cotton twill trimmed with large Felt Black-Eyed Susans, a green felt pocket holds white rimmed sun glasses with hand painted flowers to match. For Girls 3 to 6 or Girls 7 to 14, 3 piece Set, **6.00** *(State age of child when ordering.)*

(Include 35¢ per item for postage and handling.)

F.A.O.
SCHWARZ
CHILDREN'S WORLD
Fifth Ave. & 58th St., New York / 40 Newbury St., Boston
The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

the fourteenth century by Lady Elizabeth Montagu, mother of the first Earl of Salisbury, and that is now looked upon by some of the disputants as, in the words of one of them, "a disproportionate amount of grass" and by others as the last peaceful spot in the city—the one place where people can stroll to see Oxford as it was centuries ago. Among the many and varied disputants have been such routinely disputant bodies as the Oxford City Council, one of whose members summed up the feeling of its Labourite majority when he said, "Put the thing slap through their bloody Meadow and let them lump it," and the British House of Lords, most of whose venerable and spasmodically articulate peers have viewed the City Council as perhaps the blackest set of culprits in the whole affair. Two other groups have at least come close to making history by cracking open the University's customary façade of unanimous procrastination—the Meadow colleges (Christ Church, Corpus Christi, and Merton) and, ranged against them, the High colleges (Queen's, All Souls, University, New College, and, sometimes, Magdalen).

To unearth an intra-University row such as these two sets of antagonists have precipitated, one would have to go back to the period a half century and more ago when the burning question at Oxford was whether or not women should be allowed to take degrees. It has been suggested by the Meadow colleges that the High needs traffic to fulfill its function; it has been more than hinted by the High colleges, which would like the traffic moved elsewhere, that the Meadow would be improved by a road. In the course of the bickering, All Souls has appeared to be the leader of an anti-Christ Church faction, which has been swelled, perhaps, by a long-standing impression in some parts of the University that Christ Church is too rich and too snobbish. The Meadow colleges, for their part, have found support in a general resentment among the so-called teaching colleges against All Souls, which, as a strictly graduate institution, does not burden its Fellows with the task of instructing undergraduates. Meanwhile, in Parliament, in various offices in Whitehall, and in the national press, the Oxford Roads Affair has been characterized, on the one hand, as a crusade for individualism in an era of centralized bureaucracy and, on the other, as a struggle between sanity in the loftier regions of government and the near anarchy of individualistic local rule. It

"...félicitations"
GASTON DE LAGRANGE
V.S.O.P. V.S.O.P.
COGNAC
Fine Champagne

CELEBRATED AMONG CONNOISSEURS FOR GENERATIONS

COGNAC GASTON DE LAGRANGE

84 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO., INC. NEW YORK

If you're house hunting in the Chicago area, see

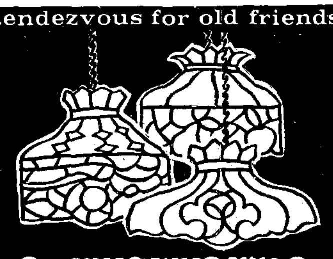
Inverness

where every home has a heritage

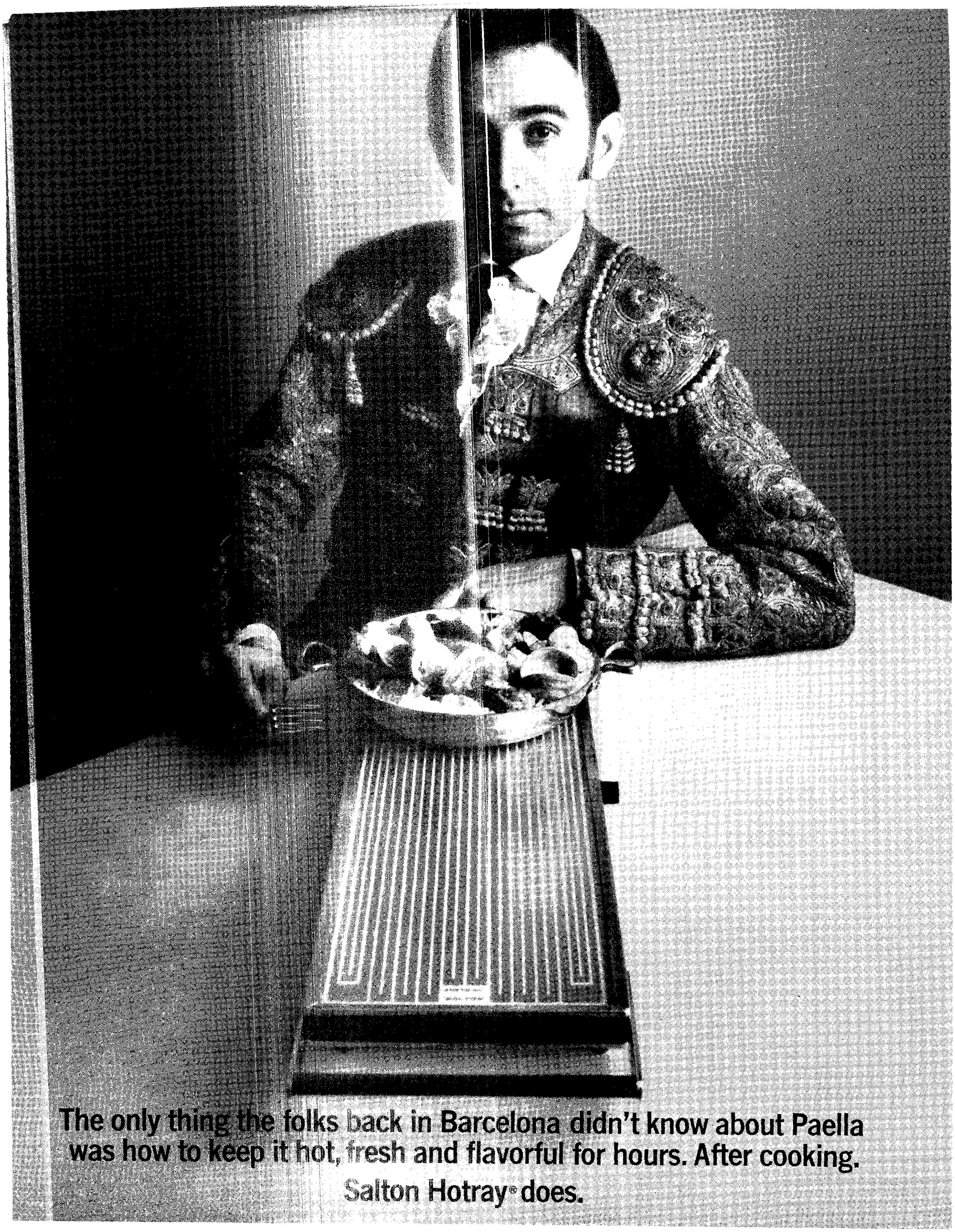
All the amenities of country living, yet only 35 minutes from Chicago's Loop. 1,700 acres of gently-rolling hills, century-old trees, magnificent views. No two homes alike. Private Country Club, children's recreational facilities. Homes from $40,000, homesites from $10,000. Minimum size, one acre. Write for free, illustrated brochure.

Arthur T. McIntosh & Co.
Developing Chicagoland since 1907
105 West Madison Street • Chicago
Phone: FRanklin 2-2040

Rendezvous for old friends



O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000


The only thing the folks back in Barcelona didn't know about Paella was how to keep it hot, fresh and flavorful for hours. After cooking.
Salton Hotray® does.

Salton Hotray has the "New-World" recipe for keeping hot food hot. Radiant heat. Thermostatically controlled. Result? Hot food that isn't overcooked or dried out. Unlike a range or oven, Salton Hotray brings the heat to where the food is, the table. Salton Hotray gives you time. To prepare food in advance. To enjoy your family, your guests and your own delicious Paella.

SHOWN, "FIESTA," $19.95. HOTRAY MODELS FROM $5.95 TO $59.50. FOR CATALOGUE AND GOURMET RECIPE BOOKLET, WRITE TO SALTON, INC., 511C EAST 72 ST., NEW YORK 21. AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES IN U.S.A. AND CANADA. HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER, NEW YORK; WOODWARD & LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.; CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT & CO., CHICAGO; THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO; BULLOCK'S, SOUTHERN CALIF.

Salton Hotray

HOTRAY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND INDICATES THAT SALTON INC., IS THE SOLE MANUFACTURER.

Briefly beguiling, a Blendaire® Batiste button front sleep coat . . . sweetly treated to rosebud embroidery, tucking and imported nylon Val lace. "Amy" in white, petal, aqua and yellow. $6.00

Barbizon

For the nearest store, write Barbizon, 475 Fifth Ave., New York 10017

has made the front pages and the editorial columns of most of the serious and half-serious newspapers in England. In a country with a traditional, uncodified form of government, it has, perhaps, led people who didn't believe in the Establishment to change their minds when they heard of letters and telephone calls flying back and forth between the University and the powers in Westminster and Whitehall, and it has led people who *did* believe in the Establishment to change their minds, especially a few years ago when it became clear that although Prime Minister Harold Macmillan had many Christ Church men in his Cabinet, he wasn't going out of his way to help the cause of the Meadow colleges. (Mr. Macmillan's own college was Balliol, which, being some distance from both the High and the Meadow, was not closely associated with either of the adversaries. Macmillan's successor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, although a Christ Church man, followed a hands-off policy, as has Harold Wilson, a Jesus College man.) Oxford being the place it is, all this has been played out as if in the spotlight of history—an attitude exemplified by the Meadow colleges, which have urged on their troops by citing the resistance offered (one would think not long ago) by the dons of Magdalen to James II's attempts to Romanize the University.

Christ Church Meadow, the ultimate exemplar of the hurrah-word mystique, lies four hundred yards south of the turmoil of the High. It is bounded on the north by the Broad Walk, lined with stately but decaying elms, which separates it from Christ Church, Corpus Christi, Merton, and the stretch of sward called Merton Field. On the west are the Memorial Gardens, dedicated to Oxford war dead, and scattered farm buildings, while along the eastern side the River Cherwell wanders under overhanging branches to join the main stretch of the Thames, or the Isis, as it is known where it flows through Oxford. The Isis, lined with the barges and boathouses that serve as headquarters for the college rowing clubs, marks the Meadow's southern border. One warm evening during my latest stay in the city, I took a walk through the Meadow. Not many people were about—only a pair of families picnicking, two young couples listening to progressive rock on a transistor radio as they sat in a punt on the Cherwell, and, though it was vacationtime, a few undergraduates strolling along, heads bent, in solitary thought. A dozen cows, having grazed to satiety on

Chief say,
pioneer go home
Leave CHAR-BROIL® portable pit.
It swell. Smoker hood ideal to signal tribe when soup's on. This CAST IRON wagon char-broils, spit-cooks, shish-ka-bobs, roasts, and barbeques buffalo better than anything in the village. For a free cook book and the name of your nearest dealer write:
COLUMBUS IRON WORKS CO.
Box 1240, Columbus, Georgia

What's the Plural of
PALAZZO?
Whatever it is, we've got 'em — all over Europe and the Caribbean . . . not to mention villas, casas, chateaux, apartamenti, manors and whole flotillas of yachts.
Choose from our wide selection of holiday accommodations. All properties — from economy to deluxe — enjoy daily maid service. Yachts are complete with captain and crew.
Early reservations are suggested, so send now for our free brochure which features 100 typical selections. You'll have it by return mail.
ivy (International Villas and Yachts)
Dept. 105A, 28 Church Street,
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138
or see your travel agent.

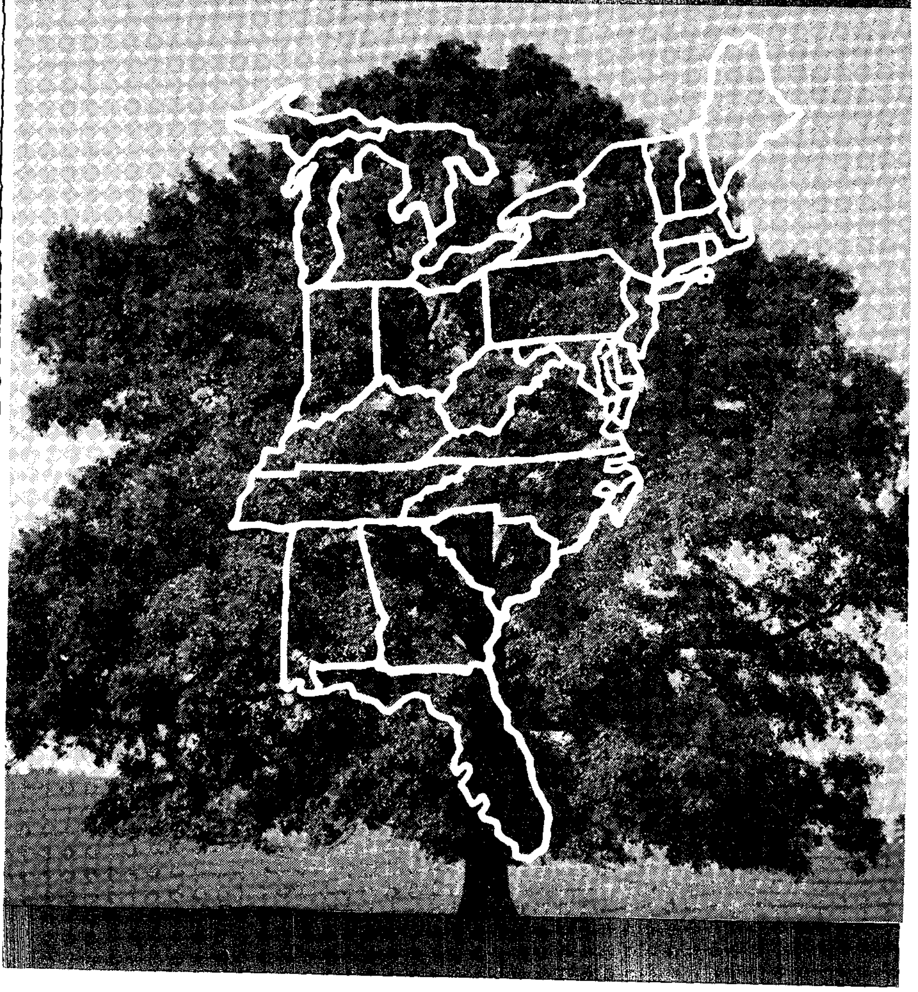
EUROPE BY CAR
PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE
VOLKSWAGEN HILLMAN
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG, ETC.
EUROPE BY CAR
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S) ____________
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____ NE-8

the lush grass at their feet, stood in the long shadow of a small clump of trees. Having reached the river walk along the Isis, I turned and looked at the far prospect of colleges, the soft gray of their stone made even softer by the misty English air. From where I stood, the roar of traffic on the High was a barely perceptible hum. The Meadow has often been extravagantly written about, but never, I believe, have its qualities been caught as precisely as in this passage from "Zuleika Dobson," by Sir Max Beerbohm, a onetime scholar at Merton:

> Over [the meadows] was the usual coverlet of white vapour, trailed from the Isis right up to Merton Wall. The scent of these meadows' moisture is the scent of Oxford. Even in hottest noon, one feels that the sun has not dried *them*. Always there is moisture drifting across them, drifting into the Colleges. It, one suspects, must have had much to do with the evocation of what is called the Oxford spirit—that gentlest spirit, so lingering and searching, so dear to them who as youths were brought into ken of it, so exasperating to them who were not. Yes, certainly, it is this mild, miasmal air, not less than the grey beauty and gravity of the buildings, that has helped Oxford to produce, and foster eternally, her peculiar race of artist-scholars, scholar-artists. . . . It is on him who stays to spend his maturity here that the spirit will in its fullness gradually descend. The buildings and their traditions keep astir in his mind whatsoever is gracious; the climate, enfolding and enfeebling him, lulling him, keeps him careless of the sharp, harsh, exigent realities of the outer world. Careless? Not utterly. These realities may be seen by him. He may study them, be amused or touched by them. But they cannot fire him. Oxford is too damp for that. . . . Oxford, that lotus-land, saps the will-power, the power of

NELSON ANTIQUES
R. MacM

Tree service is truly expert only when there is a scientific understanding of local conditions...



Insects, diseases and conditions vary from one locality to another requiring local knowledge as well as modern techniques for successful tree care. That is why your Bartlett representative is not only a local expert familiar with the problems of your area but a trained technician backed by the research of the Bartlett Tree Research Laboratories. It is this combination of local knowledge and scientific approach that makes Bartlett service unique.

We invite you to find out more about our scientific approach to regional conditions. A phone call to your local Bartlett representative is all it takes to discover how much more scientific care can do for your valuable trees.

BARTLETT TREE EXPERTS

Home Office, 2770 Summer Street, Stamford, Conn.
Research Laboratories and Experimental Grounds, North Stamford, Conn.
Local Offices from Maine to Florida and west to Illinois and Alabama.

so dry, it calls for a drink.

Cora makes the driest Martinis (or Gibsons) in the world. Manhattans? Cora Sweet is the ultimate in Manhattans. As an aperitif or on-the-rocks? Try Cora Bianco sweet white.

IMPORTED
VERY DRY
SPECIAL WHITE
CORA
VERY DRY VERMOUTH
G. & L. FRATELLI CORA
TORINO ITALIA
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN ITALY
Thompson Cellars Company
LOUISVILLE, KY.

CORA VERMOUTH
Sole Importers: Thompson Cellars Co.,
Louisville, Ky. ©1965

action. But, in doing so, it clarifies the mind, makes larger the vision, gives, above all, that playful and caressing suavity of manner that comes of a conviction that nothing matters, except ideas, and that not even ideas are worth dying for, inasmuch as the ghosts of them slain seem worthy of yet more piously elaborate homage than can be given to them in their hey-day.

As I left the Meadow, fully imbued with the curious sense of time that Sir Max describes, I encountered an old don who was a Fellow of the college I had belonged to ten years earlier. He nodded to me as familiarly as if he had seen me the day before, and walked on.

To anyone who grants the continuing truth of what Sir Max had to say about Oxford's detachment from the everyday world, it may seem paradoxical that the dons have been fired up, despite the miasmal dampness, by so prosaic a thing as a road. It may, at least, unless one sees roads as representing everything in modern life that threatens the playful and caressing suavity of manner and the preoccupation with ideas that make Oxford what it is. Once this is understood, it may appear only logical that the dons should have been sitting up very late to bandy, at stormy senior-common-room sessions, terms like "inner-ring roads," "roundabouts," and "four-lane fly-overs," quite often with little agreement on their precise meanings. A don at Balliol put it to me rather more strongly. "During the nineteenth century, the University went through a period of Hellenization, from which it has never recovered," he said. "In the last analysis, the Greeks believed that gentlemen shouldn't work, and in Oxford this attitude still stands—dons shouldn't have to bother about practical matters like roads and traffic. Accordingly, though they have bothered about them, they haven't bothered about them intelligently. They haven't a clue about the technical terms they find themselves using."

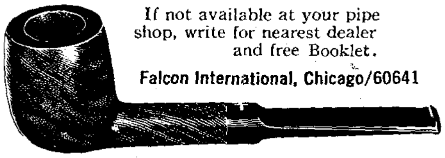
TALK of a road through the Meadow was first heard in Oxford in 1941, when Army vehicles began to crowd one another down the High. Nothing came of it, but four years later a detailed proposal for such a road appeared in a report, later published under the title "Oxford Replanned," by Dr. Thomas Sharp, an architect and a consultant to the Oxford City Council, which subsidized the work. While the book was generally well received as a brilliant vision of a totally reinvigorated city, free at last of slums, it called for an internal-relief

INDIA MADRAS BLAZERS

New lightness for this classic favorite made exclusively for The Arthur M. Rosenberg Company in a richly colored, solid navy blue handwoven India Madras, styled with 3/16" welt seams and patch and flap pockets and brass buttons. Also available in Madder Red. $47.50
Mail Orders: Parcel Post Charge—75¢
Travel Exhibits in Major Cities. Dates on Request.
Detroit—Sheraton Cadillac—May 10–11
Cincinnati—Netherland Hilton—May 12–13
Dayton—Van Cleve—May 14–15
NEW HAVEN'S FINEST CUSTOM LABEL SINCE 1898
THE Arthur M. Rosenberg CO.
TAILORS–FURNISHERS
Shop in the comfort of exclusive club atmosphere.
IN NEW YORK: 16 EAST 52ND ST.; 3RD FLOOR
IN NEW HAVEN: 268 YORK STREET

Who, but the English, could make a Barling

Since 1812—the first name in London made pipes. Hewn from the heart of the bruyere root, then shaped and polished by the unhurried hands of the Barling Craftsmen.



If not available at your pipe shop, write for nearest dealer and free Booklet.
Falcon International, Chicago/60641

The English Pub

An authentic pub serving genuine English bread, scones, cheese, beers, and main dishes/Come for lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and supper. Cocktails/Bill-of-fare moderately priced.
(Located in Greenwich Village)
313 6th Avenue, at West 3rd Street/OR 5-3949

CAN A BURLY, SURLY TRUCK DRIVER FROM PENNSYLVANIA REALLY FIND HAPPINESS WITH A SMALL MG SEDAN FROM ENGLAND?

Yes.

In the first place, he can get into it—and, once in, he can stretch out, relax and enjoy it. (We mount our engine crosswise, *rather than* lengthwise. Result: 80% of the car belongs to *people.*)

In the second place, he can take his wife and all the little truckers with him. (After all, this is a *family sedan*—with room for five, an extravagant luggage compartment and a cushy liquid suspension ride.)

In the third place, he can have more fun—for less money—than he ever imagined in the first place. (This one handles better than most expensive sports cars, thanks to front wheel drive, fade-free disc brakes . . . and that incredible liquid suspension.)

About money: you get 30 mpg; you seldom see a man in white overalls; and the initial cost is so sensible it *hurts (us, that is.)*

Next truck you pass, steal a glance at the driver. If he's smiling, could be he's from Pa.—and chances are he owns an MG.

FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. Y-30, 734 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY

You can have fewer putts with my new "Rail"™ why?

Twin "rails" extend back from each end of the head of my new *"Rail"* Putter, with black sight lines *laying a visual track to the cup.* Once you're set, the "Rail's" track extensions and fine balance give you a firm, accurate putting stroke.
Get the new *"Rail"* at your Pro Shop and try it. You'll never putt without it.

Ben Hogan

AMF

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY
Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY
2912 W. Pafford Street, Fort Worth, Texas

road that would plow through Merton Field, the Broad Walk, and part of Christ Church Meadow. This iconoclastic notion did not exactly endear Dr. Sharp to the University, but in any event nothing came of it. Indeed, a Meadow road was not regarded as a serious threat until the later 1950s. In 1953, the City Council, after almost a decade of hand-wringing, finally agreed on a comprehensive development plan, which, for the sake of internal peace, mentioned no internal-relief roads but concentrated on outer roads, including the completion of the bypasses, and on the construction of a shopping center in Cowley. The Council's proposals were sent to Mr. Macmillan, who was then serving as Minister of Housing and Local Government. The Ministry approved of the plan in general but declined to sanction it unless some provision was made for internal-relief roads. Thus cornered, the Council, in the spring of 1955, began discussing different proposals for internal-relief roads, including one for a road through the parkland north of the High, now formally known as the University Parks ("the historic barrier to invasion," the dons' *Oxford Magazine* noted crossly), and another for a road right through Christ Church Meadow. The sharp, harsh, exigent realities were clearly at hand.

That May, the Hebdomadal Council, which is the senior elected body of the University, ordinarily made up of various college heads, asked all of Oxford's colleges to "address their minds to the question of internal-relief roads." They did so, and in most cases, it seemed when they reported back on the fruit of their efforts, addressed their hearts to it as well. After the returns were in, the Hebdomadal Council transmitted its interpretation of them to the City Council in a statement in which it gravely disclosed that it had discerned "differences of opinion" among some of the colleges. The Hebdomadal Council implied, however, that in formulating its statement, which it submitted as representing the position of the University as a whole, it had managed to reconcile these differences. And to the unwary it might at first have seemed that it had, for it proposed that steps should be taken to end use of the High as a main thoroughfare and to deter traffic from crossing Magdalen Bridge and also rejected the idea that a road should be built through the University Parks, or through Christ Church Meadow if it were to run north of the north bank of the Isis. On second thought, all but the most naïve or

OUR UNIVERSITY SHOP
PATCH MADRAS WALKING SHORTS, 12.50

Made of authentic bleeding Madras handwoven in India, these handsome tailored patchwork Madras shorts have self-fabric belt loops, slash pockets. 28-40 sizes, University Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

THE UNIVERSITY SHOP
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

E
EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

The fabulous fingers of
Irving Fields
AND HIS TRIO

MERMAID ROOM
Dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum. No cover. Superb Roast Beef only $3.95.
PARK SHERATON HOTEL
55th St. and 7th Ave., New York

The Swiss are a stone's throw from every major city in Europe.

They're 80 jet-minutes from London. 55 minutes from Paris. 80 minutes from Rome. 50 minutes from Frankfurt. And a giant step up on the Middle East and Greece. Very strategic.

Any day of the week Swissair will jet you non-stop from New York to Switzerland. They do it direct from Chicago any Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday.

That puts you in downtown Europe. If it's a vacation trip, you're in fine shape starting in Switzerland. Vacations are the number one industry there.

If it's business, the Swiss are at the business-crossroads of the continent. Excellent headquarters for your next European swing.

Keep in mind that Swiss hotels have set standards for great hotels all over the world. And that the Swiss airline is worldwide, with superb connections to everywhere. They're both famous for Swiss-Care.

Round-trip fare from New York to Switzerland on a giant Swissair jet is as low as $379.80.* From Chicago, $454.80.* Talk to your travel agent or call the Swissair office near you.

And trust the Swiss to know about stone-throwing. They don't live in glass houses.

*21-day economy excursion fare valid Mondays through Thursdays only.

A Swiss farmer takes his turn in the "Unspunnenfest," a rock-heaving competition. These boulders will weigh as much as 200 lbs. The Swiss say they rarely reach London or Rome, but Paris isn't considered extraordinary. Game people, the Swiss.

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

Fortrel, the fiber that means little or no ironing

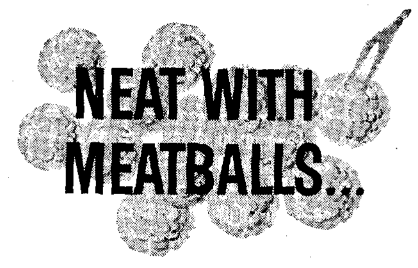
A drowsy drift of a filmy sleep shift that Fortrel makes machine washable. Touch-up only if you wish. Yolande makes the shift in Fortrel polyester and cotton batiste. Delicately embroidered in pink or yellow on white, or white on aqua. Sizes P, S, M, L. About $9. At Best & Co., New York & all stores.

Celanese® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

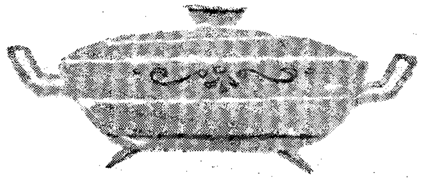
Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

uninformed must have realized that, in making this elaborate qualification concerning a Meadow road, the Hebdomadal Council had apparently overlooked the fact that a road running immediately *south* of the north bank of the Isis would be in the river, and a road running south of the south bank of the Isis would not be in Christ Church Meadow at all. Sophisticated Oxonians, meanwhile, were letting it be known *that they did not regard the statement* merely as an attempt to appease both sides, nor did they believe that Hebdomadal had committed a gross geographical blunder. On the contrary, they professed to see in the statement the firm guiding hand of Mr. A. H. Smith, who at the time was not only Warden of New College but Vice-Chancellor of the University, and as such its *de-facto* head—the post of Chancellor (held at the time, incidentally, by the Prime Minister) being an honorary one. Mr. Smith, these seers further contended, had reasons of his own for wanting to becloud the issue of a Meadow road.

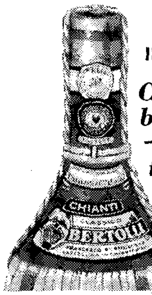
"At this point," *Oxford*, the semi-annual alumni publication, reported, not shrinking from cliché, "the floodgates of controversy were opened wide." A good share of the ensuing torrent was sluiced into the columns of the *Times* in the form of three letters to the editor. The first, signed by the heads of a dozen colleges, including Christ Church and Merton, argued against internal-relief roads in general and asserted in conclusion, "The logic of those who would save the High by ruining the Meadow and the Parks is the shocking logic of the false mother who agreed that the baby should be cut in half." This appeal to the wisdom of Solomon was undermined a few days later by a letter from Mr. John Sparrow, Warden of All Souls, which pointed out that the first letter represented only a minority of the college heads, since seventeen hadn't signed it. And the next day, twelve of the seventeen came through with a letter in which they found the "apparent opposition" of the Meadow colleges to internal-relief roads "a counsel of despair," and appealed to Town and Gown alike, "as ordinary citizens," to support the City Council's plan. One not so ordinary citizen who had not thus far been heard from officially was Mr. Smith himself, although by the end of that summer most people believed they had a pretty good idea of where he stood. In October, 1955, the Vice-Chancellor confirmed their belief by finally surfacing with an article in the local evening


NEAT WITH MEATBALLS...

SUPERB WITH STROGANOFF



BERTOLLI CHIANTI
CLASSICO



IMPORTED FROM ITALY

Costs a little more but well worth it —because it's the softest, mellowest Chianti you can buy!

Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y.

Empress Dresden by Carl Schumann of Bavaria, Germany

EMPRESS DRESDEN—a superb example of old world craftsmanship. 5-pc. place setting, about $21. Send 10¢ for illustrated brochure "History of Empress Dresden".

EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. NY, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

GLOUCESTER is fascinating!

. . . it's America's *first* and most *historic* fishing port. . . . brimming with all-around vacation activities. For illustrated folder write: **Cape Ann Trail, Box** N . . . . , **Gloucester Massachusetts**

Hammond M-102 Spinet Organ in Walnut, Contemporary Styling, $1,525.
Other Hammond models in a wide variety of styles and finishes.

The Hammond Organ

Hammond 22F1 Piano in Walnut, Danish Modern Styling, $860. Bench extra.
All prices F.O.B. factory, subject to change without notice.

The Hammond Piano

Two brilliant new ways to enrich your home with music

Extravagant? Not if you love good music.

What does the Hammond Piano have in common with the Hammond Organ? Both give you the magnificent cabinetry and styling that have made Hammond famous for over a generation.

Both reflect Hammond's reputation for distinctive, clear tone, for musical versatility and bright, full-bodied resonance.

Both, in their unique way, have a voice that is distinctively Hammond. And both share a name that people know to be a synonym for quality.

You don't have to get both instruments at once, of course. But you can hear both, back-to-back. So you can decide which is right for your home.

Visit your nearest Hammond dealer, today.

HAMMOND ORGAN / HAMMOND PIANO

Music's most glorious voices

NY5-25R2

HAMMOND ORGAN COMPANY
4200 WEST DIVERSEY AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60639

Please send me complete information on Hammond Organs and Hammond Pianos. There is no cost or obligation.

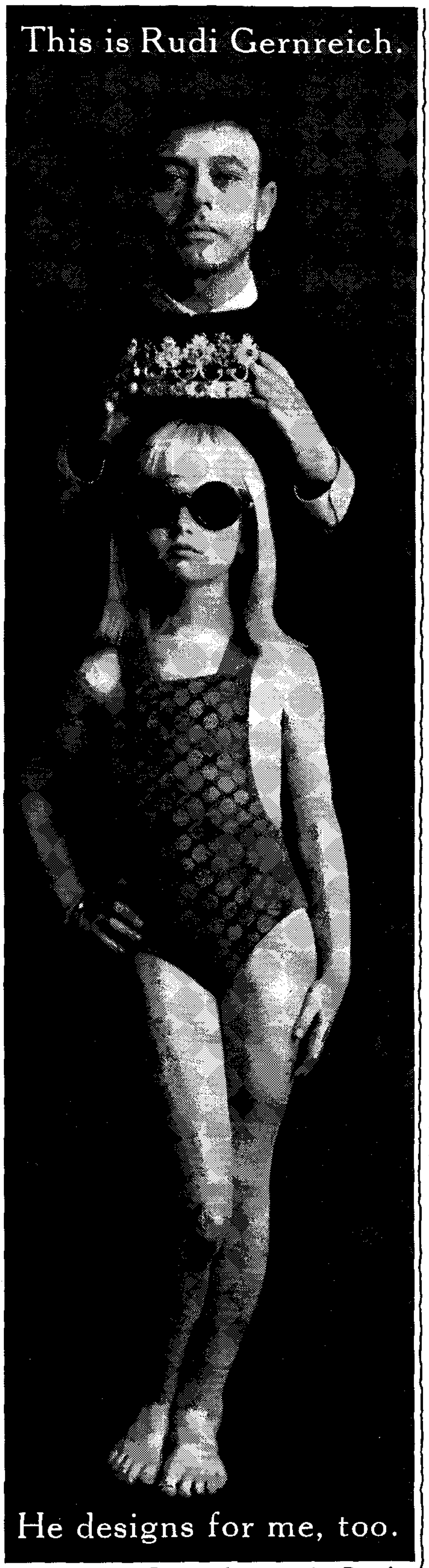
Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________________

State____________________
Zip Code or County

©1965, Hammond Organ Company


This is Rudi Gernreich.
He designs for me, too.

An exclusive Gernreich design for Regal Knitwear: the wide-strapped cutaway in royal on olive, orange on purple. Orlon® acrylic and nylon. Sizes 4 to 6X, $8. Sizes 7 to 14, $10. At BERGDORF GOODMAN, N. Y.; W. Filene's Sons Co., Boston; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Sakowitz Bros., Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; The Broadway, Southern California, or write Regal Knitwear Co., Inc., 1333 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018

BE REGAL
IN ORLON®& NYLON

© 1965 Regal Knitwear Prices slightly higher in the West

paper, the Oxford *Mail*, in which he advocated establishing a central precinct of ancient colleges where through traffic would not be encouraged, and, to further that aim, proposed closing Magdalen Bridge. "The present plight will be ended," he wrote, "if a substitute road is provided not very far away which can be shown to satisfy all the needs of the traffic that now streams across Magdalen Bridge." Denizens of the Meadow colleges bitterly comprehended what the Vice-Chancellor meant by "not very far away."

Mr. Smith's voice was only one of many raised in that autumn of 1955, when at times it seemed that the floodgates of controversy must have fallen off their hinges. Mr. Duncan Sandys (Magdalen) had by now succeeded Mr. Macmillan as Minister of Housing and Local Government, and the City Council sent him a plan calling for two new routes, with bridges—one well south of the Meadow, on the other side of the Isis, and one north of the city, sparing the Parks but cutting across several college playing fields and also demolishing the Lamb and Flag, a venerable hostelry much favored by the dons of St. John's, before debouching into St. Giles', a broad, tree-shaded northern extension of the Corn, and a street about which some people feel as strongly as others do about the High. The plan was taken under consideration by Congregation, a body made up of senior members of the University, most of whom turned out to be against the northern route. However, since they feared—for some casuistical reason—that a rejection of this route would result in the southern route's being moved northward into the Meadow, they voted, after suitable debate, for a resolution that no internal-relief roads be built anywhere in Oxford pending the completion of the outer bypasses, the development of the shopping center in Cowley, and the creation of better parking facilities within the old city.

Thus, it might be thought, the University had at last shown the world where it stood. Far from it. For Congregation, apprehensive lest municipal and Ministerial authorities regard its resolution as too negative, proceeded to put forward a second one, to the effect that if an internal-relief road *had* to be built, it would be preferable for it to go through the Meadow rather than through the Lamb and Flag. The members' debate on this alternative resolution was a stormy one, though shot through with beams of clear philosophic light. Mr. Geoffrey

ENJOY LUXURY
IN THE
WILDERNESS!

THE Mount Kineo HOTEL

ON MOOSEHEAD LAKE, KINEO, MAINE
Louis O. Hilton, Manager

You've promised yourself a vacation "away from it all." Make it come true at The Mount Kineo in Maine's loveliest lake and mountain country. 1150 acres of secluded luxury, private golf course, tennis, swimming pool, lake and stream fishing. Easily accessible by car, train and plane. Nearby landing strip for private planes.

Business Groups Excellent facilities for conferences, seminars and training schools. Write for information.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
630 5th Ave., New York • JU 6-4500

IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL

A Renaissance of Graciousness

A luxury hotel in the great European Tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—*never a convention.*

THE MADISON

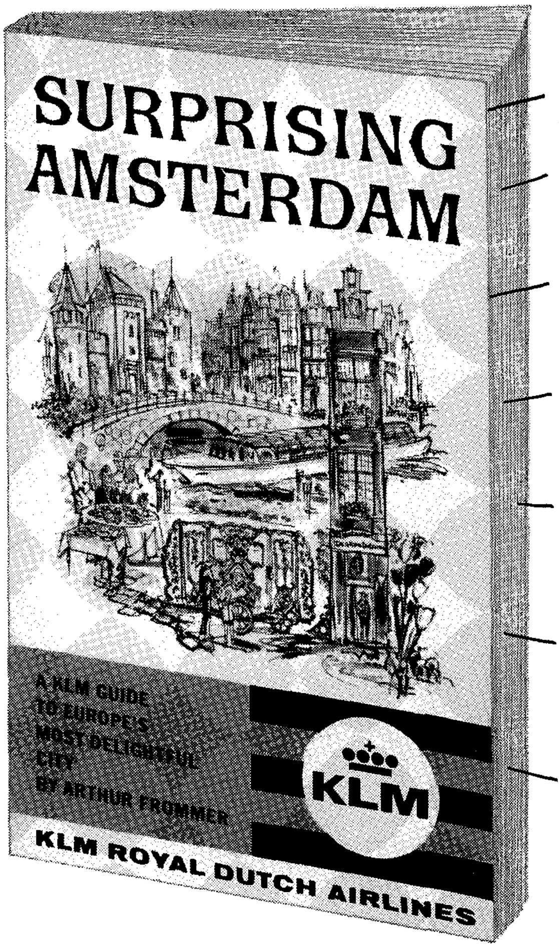
Washington's Correct Address

15th & M Sts., N.W. • Washington 5, D.C.
In New York ask operator for ENterprise 6402
or see your travel agent.
FREE INDOOR PARKING

Gin and Vodka's new rival...

Gavilan Tequila!

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.


SURPRISING AMSTERDAM
A KLM GUIDE TO EUROPE'S MOST DELIGHTFUL CITY BY ARTHUR FROMMER
KLM
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

How to save money by starting your trip in Surprising Amsterdam.

How to buy a car tax-free and save enough to pay your round-trip KLM fare to Amsterdam.

How to save up to 80% on antiques, $201 on a movie camera. Where to buy brand-name Scotch for $2 a fifth.

Where to see 517 van Goghs—the world's largest collection—for only 15 cents.

What to see and do within 40 miles of Amsterdam—including a place where you can have your portrait painted on real Delft china.

Where to find Amsterdam's liveliest night spots and high kickers—where to see those ecdysiasts you've read about.

Where to get a 21-dish rijsttafel dinner for $1.50—and an overstuffed Dutch sandwich *(broodjé)* for only 15 cents.

Written by America's most popular travel writer, Arthur Frommer.

Liveliest guide going

Hurry. Reliable KLM's new *full-length* book about Surprising Amsterdam is going like wildfire. KLM has just printed a *second* 100,000 copies to keep up with demand. The book is free—all 208 pages. Simply send 25¢ to cover mailing costs. Clip coupon now.

"SURPRISING AMSTERDAM" is *the* definitive guidebook to Holland's capital city. You'll find a surprise on almost every page.

You'll also find hundreds of facts, tips and suggestions that will help you discover the most delightful spots in Amsterdam. Here are a few of the book's highlights:

- ▷ How to visit an Amsterdam family in their own home.
- ▷ Where to see some of the most spectacular diamond displays in the world.
- ▷ How to have a rollicking "night out" for less than $5.
- ▷ Where to see "the eighth wonder of the world."
- ▷ Where to see 320 acres of greenhouses and 543 *outdoor* acres of plants and flowers.

Pick up a *free* copy of "Surprising Amsterdam" at your travel agent's today. Or, use the coupon to get a copy delivered right to your home.

Please send me reliable KLM's new full length book, "Surprising Amsterdam." I enclose 25¢ in coin for handling and mailing costs.

Name____________________

Street______________City_______

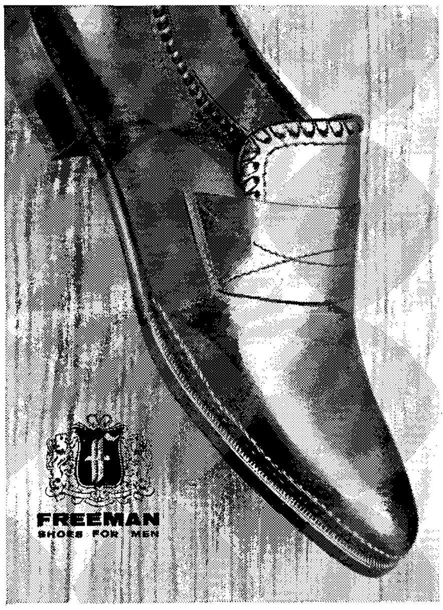
State______________Zip Code______

____
(My travel agent is)

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines.
G.P.O. Box #1869
609 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

B-29



Slip into something comfortable...and elegant. Like this Freeman Bootmaker Guild "800" slip-on of imported, soft-textured calf. Note hand-lacing at collar and top of tongue. Black only. **38.00**

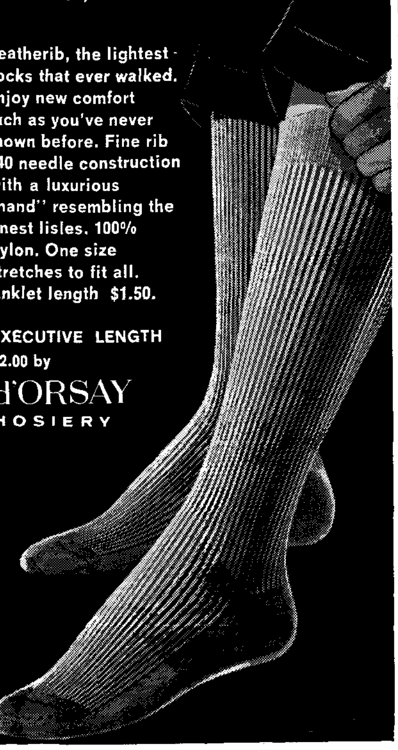
wallachs

15 Fine Men's Stores in
Greater New York

FEATHERIB®
SO LIGHT, IT'S ALMOST WEIGHTLESS

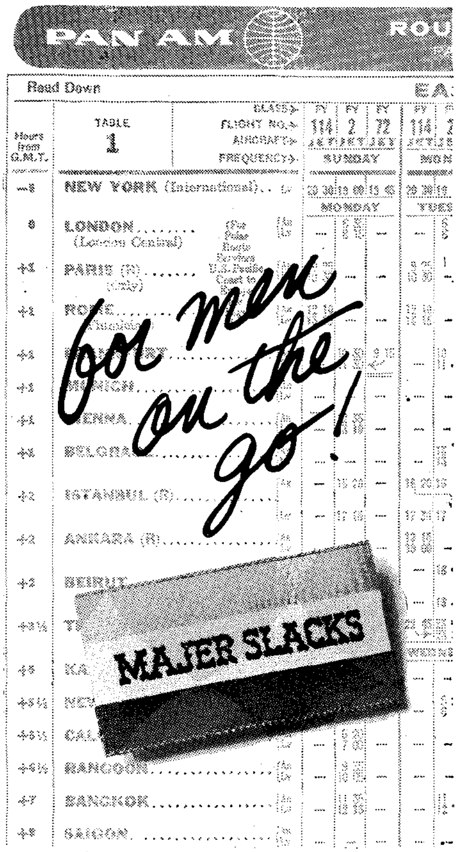
Featherib, the lightest socks that ever walked. Enjoy new comfort such as you've never known before. Fine rib 240 needle construction with a luxurious "hand" resembling the finest lisles. 100% Nylon. One size stretches to fit all. Anklet length $1.50.

EXECUTIVE LENGTH
$2.00 by
d'ORSAY
HOSIERY



FEATURED AT ALL **wallachs** STORES
Mail Orders EM 1-7500
32-36 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. 11101.

Mure, the then Warden of Merton, a rowing devotee and a scholar of Hegel, stated that in view of the previous, unequivocal resolution that no internal-relief roads be built, he could see absolutely *no reason* for introducing an alternative. He thought it ridiculous that the members of Congregation should be asked to say that one quite intolerable road was preferable to another quite intolerable road. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!" and applause.) More realistic than philosophical, Mr. Max Beloff, a historian from Nuffield College, made a practical point, urging Congregation to vote for the Lamb and Flag route, because, though the idea of such a road was unspeakable, the cost of acquiring the property for it would be so great that it would never materialize. On the other hand, he continued, if a Meadow road was approved, it would probably be built, and Congregation would have failed to achieve its real purpose, which was to defeat both roads. But the crass matter of relative costs was swept aside by the Warden of All Souls, Mr. Sparrow, who was intent on making it clear that Mr. Mure's reasoning did not convince him. He could see none of the danger that Mr. Mure saw in voting for a hypothesis, and he urged members who had voted against any internal-relief roads not to be afraid of displaying logical inconsistency. Mr. Sparrow was reminded of a story by Kipling, about "a little community, rather cut off from the rest of the world, which by the machinations of an ingenious and unscrupulous pressure group was persuaded to pass . . . a vote to the effect that the world was flat," and he observed that "that did not make the world flat, it only made the village ridiculous." Perhaps stung by the taunt (unscrupulous pressure group indeed!), the Meadow bloc put forward a closely reasoned reply in a speech by Mr. John Lucas, a young philosophy don at Merton. He found Mr. Sparrow's argument faulty, he said, since it rested on the assumption that everyone else was as intellectually blessed as Mr. Sparrow. "Certainly," Mr. Lucas said, his voice full of the finer shades of doubt, "it is possible for a really clever man to entertain a hypothetical proposition without presupposing that he is more or less prepared to accept the antecedent. But the people who will decide this issue ultimately find it difficult to do this. They include . . . among others, the hundred thousand ordinary inhabitants of the City of Oxford [and] also many Members of Parliament, none of whom is able to discern the niceties of logical



Travel in Majer Slacks and be labeled the success you are. You could travel to the ends of the earth and not find Majer Slacks' equal in fit and fabric. Book passage to your favorite store featuring the Majer label. It's worth the trip. From $25.

The Majer Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y. 10019

"ONE OF THE GREAT WORKS
OF THE AMERICAN MUSICAL THEATRE"
—John Chapman, N.Y. News

Zero Mostel
IN
Fiddler on the Roof
a new Hit musical
IMPERIAL THEATRE
249 W. 45 Street, New York 10036

cocktail lovers!
Twist-O lemon

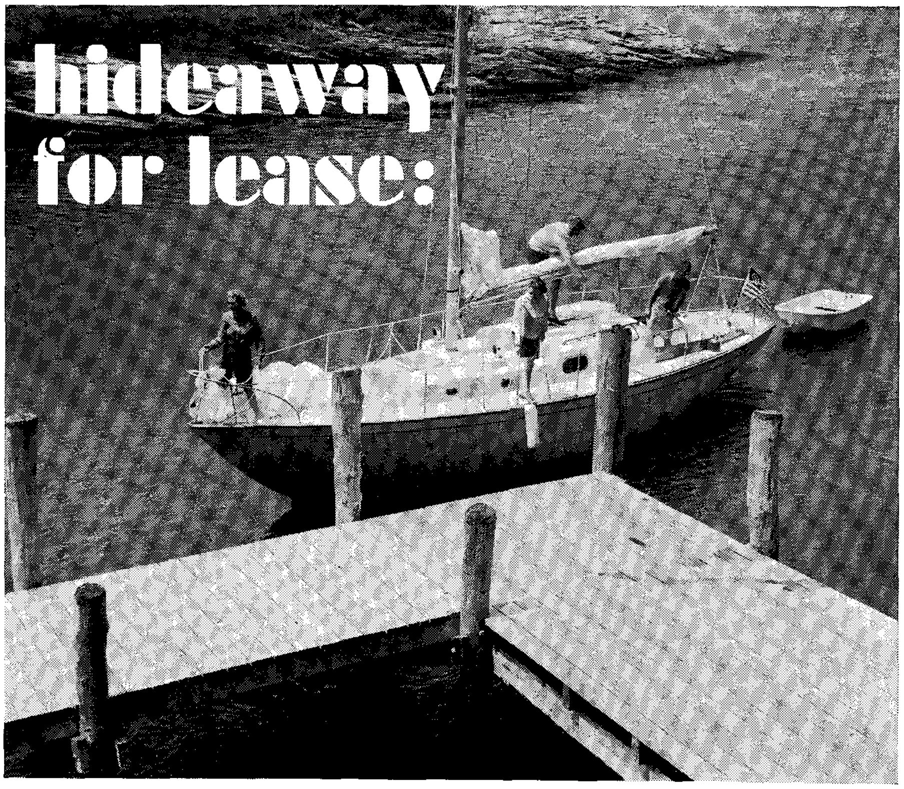
Just a whisk of Twist-O lemon across the top of your cocktail gives it that *gourmet touch*. It's so easy—just a squeeze of the atomizer! Eliminates peeling lemons. Always on hand. Contains choicest blends of imported and domestic lemon oils from the rind of the lemon (not lemon juice). Send Check or M.O. for $4.95 ppd., or charge to Diners Club No..................
Refills $3.45 ppd.

IDEAL GIFT
smartly packaged!

REVORD-JAMES & CO., Golf, Ill. Dept. Y-6

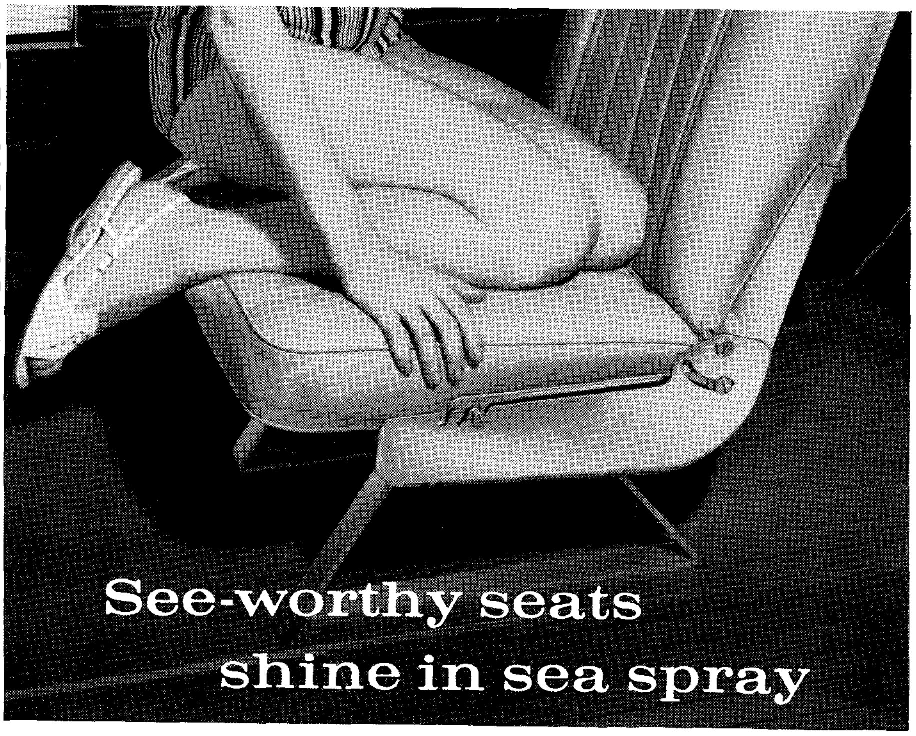
paradoxes on material implication and the ingenious possibilities of counterfactual hypotheticals." The majority of Congregation, however, did not agree. Perhaps deciding that they preferred the ingenious possibilities of counterfactual hypotheticals to the ridicule they might face if they announced that the world was flat, they voted that if an internal-relief road had to be built they would prefer one through the southern half of the Meadow. The cause, it seemed, had at last been deemed worthy of being called lost.

THE year 1956 dawned darkly for Oxford. Shrouded in damp February mists, Town and Gown turned out to consider the internal-relief-road problem at a public inquiry presided over by an inspector from the Ministry. (By then, in the minds of most people, there was but one Ministry and one Minister, making "of Housing and Local Government" superfluous.) Over a ten-day period, arguments for and against the Lamb and Flag road were heard, and representatives of Christ Church were told that they couldn't discuss the Meadow road, because only the Lamb and Flag road was under consideration. The Christ Church men asked for an assurance that no action would be taken on a Meadow road without their being allowed an opportunity to argue against it, and the inspector gave them that assurance. Meanwhile, in the Lamb and Flag, at the approach of the evening closing time, the dons of St. John's had taken to saying, with a deliberate air of gloomy mirth, "Well, one for the road." But, like so many other road-minded Oxford dons before and since, the St. John's dons, with their little joke, turned out to be very wrong. On September 21, 1956, the Ministry addressed a letter to the Oxford Town Clerk abruptly rejecting the Council's two-road plan (although this was thought to have been inspired by the Ministry itself) and "suggesting" that



Floating Shangri-La. Three miles beyond tensions. Beautifully appointed. No landscape problems, minimum maintenance. Thirty-five foot living area, completely furnished. Restful sleeping for six. Transient neighbors. Up to five years to pay. Free brochure describes new Lease-Purchase Plan . . . the easy way to buy a Pearson fiberglass yacht, power or sail. Contact nearest Pearson dealer or write: Pearson Yachts, Dept. 3E, Bristol, R. I.

PEARSON YACHTS
GRUMMAN ALLIED INDUSTRIES, INC.



Solid stainless steel hinges for boat seats stay bright and shipshape for years. Won't peel, dull, nor redden from sea spray or freshwater corrosion. Unique hinge design provides quick 3-position seating: upright, half-recline, full-recline. Hardware stays bright with just a wipe of a cloth.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives
in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® Stainless Steel is produced by Republic Steel; the boat seat manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Department NY-1445, 1441 Republic Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)

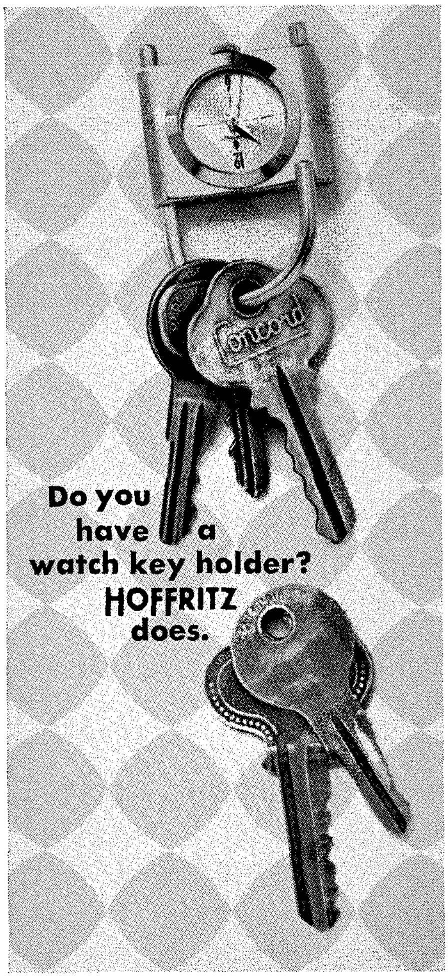
a car is a must in europe!

ID and DS-19

Citroen is your best choice with a car for every need, and a plan for every travel budget. Purchase your Citroen here for tax-free delivery in Europe. Or choose an all-inclusive free mileage leasing plan. Send coupon for information.

CITROËN
WORLDWIDE SALES, SERVICE, & PARTS

Citroen Cars Corp., Dept. NY7,
East: 300 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022
West: 8423 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Please send me complete information on Overseas Delivery of Citroen cars direct from factory.
Name__________
Address__________
City_____State_____Zip_____



GOLD-TONED KEY HOLDER WITH SWISS WATCH, RUSH 19.95 AND 2.00 F.T. PLUS 35¢ FOR POSTAGE TO 49 EAST 34TH STREET OR POP BY HOFFRITZ.

Magdalen Bridge be closed to motor traffic and that a new bridge be built just south of it, leading into a new road along the northern edge of Christ Church Meadow and immediately south of the Broad Walk, with a short spur running north to the High in front of the Warden of Merton's drawing-room window. The letter concluded, "The Minister is convinced that, looking at Oxford as a whole, the loss of quiet at the northern end of the Meadow will be greatly outweighed by the gain of peace and dignity in the heart of the University."

Peace and dignity had never been farther away than at that moment. At Christ Church, dons referred to the Ministry's plan in such undisciplined terms as "this appalling damage" and "one of the gravest acts of vandalism that could be perpetrated." Lord Cherwell, the wartime scientific adviser to the Churchill Government, whose research laboratory had been threatened by the Lamb and Flag route but whose rooms in Christ Church overlooked the Meadow and the cows (one of them was every day milked expressly for him), exploded with "To think a member of a Conservative Government could do such a thing!" And, to be sure, it must have been a little hard for him to take, especially since thirty-five Christ Church men were M.P.s at the time and five others were in the Cabinet. But if its individual members were spluttering and somewhat fragmented, Christ Church as a body responded with alacrity and coherence. After consulting legal counsel, it slapped a writ on the Minister, claiming that the City Council wasn't bound to comply with his directions, since these were contrary to law. Mr. Smith, the Vice-Chancellor, found the Minister's conclusions "right and inescapable," and said so. The national press joined in the fracas, and its correspondence columns, generally given over to readers' reports on the first cry of the cuckoo in suburban gardens or the effects of obscure varieties of edible fungi on the human digestion, now found room for little but the Road. Mr. R. Gresham Cooke, M.P., a resident of Cambridge who had been educated at Oxford, suggested in the *Times* that Oxonians might look for solace to the famous Cambridge Backs, where Queen's Road runs within three hundred yards of the colleges. Whereas Christ Church Meadow in its present state was "an ordinary grass field," Mr. Cooke went on, "the building of the road will give great opportunities for landscape gardening and tree planting that would

Saks Fifth Avenue

STRETCH TERRY COVERALL
FOR THE LITTLEST
BEACHCOMBERS, $4

Hooded all-in-one of cotton and stretch nylon with knitted trim and cuffs and rubber safety crib heels. Pink, maize, blue-green or white. Up to 9 months and 9-to-18 months sizes. Babette Shop. Mail and phone orders filled.

Michael's Pub
"NOT TO BE MISSED"
PLAYBILL
ESQUIRE
McCALLS
HERALD TRIBUNE
WORLD-TELEGRAM & SUN
HOLIDAY
CUE
Open Mon-Fri.—12 noon to 1 am
Lunch • Cocktails • Dinner • After Theatre
3 EAST 48TH ST. (Off 5th Ave.) PL 8-2272

PLAYGROUND OF NEW ENGLAND!
BERKSHIRE HILLS
Massachusetts

Everybody can do anything they want for their very own special vacation pleasure in the Berkshires. Just a short 2½ hour drive from New York City. Swimming, sailing, golf, theater, ballet and music. Excellent resorts, inns, motels and restaurants.
For Circle Tour Folder; Where to Stay Directory, write to:
BERKSHIRE HILLS CONFERENCE
100 North St., Pittsfield 35, Mass.

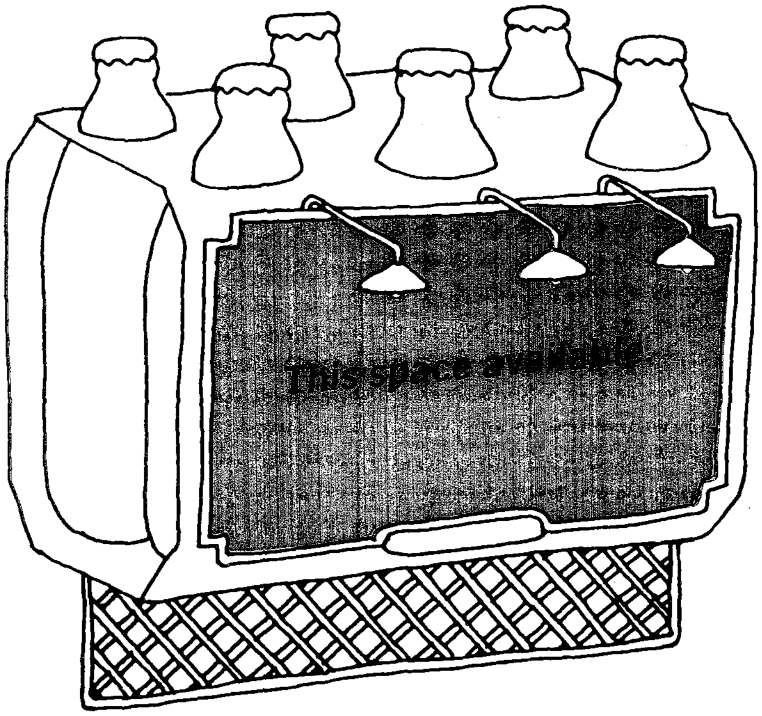
Perez Blanco's
Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

make it a rival to the Backs." To which the Warden of Merton retorted, "If one fine spring morning, Mr. Gresham Cooke found Queen's Road vanished under the magic wand of a happily migrated Dr. Sharp, and instead of it a dual carriageway, banked up 12 feet, splitting the Backs from end to end . . . would he thrill to think that the scene had become one of yet rarer beauty? . . . It is a pity that neither Oxford nor Cambridge has taught Mr. Gresham Cooke the dangers of argument by analogy." Argument by analogy, however, persisted. When a sunken road was proposed, there were references to the danger of flooding (the Meadow was under eight feet of water for a while in 1947), in reply to which a letter writer pointed out that the terraces of the Houses of Parliament were often flooded by the Thames but were nevertheless usable most of the time. The question of building a tunnel was raised in the House of Commons, but it was said that the cost could be as high as nine million pounds, which was too much. The cuckoo lobby managed to squeeze into the act by reminding readers that the Meadow was a bird sanctuary, while classicists had what might be called a field day. "*Quod Sandys placuit, legis habeat vigorem,*" one of them was inspired to write.

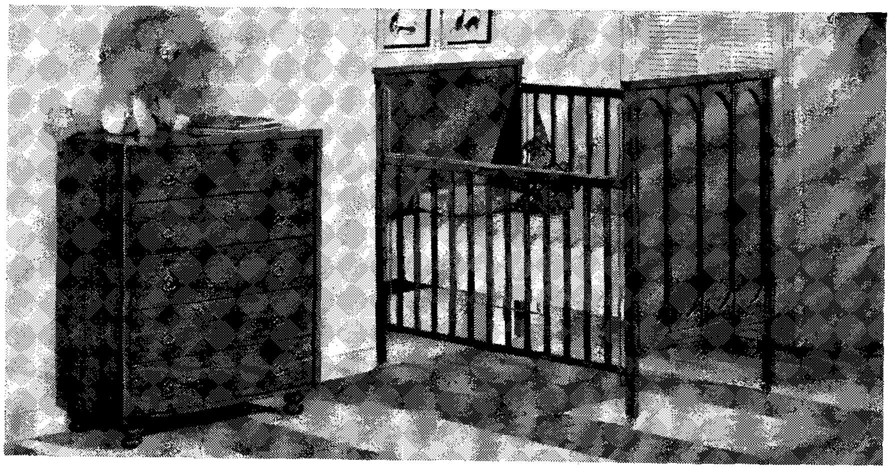
AFTER all this furor, a certain calm descended on Oxford in 1957. Mr. Sandys dropped out of the picture and went to head the Ministry of Defence, whereupon the City Council summoned up the courage and the requisite votes to reject the former Minister's scheme for a new bridge and a Meadow road. Christ Church withdrew its writ. Mr. Smith retired from the vice-chancellorship. (He died the following year.) The House of Lords, however, held a full-dress debate on the Roads Affair, mustering for the occasion almost as many peers as the House could hold—a phenomenon that has otherwise been noted only when the peers have had in hand legislation on the order of the Street Offences Act, dealing with prostitution and the like. For that matter, Lord Lucas managed to imply that building a Meadow road would be an offense against morality, in that it would give "certain people . . . the privilege of walking up and down the High in their bedroom slippers." Lord Beveridge thought that a Royal Commission should look into the matter, and the Archbishop of Canterbury agreed, though he confessed that "through the various stages of baffle-

The Mead Cluster-Pak® is a showoff. It brazenly announces your product. Makes it stand out in a crowd. And ends up inviting itself to somebody's house. Some cartons have no shame. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do. (Then again, maybe you wouldn't.)

MEAD packaging



Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio



How could Child Craft possibly improve on this new Siena Group?

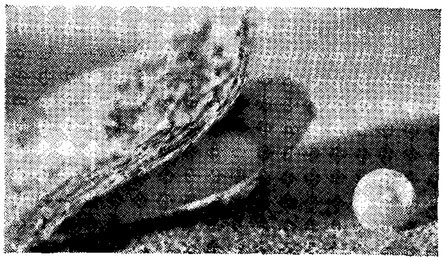
Easy.

To our Mediterranean-inspired crib and chest, add the matching Chifforobe. (It grows with your child. Starts as a closet/chest; change closet to shelves when you need them.)

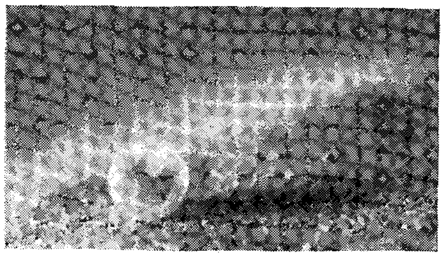
With our design staff, improving on things comes easy to Child Craft. Design breakthroughs are the order of the day.

See Siena soon. It's Child Craft—"the grown-up furniture for children." Yours especially.

Write for free booklet. child craft Salem 66, Indiana



SOME DO

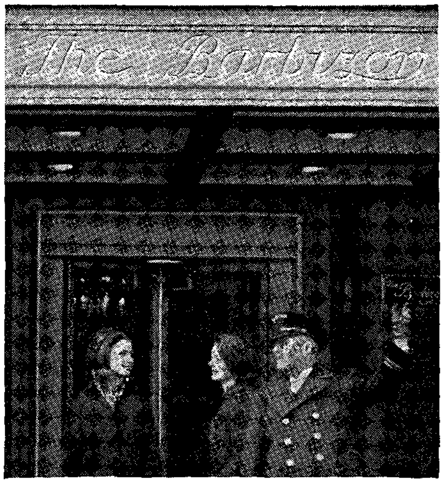


SOME DON'T

Antagonize an oyster and you get a pearl. Maybe. Perfect? Maybe. You never know with an aggravated oyster. Not so with the wondrous new "**Tréza**" simulated pearl by Richelieu. It's contented. Still "**Tréza**" has the iridescence, the warm lustre found only in the finest of pearls. See the complete "**Tréza**" collection. Necklaces from $20. Earrings from $5. All prices plus tax. At the very best stores in the United States and Canada.

Richelieu®

THE RICHELIEU CORPORATION • A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK



UNEXCELLED FOR SMART AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMEN

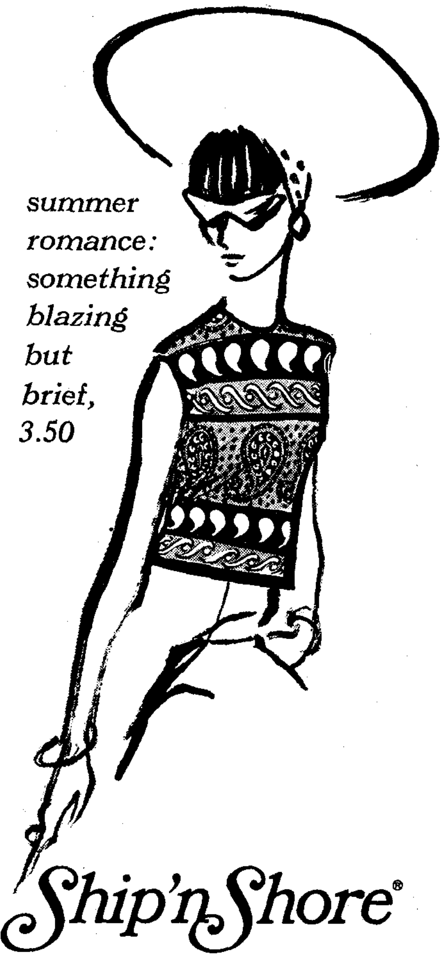
More than ever, as the years go by, New York's leading residential hotel for young women gains stature with the young, smart, and ambitious. There is nothing like the famous Barbizon for convenience, inspiration, and security. It is an excellent address, located in the center of New York's fashionable East Side. Schools, cultural centers, Fifth Avenue shops, department stores, Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the theatres are all nearby. Inspiration is part of your every day. Within the Barbizon are two restaurants, recital halls, a swimming pool, sun deck, specialty shops, incomparable privacy. Throughout the years young women have loved it, and some of the world's most successful women have been Barbizon girls. You do really live at the Barbizon. Try it during the World's Fair. Daily from $6.50. Weekly on request.

The Barbizon

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York, N. Y. 10021

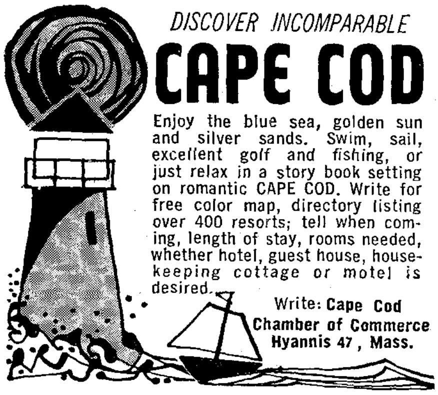
ment and bewilderment, I gave up trying to understand what . . . Congregation and Hebdomadal Council were doing in Oxford, with their preambles and their resolutions." He commiserated with Mr. Sandys, saying that he had been faced with "an intolerable problem," and adding that "argument is probably more irritating in Oxford than anywhere else in the world." Meanwhile, the City Council engaged in discussions with Mr. Sandys's successor as Minister, Mr. Henry Brooke (a Balliol man), during which it was decided that the Road Research Laboratory, an adjunct of the Ministry of Transport, should conduct "at the utmost speed" surveys of Oxford's traffic and parking problems, and that another inquiry—the second in what was to become a seemingly interminable series—should be held "as soon as possible." To the surprise of nobody, both of these expressions of urgency were interpreted in the truly timeless Oxford manner, with the result that the roads dropped out of the limelight for almost two years, motorists continued to lose their tempers in the High, dons went on arguing viciously and skillfully in their senior common rooms, and the cows still grazed peacefully in the Meadow.

Not that the years were wholly uneventful. At one point during their passage, the British Architectural Association convened in Oxford, and the *Architects' Journal* took the opportunity to make a critical survey of the scene. "What of the future?" it asked, finally, and answered, "Clearly the city intends to stick to its twentieth-century tradition. It seems determined to twist one foot round a root of the past while it plunges forward, quite courageously, with the other." And at another point, Mr. Nevill Coghill, a Chaucerian scholar, wrote to the *Oxford Magazine* announcing the formation of a group called Friends of the Meadow. Mr. Coghill said that he and its other Friends, distressed by the possibility that the unkempt state of the Meadow might play into the hands of its enemies, wanted to see flowers growing in it, and he offered some ideas about where these would be most effective: "The great walks under the elms . . . occasional glades, like the Dean's Ham, that grassy leg lying immediately north of the Barges . . . Are there not places here for rivers of crocus, clumps of daffodils, lakes of bluebell, a sea of fritillaries?" Mr. Coghill appealed for volunteer bulb planters and donations of seed packets. In the Meadow bloc, this ingenuous,



summer romance: something blazing but brief, 3.50

Ship'n Shore®



DISCOVER INCOMPARABLE

CAPE COD

Enjoy the blue sea, golden sun and silver sands. Swim, sail, excellent golf and fishing, or just relax in a story book setting on romantic CAPE COD. Write for free color map, directory listing over 400 resorts; tell when coming, length of stay, rooms needed, whether hotel, guest house, housekeeping cottage or motel is desired.

Write: **Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce Hyannis 47, Mass.**

Le Restaurant Par Excellence

LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY

QUO VADIS

26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT

L'Aiglon

PRE-THEATRE DINNER PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES

CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER

13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296

OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian food

ITALIAN PAVILION

24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.

daily except Sunday

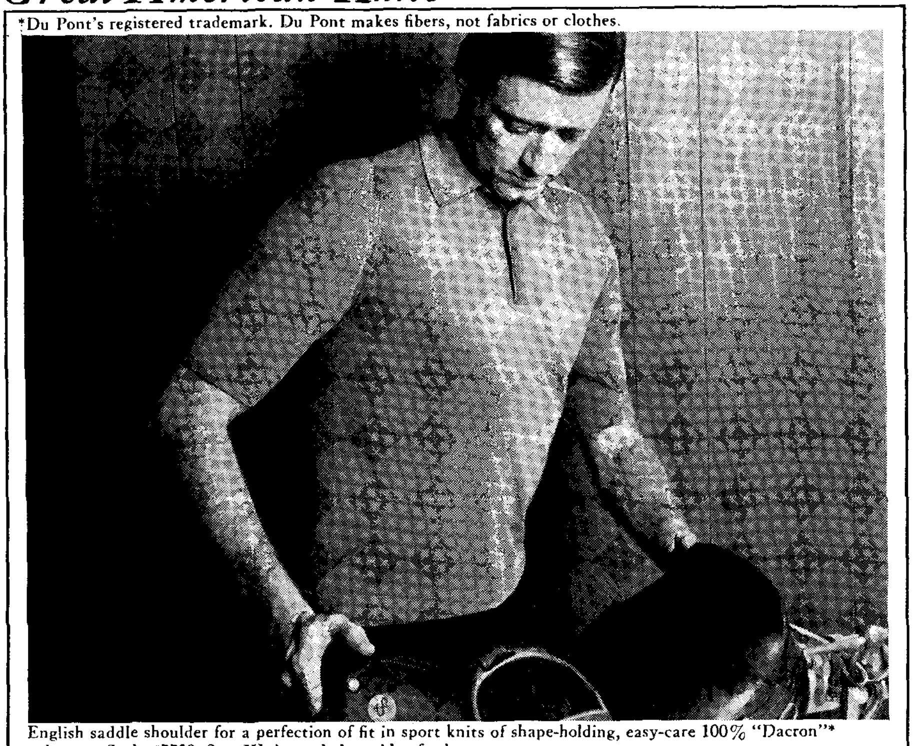
luncheon cocktails dinner

JU 6-5950

not to say purple, plea sent shivers down the stooped spines of perhaps more worldly dons. Their fears were briskly realized a week later, when Mr. Sparrow, the Warden of All Souls, wrote to the same publication that Professor Coghill's *cri de cœur* was all very well in its way, "though I suspect that few of your readers can boast such affectionate familiarity with the Dean's Ham as Professor Coghill." He continued, "But surely there are other aspects of the Meadow that call more urgently for attention. What, for instance, about that bald protuberance in the southwest corner, dear (surely) to many of us as the Canon's Rump? A few fritillaries there would not be out of place."

IN August, 1959, the lull ended and old apprehensions revived when the Road Research people at last reported to the City Council the result of their surveys, the gist of which was that the completion of the Cowley shopping center and of the ring of bypasses wouldn't provide enough relief for the center of the city. New road plans were accordingly drawn up by interested parties, and on December 1, 1960, the long-awaited second inquiry began. It lasted for three weeks, providing a stage on which the passions and procrastinations peculiar to Oxford could be acted out. As the curtain rose, many people were waiting in the wings. Various colleges had retained counsel to put their cases, and so had the City Council, a private society called the Oxford Preservation Trust, and the University itself. On the morning the inquiry opened, it was confronted with a list of eighty individuals or groups with grievances, including private householders, shopkeepers, religious organizations, the proprietor of a local driving school, the South Midlands District Communist Party, the bus drivers' union, several dons, the Oxford City Chamber of Trade, the coach of the University crew, the Chief Constable, and the Radiators Branch of Morris Motors, Ltd., all of whom, *inter alia*, were allowed to testify and to cross-examine witnesses in an effort to stave off damage to their property or "amenities"—a word that was to be much heard in the days to come. The inspector charged with ultimately recommending a solution to the Minister was Sir Frederick Armer, who, at sixty-nine, had just retired from the Ministry of Health. "I have never been involved in the Oxford roads controversy," Sir Frederick told an Oxford *Mail* reporter at the time. "Perhaps that

Great American Knits
*Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.



English saddle shoulder for a perfection of fit in sport knits of shape-holding, easy-care 100% "Dacron"* polyester. Style #7730. S to XL in a whole stable of colors.

Trend Fashions knits the English saddle shoulder in "DACRON"®

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

Italy's favorite drink.

BOLLA
BARDOLINO
BOLLA
EXTRA DRY
BOLLA
SOAVE
BOLLA
VALPOLICELLA
BOLLA

America's favorite imported wine.

Bolla

Largest selling brand of imported table wines in America. Imported by Fontana Hollywood Corp., New York

is why I was asked to conduct the inquiry."

Nineteen road plans had been filed with the Ministry, but only three of them were given serious consideration at the inquiry: Scheme A, which, supported by the University, the Meadow bloc, and the Chamber of Trade, provided for a road south of the Isis, another north of the Parks, and a connecting one alongside the railway tracks west of the city; Scheme B, which resembled Dr. Sharp's plan in calling for a single road running through the northern part of the Meadow; and Scheme C, sponsored by the City Council, which proposed a road running through the *southern* part of the Meadow and thence through the middle of St. Ebbe's, a dilapidated section of the city, and northward along the railway tracks. The Road Research Laboratory produced figures indicating that Scheme A would reduce the amount of traffic on existing streets by fifty-four per cent, Scheme B by fifty-two per cent, and Scheme C by sixty-five per cent. Editorially, the Oxford *Mail* was lukewarm about all three schemes, and backed instead the late Mr. Smith's precinct policy, which it described as "not intended to shut traffic out of the central area, but to stop the historic centre of the city being used as a through route," and summed up by saying, "This can be done by restricting passage over Magdalen Bridge, and possibly at the north end of St. Giles', to pedestrians, bicyclists, and local buses." Group Captain H. R. A. Edwards, the rowing coach, disliked a proposal, embodied in Scheme A, to build a bridge over the Eights Reach of the Isis, because it would obscure the view of people watching the rowing and "ruin one of the University's greatest festivals." Mr. Thomas Hodson, a student architect and clearly no rowing buff, proposed to remove the Isis from the scene altogether by draining its waters into a new cut, so that a relief road could be built on the present riverbed. Unimpressed by the number, the diversity, and, in many cases, the distinguished intellectual powers of the speakers, Mr. R. M. Hare, a philosophy don at Balliol, expressed absolute astonishment that no professional traffic engineer had been brought in and that the roads in the three schemes had been designed by people with no idea of how to calculate traffic flow. Having pointed out that only after the roads had been designed were they "served up for assessment to the Road Research Laboratory, who can do the calculations but are not allowed to design the roads," Mr. Hare

MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE
LIKE THE
SERVICE
AT
"New York's Biggest
Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED AND BARCA-LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other
Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air-Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels.

Our Restaurants Are Extraordinary, Too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

THE Tuscany

39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 16
Bertram Weal, General Manager
MU 6-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

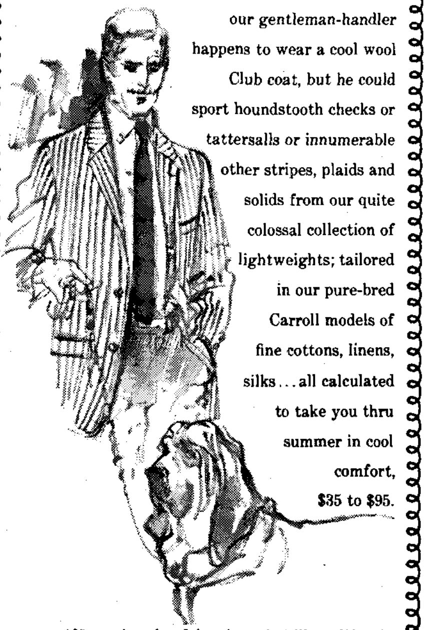
EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

Carroll & Co.
WARDROBE FOR GENTLEMEN

best-of-show-jackets
(for dog days)

our gentleman-handler happens to wear a cool wool Club coat, but he could sport houndstooth checks or tattersalls or innumerable other stripes, plaids and solids from our quite colossal collection of lightweights; tailored in our pure-bred Carroll models of fine cottons, linens, silks . . . all calculated to take you thru summer in cool comfort, $35 to $95.

466 north rodeo drive, beverly hills, california
also in los angeles and santa barbara



"RED CARPET" at SUMMER RATES

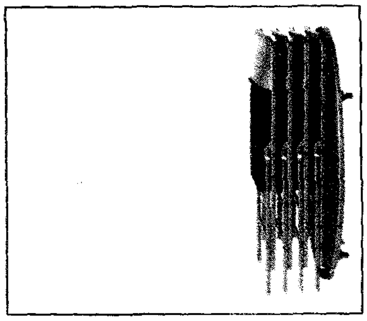
800'
PRIVATE BEACH
2 POOLS • TENNIS
3-PAR GOLF • GUEST
PRIVILEGES GOLF CLUBS
CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND
ENTERTAINMENT • GUEST
ROOMS • EFFICIENCIES
APARTMENTS • VILLAS
YOUR INQUIRY
IS INVITED.

Lago Mar
RESORT CLUB FT. LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA
Under Ownership-Direction of Sidney Banks

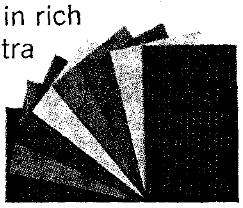
NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00
The Leopard
RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

SUEDES CLEANED & RECONDITIONED LEATHERS
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Cleaned, Reconditioned . . . Like New All Over Again! Bring-in, Mail or Call for U.P. Pick-Up Svc.
Send for Home Supply Of Miracle Suede Cleaner "SUEDECRAFTER"® $1.75 ppd.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA INC.
54 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C. • JU 6-3737

Comes folded



Samsonite's elegant new Round Table in "Deepwood" vinyl with "Levant Black" Flaire folding chairs. Picture this set in your favorite room. Handsome. Hospitable. Samsonite designers created the Round Table to be an integral part of the smartest room. And they built it to be practical, too! The upholstered chairs in rich textured vinyl . . . comfortable. The folding feature that gives you extra floor space when needed . . . convenient. And the tubular steel construction with chip-resistant baked enamel bronze finish . . . durable.



Tables and chairs also available in mix or match Antique Green, White and Tan vinyls. Color coordinated fabric upholstered chairs available in Foliage Green, Bark Brown and Floral White Brocade. At better department and furniture stores everywhere.

SHWAYDER BROS., INC., FOLDING FURNITURE DIV., DENVER 17, COLO. MANUFACTURERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE. AVAILABLE IN CANADA THROUGH SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., STRATFORD, ONT., AT SLIGHTLY HIGHER PRICES.

Open it...and you'll never want to put it away.

SAMSONITE® DECORATOR GROUP

ROUND TABLE $18.95, MATCHING FLAIRE CH

New in 'Jeep' Wagoneer: V-8 'Vigilante' powerhouse & famous Turbo Hydra-Matic

Teamed up with 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

The 'Jeep' Wagoneer now offers a new combination of options—that gives you a blend of power and traction and smooth, easy driving you won't find in any other wagon!

That big new 250 hp V-8 'Vigilante' gives you new "zip" on the highway... plus lots of reserve power in 4-wheel drive.

And with famous Turbo Hydra-Matic automatic transmission you get quicker, quieter, more responsive shifting... you can't beat it for smoothness.

But that's just part of it! You can also get new power steering... so gentle, a woman can park this Wagoneer with one finger!

And to make 4-wheel drive even more effective with automatic transmission, we've added a low range to the transfer case... so you can now handle even tougher, more treacherous driving situations. On the road... off the road—it handles just about anything nature puts in its way... hills, snow, mud, even deep sand.

In short, this Wagoneer offers everything you want in a smart wagon: a husky V-8. Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission. Great power steering, power brakes. Lots of load space. Plus... the big extra of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive! See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the 'Jeep' Wagoneer... one of the "Unstoppables"!

KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

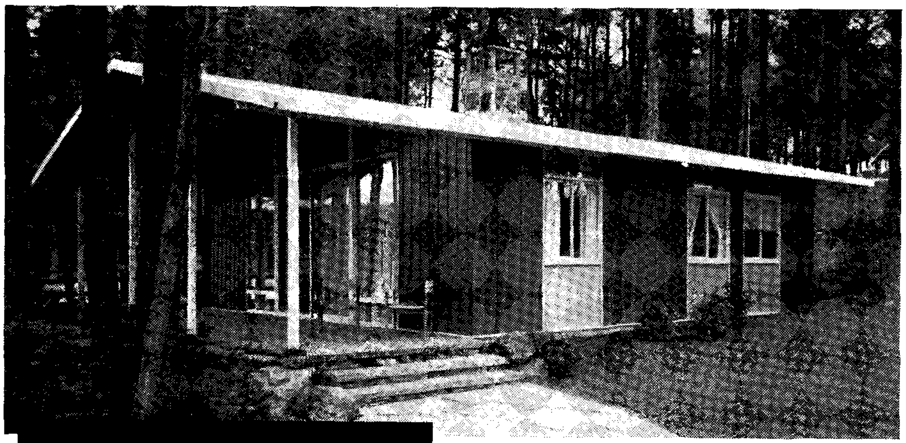
*TRADEMARK OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION said he was reminded of Kant's reference to a man's trying to milk a he-goat while another held a sieve to collect the milk. It was with some relief that the inquiry turned from the acerbic Mr. Hare to Mr. Edmund Slocock, M.A., a nonagenarian who had been an undergraduate at Merton in the early eighteen-nineties. Mr. Slocock submitted that it was against God's will to construct a road across Christ Church Meadow.

In May, five months after the inquiry ended and while the lanes around St. Mary's still ran with traffic, if not with blood, Sir Frederick's recommendation to the Minister was made public, and the Oxford *Mail* ran a banner headline giving the news: "MEADOW ROAD PROPOSED." The inspector favored the City Council's Scheme C—that is, for a road crossing the southern part of the Meadow and the run-down St. Ebbe's district. A Meadow road was "inescapable," Sir Frederick wrote, if peace and quiet were to be restored to the central University area. It should be a surface road, he continued, since a tunnel would cost too much and he did not think it "reasonable to force large volumes of traffic to travel underground for nearly half a mile." On the basis of the Road Research figures, Sir Frederick calculated that neither of the other schemes would provide enough relief to the center of Oxford without compulsory measures like closing St. Giles' and Magdalen Bridge.

This judgment seemed to be squarely in the great Oxford tradition of plunging forward with one foot caught in a root. (After all, every day the world over, enough traffic travels underground for half a mile or more to fill every street in Oxford with

BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED
DRY GIN

The spirit of England
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®
BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND, N.Y
©1965
KOBRAND

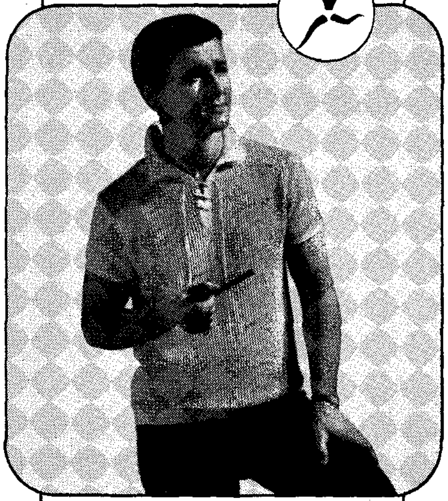


Keeps spirits up
...upkeep down

▲ The ultimate in contemporary beauty, comfort and good sense. Such is Techbuilt's award-winning Vacation Home in durable, attractive, practically maintenance-free Armco steel. Prefab steel frame, columns, walls and roof resist fire, termites, dry rot. No roof re-shingling—ever, and you "re-paint" the baked enamel finish with your garden hose. Modular component design frees interior for flexible room arrangements suitable to your needs. Floor-to-sky windows make living murals of scenic surroundings. Optional insulation for year-round holiday living. For brochure with photos and floor plans send 25¢ to Techbuilt Products, Inc., Dept.NY-58,Box 193, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

TECHBUILT® Vacation Homes

Eminence
String-Shirt



Made in France by EMINENCE . . . this cool new outer shirt has been added to the EMINENCE line of quality undergarments for men.

This unique open mesh construction of 100% cotton, acts as a body insulator against heat.

Outer shirt colors: white, black, beige, wine . . . $11.00, Briefs $2.50, Athletic shirts $2.95, Tee shirts $3.50, in S-M-L-XL-XXL.

BERGDORF GOODMAN CO. .... New York
F. R. TRIPLER & CO. .... New York

For other fine stores throughout the country, write Sole U.S. distributor—
GEDEON HELLER, Inc., 745 5th Ave., N.Y. 22

OUR TRIMINGHAM TIES

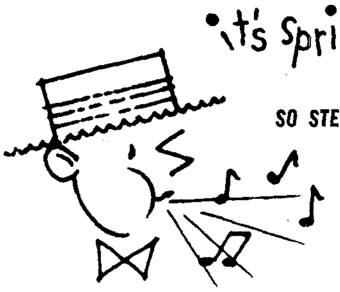
HANDSOME, HAND-LOOMED ENGLISH REPP SILK WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE WOVEN DESIGNS. "SEA DOG" HAS SEA VENTURE FIGUREHEAD IN GOLD ON NAVY; SILVER ON MAROON. "TRAVELLER OF BERMUDA" IN MAROON OR NAVY WITH TWO-COLOUR SHIP. EACH $5.50 POSTPAID.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA

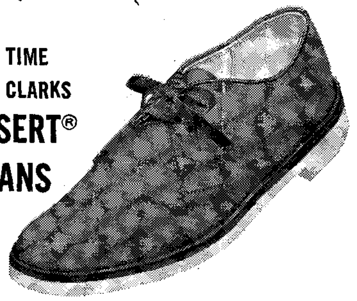
Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-7. Add 35c each for airmail. Send for our free illustrated "Treasures" catalogue.

cars several layers deep.) It produced the inevitable reactions. In the early summer, Christ Church forwarded to Members of the House of Lords a memorandum that began, discreetly, "This excellent report tries to solve the wrong problem." Then, after complaining that "the University is thus told what is good for it by a City Council which has changed its mind five times in five years," it argued that Sir Frederick had given only a short-term answer to a localized traffic condition. Once again Their Lordships rallied for the attack. The *Times* Parliamentary correspondent covering the debate reported, "By the time ninety-year-old Lord Samuel had finished in the Lords today with Sir Frederick Armer . . . there was little left of the inspector or his report." Speaking in what the *Times* man called "a clear and only slightly tremulous voice," Lord Samuel, an honorary Fellow of Balliol, evoked laughter and cheers as he said "inescapable" was "a silly word," very much like "inevitable"—a word, he added, that the Communists favored.

A week after the Lords' debate, Mr. Sparrow, of All Souls, released to the press a letter he had sent to Mr. Brooke, in which he expressed hopes for a precinct where traffic would be controlled, and caustically denounced the peers, saying, "They represent, almost to a man, a past generation. Of the dozen peers who criticised the report, seven are over seventy years of age and four over eighty." Mr. Sparrow's anti-Methuselan slant was reflected here and there in the nation's press, but on the whole editors were paying less and less attention to the struggle. One caught in their papers a hint that there were, perhaps, problems of national importance other than the Oxford roads. By fall, Mr. Brooke had accepted Sir Frederick's recommendation for Scheme C—the City Council's Meadow road—but by that time the despair of its opponents had been replaced by a certain stoicism. As a matter of fact, the pulse rate of Oxford as a whole had slackened, nor did it spurt up again when, in March, 1962, Dr. Charles Hill (a Cambridge man), who had not long before succeeded Mr. Brooke as Minister, ruled in favor of the Meadow road approved by his predecessor. The ruling was said to be final, yet nothing was done about building the road. The City Council kept busy, adopting a code to control high buildings and thus preserve the historic Oxford skyline around St. Mary's Spire. The city development plan was



It's Spring
SO STEP OUT



IT'S TIME
FOR CLARKS
DESERT® KHANS

The most comfortable warm weather casuals you'll ever wear . . . same last . . . same fine craftsmanship as Clarks Desert® Boot . . . just lower and designed for warm weather wear. They look right, and they feel **just right!**

In sand, loden green or teak brown—plantation crepe soles . . . Only $13.95

At Most Fine Stores

Clarks OF ENGLAND
333 BOSTON POST RD., NORWALK, CONN.
©CLARKS OF ENGLAND INC.

VACATION
in the cool green hills of
VERMONT

Opening June 10th

Each cottage of this lovely resort on Lake Morey has its own lake view. All sports. Planned entertainment. Families are welcome!

RATES: from $16-$25 daily per person, all meals included. Call N.Y. Res. Office, 30 Rock. Plaza W. Tel. 765-2882 or write

Bonnie Oaks
LODGE AND COTTAGES
FAIRLEE, VERMONT
Your hosts, the Avery family

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
* COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

Sail To The Islands of Maine
On the Gloucester Schooner
"Adventure"
An Unusual Informal Fun Filled Vacation
$125 per week all inclusive
For Brochure write
YANKEE SCHOONER CRUISE
Box 696 Camden 6, Maine
Tel. 207-236-4449

further revised to permit the clearance of slums in the St. Ebbe's section and to allow for expansion of the University's science departments. Dr. Charles Hill became Baron Hill and handed over the Ministry to Sir Keith Joseph (Magdalen), who sat tight and said nothing. A consultant hired by the City Council, a landscape architect named G. A. Jellicoe, submitted a plan for putting the Meadow road in an eighteen-foot-deep trench. He proposed to do this by diverting the Cherwell slightly from its course, by building embankments in the manner of earthworks that had been thrown up in the Meadow by Royalist forces during the Civil War in the seventeenth century, by planting trees and shrubs, and by following the line of an ancient stream called the Shirelake, which had dried up shortly after the death of Henry VIII. This cut (or "ha-ha," as such a thing is known in English landscape-gardening terminology) would be deep enough to hide a double-decker bus. The city engineer claimed that it would not need continual pumping to be kept dry. Mr. Jellicoe said that its concealed lighting would create for the men of Christ Church and Merton "an extraordinary spectacle at night, a kind of inferno, as though the Meadow were splitting with rage as the light came up." It is not surprising that while they digested this the disputants rested, at least publicly.

DURING my visit to Oxford, my appreciation of the dilemma that had confronted Sir Frederick Armer grew in direct ratio to the number of people I talked with. A Labourite member of the City Council told me that, whatever the road's ultimate course might be and regardless of whether it was built at ground level or beneath it, the city was going to be hard-pressed to pay for it; Oxford's tax rates were already too high, and the Ministry would not meet much of the expense. At Christ Church, I encountered a certain reticence—possibly because the college is a trifle sensitive to a charge, often heard of late, that in its determination to keep the Meadow inviolate it has spent much of its time corrupting Members of Parliament and propping up old peers—but its Senior Censor, Dr. Steven Watson, despite the inhibitory connotation of his title, proved quite ready to discuss the matter. Dr. Watson, a historian, lived in a house that would be demolished if the Council's road materialized, but he cherished the belief that no such thing would ever come to pass. "It

Don't put the Chartreuse too close to the milk

(someone might pour it on the cornflakes!)

But then why not? Chilled Chartreuse goes with lots of things...grapefruit, ice cream, desserts...and, naturally, on the rocks or as a highball. The main point is: *chill Chartreuse* before you serve it. For that's the new way to add finesse to Chartreuse's 350-year-old flavor. A most venerable and versatile liqueur. For an idea-ful booklet on drinking and cooking with Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Department F.

CHARTREUSE
(have the genius to chill it)
GREEN, 110 PROOF—YELLOW, 86 PROOF

An unusual story:

The man in the rain is Howard Frank, The Stanhope's imperturbable Baggagemaster. For 25 years, Howard has been meeting our guests at dock or airport. With jeeves-like deftness, he shepherds them through customs, bundles them into cab or limousine, delivers them safely to the desk at The Stanhope. Howard

Frank is one of hundreds "in service" at The Stanhope. All serve (without servility) in the gracious manner of Europe's grand hotels. Isn't it a joy to find this almost-lost art in a smart modern New York hotel?

Frank C. Bromber,
General Manager

THE STANHOPE HOTEL
Fifth Avenue at Eighty-First • Opposite the Metropolitan Museum of Art • Reservations: BU 8-5800

For dining up at the super swank Rainbow Room, full evening garb is no longer obligatory. But scads of luminaries just can't break the habit.

There hasn't been a restaurant like this one since the thirties.

THE RAINBOW ROOM

Dinner every night from 6:00, Brunch from 12:00 on Saturdays and Sundays. Call for reservations. Rockefeller Center, 65th Floor, PLaza 7-9090

THE LOBSTER MAN

...proudly shows you his latest catch. Look at his well-worn blue sweater... his heavy boots... his rugged lobster trap. You can almost smell the salt air! Another hand-painted Royal Doulton figurine from England. A rare catch for collectors. 7" high. $32.50.

ROYAL DOULTON

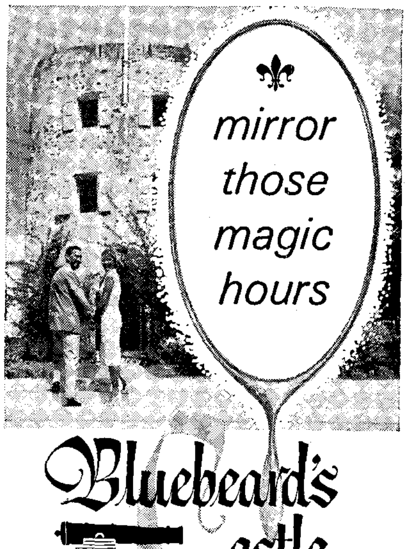
Send 25¢ for collectors book #9 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 5N, 11 E. 26th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10010

may be false buoyancy that makes me think this," he said, chewing, Maigret-like, on a battered pipe, "but it seems to me contrary to public policy to devastate open space in the middle of an expanding city."

I stopped next at All Souls, where Mr. Sparrow poured me a glass of sherry and said that since Mr. Smith's death he had taken a lead in seeking a restricted precinct and in trying to get Magdalen Bridge closed. Mr. Sparrow said that he had been more than a little disappointed by Sir Frederick's report, because "it didn't give us the restrictions for which we hoped." He confessed that he couldn't quite fathom the Meadow group's point of view. "A man who can say, as one peer said in the House of Lords, that the Meadow is the most beautiful thing in Europe is devoid of aesthetic sense," he declared. "Addison's Walk, behind Magdalen, is certainly ahead of it. You see, all they think of is Meadow, Meadow, Meadow. I would regret a road through it, but who knows? With a little planning, it might even improve the Meadow. Like the Mall, in London. In the meantime, here is this street being sacrificed—the High, one of the most beautiful streets in England."

Mr. Hare, the Balliol don, as his testimony at the inquiry suggested, is something of a wild exception in Oxford, being a moral philosopher who also knows a great deal about roads and town planning. "It's very interesting to observe the thought processes of people here in the University when they are faced with practical problems," he said while I was having a cup of very pale but brisk China tea with him one day at his home, a Victorian house in North Oxford. "Basically, the University believes that the intellect is wasted when it is applied to such problems. We were very lucky to have had a road-traffic survey made at all, but then, of course, it turned out that no one knew how to use the information it provided." All in all, Mr. Hare thought that Oxford was getting what, in its ignorance of things practical, it deserved, and he dropped the subject on a wry note by assuring me that the planned road network, though still unborn, was already obsolete.

Under Warden Mure, Merton had been the sheet anchor of the Meadow colleges, looking on at the fitful antics of Christ Church with the concerned eye of an elder sister. There are those, however, who feel that Merton's belief in the sanctity of the Meadow has occasionally been expressed in a manner that reflected an ungenerous scorn for



Bluebeard's Castle

ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tropical gardens, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. Completely air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for cocktails and dancing, calypso. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's own Beach Club with air conditioned studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V.I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or our representatives, **LEONARD HICKS, INC.**
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 MU8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D. C.

PAKÉ Jacket
a sleeveless Mandarin "beach" toss-on
in
Pure White
Turquoise
Yellow
Red
Black
fine cotton
S-M-L $4.95
send for catalog "Fashions from the East"

Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

SEND TO DEPT. 2U2 FOR COLORFUL BROCHURE
Deer park Lodge
MANITOWISH WATERS, WISCONSIN
In the heart of Wisconsin's beautiful Vilas County
WISCONSIN'S FINEST RESORT
AAA

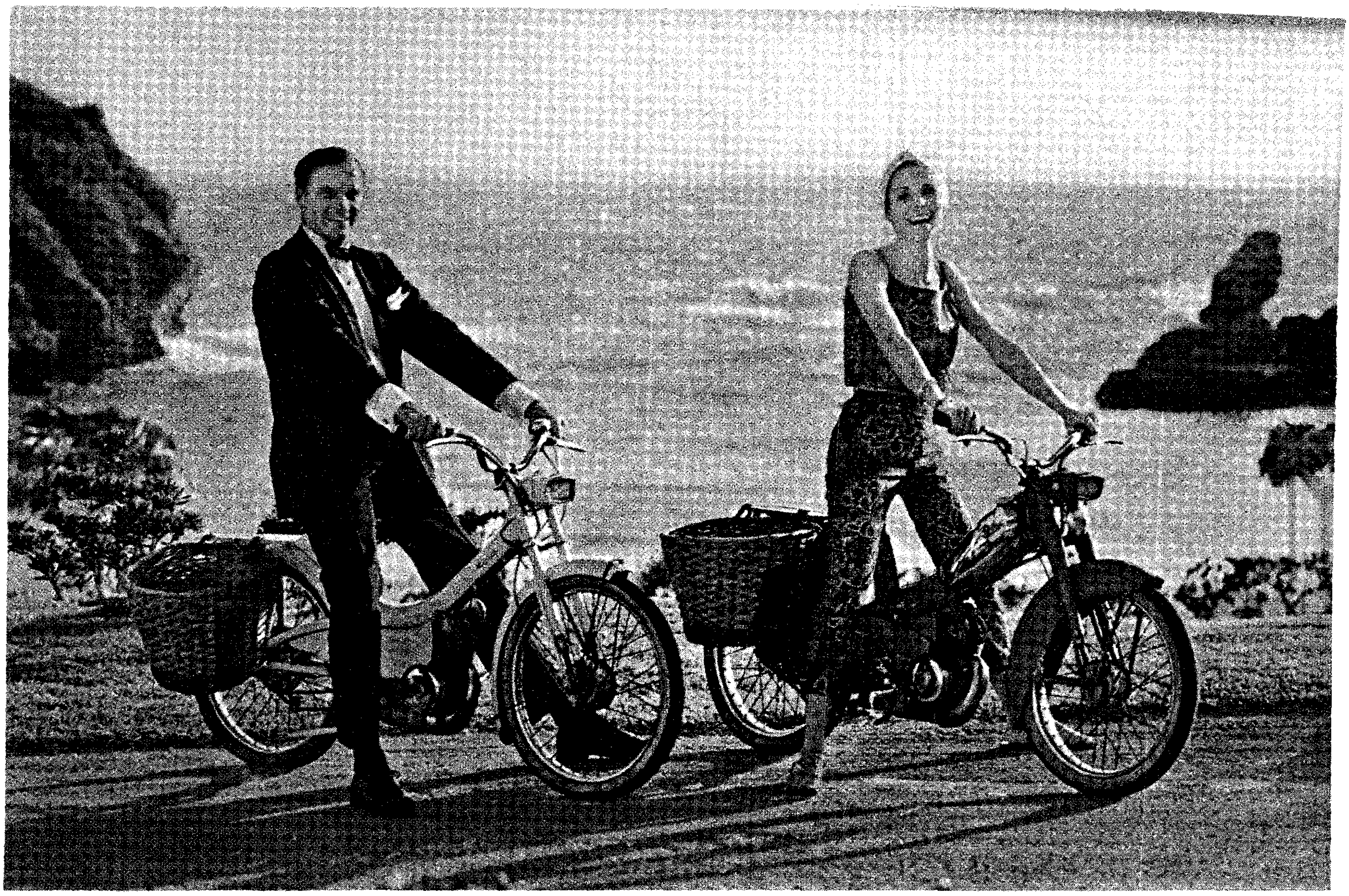
RESTAURANT FRANÇAIS
FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY
14 EAST 52nd
RES 421-7588
Le Mistral

WELLINGTON SEARS, 111 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C., MARKETING SUBSIDIARY OF WEST POINT MFG. CO., MAKERS OF FABRICS FOR APPAREL, HOME AND INDUSTRY • MARTEX TOWELS AND FAIRFAX TOWELS.

Don't call us for this Lady Manhattan®. We only make the fabric.

But what a superb
fabric for this convertible
collar shirtwaist.
It's a 65% Dacron® and
35% combed
cotton Masterblend®
Pastels, Navy, Cranberry.
Sizes 8 to 18 about 18.00.
Stern's and branches;
Woolf Bros., Kansas City.

WELLINGTON SEARS



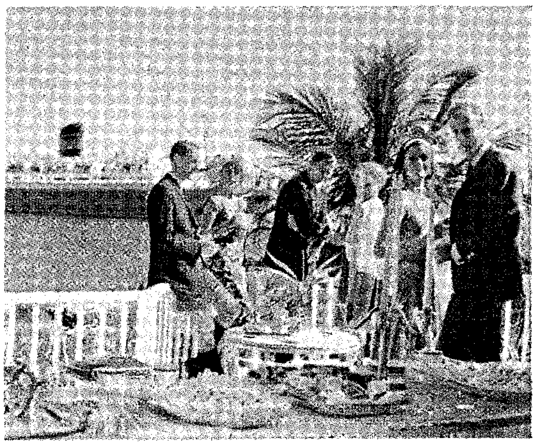
Where do you go to a formal party by motorbike? Bermuda!

One of the special joys of Bermuda...our perky little motorbikes. Irresistible! By day you'll scoot to the beach, to golf, or to the other end of the island, sight-seeing. When evening comes, they take you where the fun is.

Now the sun's going down, and fun's coming up, in semi-tropical Bermuda. Red-jacketed waiters will serve you dinner under the poinciana trees. Torches will flare with the laughter on the lawn.

Later, starlit dancing on a terrace above the sea. In the wee hours, the rhythmic beat of the limbo and the calypso, at a club.

Bermuda really swings, in its charming British way. You're never more than minutes from a party. Our hotels, restaurants, inns, pubs and night clubs have a special magic for bringing people happily together. But whenever you wish you can ignore all this, and be by yourself.

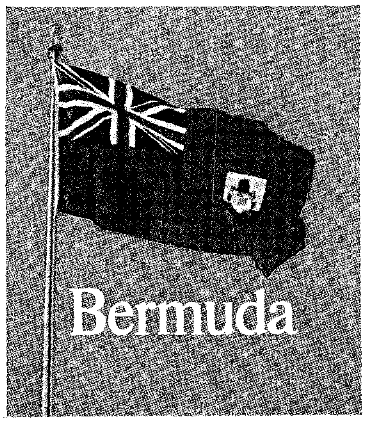


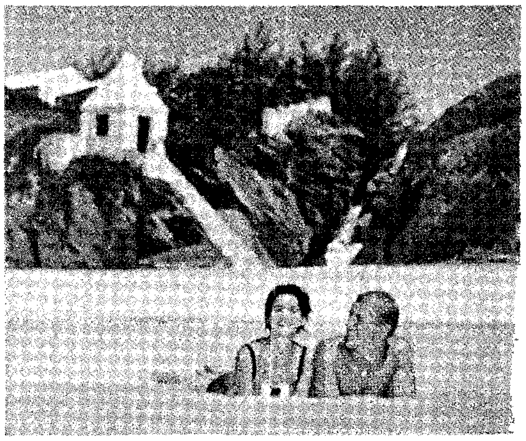
You'll like the Britishness of Bermuda. The courtesy of everyone you meet. The winding lanes. The left-side drive. The portrait of the Queen on every postage stamp. So foreign, and yet so close to home. Exactly 90 minutes flying time from East Coast cities, or a 2-day cruise by ship.

We guard the beauty of Bermuda. No billboards. No superhighways. No hot dog stands. Years ago we had a little railroad but we sold all 18 miles of it.

But here—so much to see and do. Colonial houses two centuries old that are still cherished by our oldest families. A galaxy of staunch stone forts. Coral reefs with brilliant fish that you can see with scuba gear, or from a glass-bottomed boat. Ancient Spanish treasure found in one of the 300 wrecks offshore.

Have fun a thousand ways. You can play golf year round. You can ride, play tennis, fish for fighting wahoo, Allison tuna, bonefish. You can sail, rent a yacht, a houseboat, or power-driven water skis. You can cycle, ride in a horse-drawn surrey, take a taxi with a fringe on top and be guided by a knowledgeable driver. You may even learn to walk again, in this flower-festive land.





But we suspect you'll do what so many visitors do: bask on beach or poolside terrace and feel those tensions fade. And shop in this shopper's paradise, where the treasures of the world are on display at savings up to 60%.

There's a fantastic choice of where to stay. Budgets can run from modest to princely. From Bermuda guest house to posh resort hotel. From cottage colony to housekeeping apartment. All with access to every sport and every pleasure under sun (or moon).

Ask your travel agent about Bermuda's variety of accommodations. Or write Bermuda, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2 • 111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

its opponents; indeed, I had been told that Mr. Mure sometimes weakened the perfectly good case he was making by baiting the High colleges. If so, when I called on him in his study overlooking Merton Field and the Meadow, it appeared that his attitude toward the position of the High colleges had not mellowed; in fact, he was quite bitter about what he called "the small academic-precinct minority" that wanted the High closed to traffic. Mr. Mure said that the High was meant to be a road and should therefore be used as one.

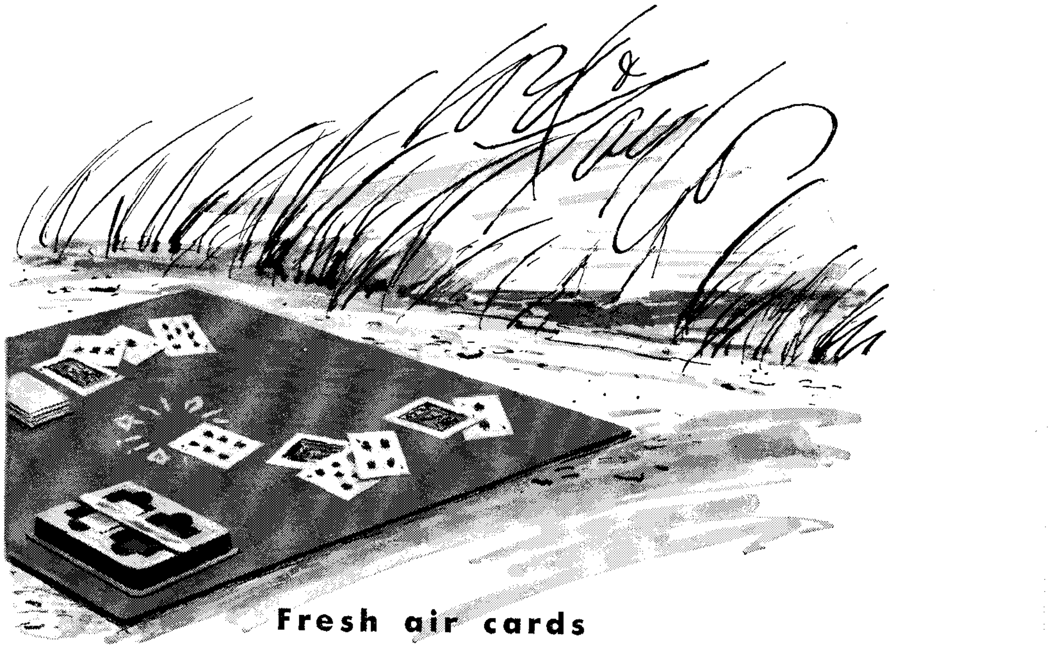
Most of the members of the Merton senior common room I talked with weren't a bit eager to discuss the Meadow road; the countless years of anguish it had brought them had finally collapsed into boredom, and they never wanted to hear of it again. An exception was Mr. Lucas, the young philosophy don who had fenced so ably with Mr. Sparrow in Congregation. "Everyone in Oxford thinks Oxford is more important than people outside it think," he said as we walked in Merton Garden, where numerous fritillaries were blooming. "Trafficwise," he went on, with a grin at this Americanism, "the High is no worse than the main streets of half a dozen comparable English cities. That's not to say it isn't unpleasant. Under the present scheme, the Meadow will be sacrificed, and the High, which was supposed to be saved, will get precious little benefit. Indeed, by the Malthusian process of car-buying, the High will get more and more traffic and will soon be as badly off as before. I have hopes that nothing will be done about the matter for some time to come. Perhaps, in the end, if they still want a Meadow road, it won't cost as much as it would today to build it as a tunnel."

Dr. Roger Highfield, a modern-history don at Merton, took an even less optimistic view of the immediate prospect, but then, with a peculiarly Oxonian twist, settled the matter to the probable satisfaction of generations to come. "Opposing a Meadow road is a lost cause, and it has been one from the beginning," he told me in his study. "The University has always been divided, because Vice-Chancellor Smith had a chimerical notion that you could shut the High and transfer all its traffic to the Meadow. It's true that in Assisi and Carcassonne whole areas have been closed off, and in Perugia every evening the police shut streets so the inhabitants can walk in peace—but not in Oxford. Here, short of getting an Act of Parliament, you run up against the

OUR SEVENTY-FIFTH YEAR

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF 500 BAKER DESIGNS. $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
305 Milling Road. Holland, Michigan 49423
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS



Fresh air cards

and board are magnetic so the great game can be played with the breeze blowing and the sun tanning you this summer. 20" x 20" board and two bridge decks in a tray. Kling's game is a get well gift, too. 13.00 At all Lord & Taylor stores

Swedish steel, Swedish style!
Four-blade pocket knife, $9.50 postpaid

Looking for something special? NK has it
All smart travelers know
NK (Nordiska Kompaniet), Sweden's
unique department store, famous
the world over for the distinctive quality
of its merchandise.

Now NK brings to the World's Fair
the finest products of Creative Sweden's
artists, designers and manufacturers.

Why not select your sophisticated
Christmas and wedding gifts
in the NK Shop in the Swedish Pavilion?
We ship everywhere.

NK

At the Swedish Pavilion
New York World's Fair

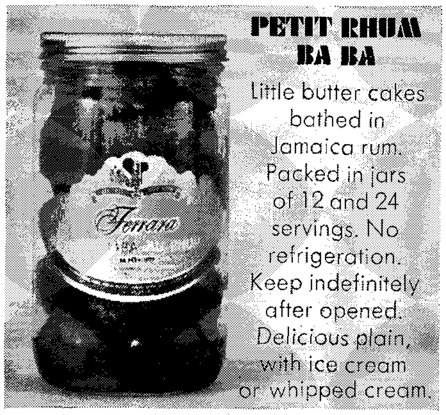
Good Golf...
and a change of pace...
only 100 miles from
New York and Philadelphia

You'll enjoy golf more than ever before on Buck Hill's championship 27-hole course. You'll be pleased with what's new at Buck Hill! For your comfort, an entirely new West Wing with 80 guest rooms, enlarged dining area, and fine cocktail lounge. Come for the golf, tennis, other sports—and the fun of being here. Only 2½ hours from New York and Philadelphia. Air charter service available.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA.
For reservations and information: New York—
30 Rockefeller Plaza, CI 5-5620; Phila.—PE 5-2433

right of English motorists to drive their cars on roads, and, as a whole, England has been reluctant and lazy-minded when it comes to making self-denying ordinances.” Dr. Highfield walked over to the study window, through which the miasmal mist could be seen steaming off the Meadow and drifting in toward Oxford—toward the Meadow colleges and the High colleges, toward the City Council at Carfax and the stores along the Corn. “It appalls me when I hear people say what a lovely road it could be—lined with poplars or some flowering plants—and what a nice view of the city motorists would have,” he said. “They miss the point entirely. Here you have a quiet green place—pleasant for cows and accessible to pedestrians—that has been roughly as it is now for the past six hundred years. That ditch you can see over there was the boundary between the kingdoms of Wessex and Mercia in the days before England existed. It is a piece of authentic English countryside from which, over the centuries, thousands of men have looked at Oxford and have been in one way or another affected by it. If you put a road through it—however landscaped, however logical—noise, litter, and stinks will win. The Meadow will be lost and the High will not be saved. Oxford will never be the same again.” Turning abruptly away from the window, Dr. Highfield walked to the fireplace and switched on an electric heater, perhaps to ward off the mists. “Still, one mustn’t sound too sad,” he said. “Now that sparing the Meadow seems a hopeless thing, I expect the situation to improve. We shall undoubtedly have another cycle of Ministerial commands, public inquiries, and debates in the House of Lords. As history has shown, and as Sir Max pointed out, a ghost has to be slain before we pay it proper homage. Now that the defense of the Meadow has ceased to be a *cause célèbre* and has acquired the solid standing of a lost cause, I think we will find that it is on its way to being won.”

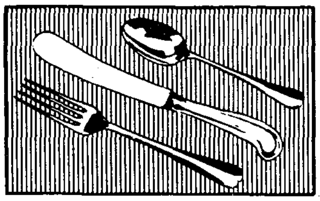
And, indeed, as Oxford time is measured, it wasn’t long before there were signs that Dr. Highfield’s words could come true. In the general election at the end of last year, Sir Keith Joseph, together with his fellow-Conservatives, lost his job. Richard Crossman (New College) became the Labourite Minister of Housing and Local Government. At the beginning of this year, there was another inquiry, which stumbled again over all the old hurdles of the road and the Meadow. Although the emotions were a little tired now,


PETIT RHUM BA BA
Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or whipped cream.

FERRARA PANETTONE
ITALIAN COFFEE CAKE
Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.
ESTABLISHED 1892
Ferrara
PASTRY AND COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

“George II”
ENGLISH SILVER
Six Piece Service



ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

SINCE 1880

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

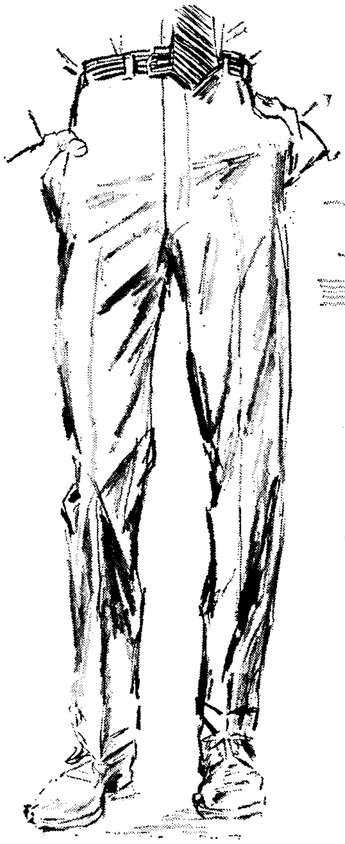
CRUISE THE MAINE COAST

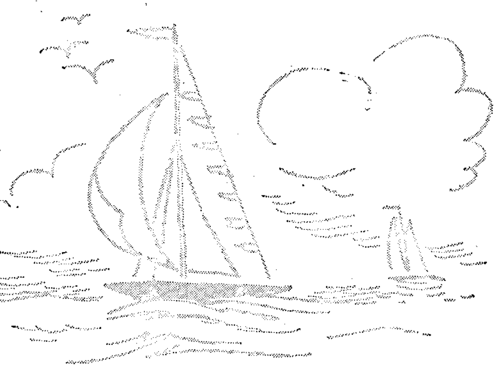
THE HISTORIC SCHOONER
“STEPHEN TABER”
Sail - Relax - Explore
on informal vacation. $125.00 weekly
all included. $100.00 in June and September. Write:
Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 561, Camden 6, Me.

the proceedings were informative. The City Council ran through its entire development plan, of which the Meadow road is only a small part, and in which slum clearance is the major factor. The most novel feature of the inquiry was the arrival on the scene of Colin Buchanan, a man with a tremendous and well-earned reputation as a town planner and traffic engineer. Buchanan first achieved fame by his solitary dissent from the report of a government inquiry board, of which he was a member, that recommended the construction of parking garages under London squares. More recently, he was the chief author of a government-sponsored study into the long-term, nationwide problems of the motor age. The resulting document, "Traffic in Towns," was uniquely concerned with the entire urban environment rather than with traffic alone. It became a Stationery Office best-seller, and Buchanan, recognized as a pundit with a practical grasp of his times, received, amazingly, the laurels of a prophet in his own country—a Charles Darwin, a Frank Lloyd Wright, a Samuel Smiles. Certainly to people at the Meadow colleges, Professor Buchanan was a white knight, come to save them. In Paragraph No. 391 of "Traffic in Towns," they read:

> "Relief" roads are often designated without safeguards to ensure that the general increase of traffic does not soon make conditions as bad as ever on the relieved road. This is an especial danger when the relieved road has some innate attraction for traffic. An example of this important point is the controversial High Street at Oxford. Here a relief road has been planned on an alignment which it is hoped will be sufficiently "attractive to traffic" to give substantial relief to the High Street. The risk is that traffic will continue to use the High Street, and that only a measure of congestion in that street will force some traffic on to the relief road. Our approach would be to assess the "environmental capacity" of the High Street, and then to consider what steps would be needed to reduce traffic to that level and to hold it there permanently. Such steps would almost certainly include the compulsory direction of traffic, or most of it, on to the relief road. There would be then no particular need to choose an alignment for the relief road which would be competitive in journey-time with the old road; it could be put anywhere suitable.

At the inquiry, Buchanan, as a witness for the University, very lucidly set forth the basic principles of motor-age planning as they applied to Oxford. He proposed that a new survey be made—as a result of which, he said, it would no doubt be seen that the road should be built someplace other





TROUSERED BY **CORBIN**

ONLY CORBIN MAKES
NATURAL SHOULDER TROUSERS®

PRIME POPLINS with DACRON®

Wear them and love them — our Prime Poplin trousers keep their crisp smartness! The more you wash them, the better they look and feel! Cut in the Corbin manner for calculated comfort. Assorted Corbin colors. In a high count 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% pima cotton, they also come in Bermuda Length Walk Shorts and Bathing Shorts. Write for the select store nearest you: Corbin Ltd., Dept. N-8, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16.

*** DuPont's registered trademark**

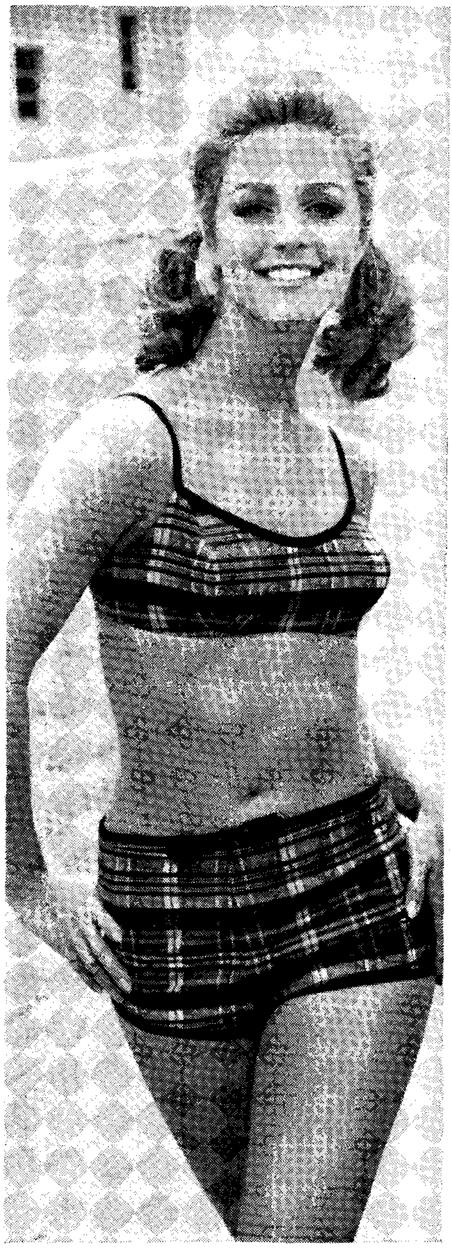
PACK IT! WHACK IT!
FLING IT AROUND!
OUR NEW STRAW HAT
WON'T BE CRUSHED!

Toquila Partido—just two cool ounces of hand-woven, open-weave straw from Ecuador. Crafted by Scott & Co. A colorful cinch-ring band coordinates with your wardrobe. In three debonair shapes and your choice of colors. As shown, in dark cocoanut or light tan. Also center-crease model in natural tan or straw-white and sports style in dark cocoanut or natural, $8.95. Additional bands, $2. each. State background color preference.

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN

New York
9 East 57th Street
Chicago
633 North Michigan Avenue
New Haven
264 York Street

Peck & Peck



There's method in our madras for the Peck & Peck Girl

The more dips in the pool, the brighter it gets. True bleeding madras cotton hip-rider from our Surf Club Collection. With our famous fitting inner bra, of course. Assorted colourings. 8 to 14, 1600

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis Indianapolis • Atlanta • Minneapolis • St. Paul • Buffalo Kansas City • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

than the Meadow. It will probably be autumn before the Minister makes up his mind whether to give the City Council's plan—and thus the Meadow road—the go-ahead or to take Buchanan's advice. In any case, the Meadow colleges are resting more happily for having heard the expert's words. Buchanan, of course, brought to the situation an advantage not directly connected with his reputation and skill: Born in India and educated at London University, he was in no respect an Oxford man. —ANTHONY BAILEY

• •

CATARACT

I

The lashes of my eye are clipped away,
the eyelids pinned back with
diamond hatpins.
Tomcats pad in; their tiger tails
don't show under those starched smocks.
Grinning like balloons, they rise
and nudge the ceiling. They have been trained
to pick cobwebs from human eyes.

I lie under the beam of God's kilowatts,
a cloud of opium raining down like soot.
A well, murky with hoarded reflections,
is uncovered. Will they find me there—
with the drowned woodchuck, the white-eyed snake?

I've watched a glacier grinding
through the tumid ranges of the brain,
dropping silt
over my inner eye. Words flick
out of the haze like angry birds,
or crawl, wings torn off,
peeping feebly. . . .
But I cannot remember what saints and martyrs
have said under far worse circumstances.

II

When I was nine, strapped down
by nightmares, I screamed for
my sleeping father. Big as the hunter's moon,
he loomed in his nightshirt.
"Father, please chase those cats out of
the poppy trees, kick them into the dark
where I can't hear them hissing
'She . . . She . . . '
Don't let their prickers slip, Daddy!
Light a cigar."

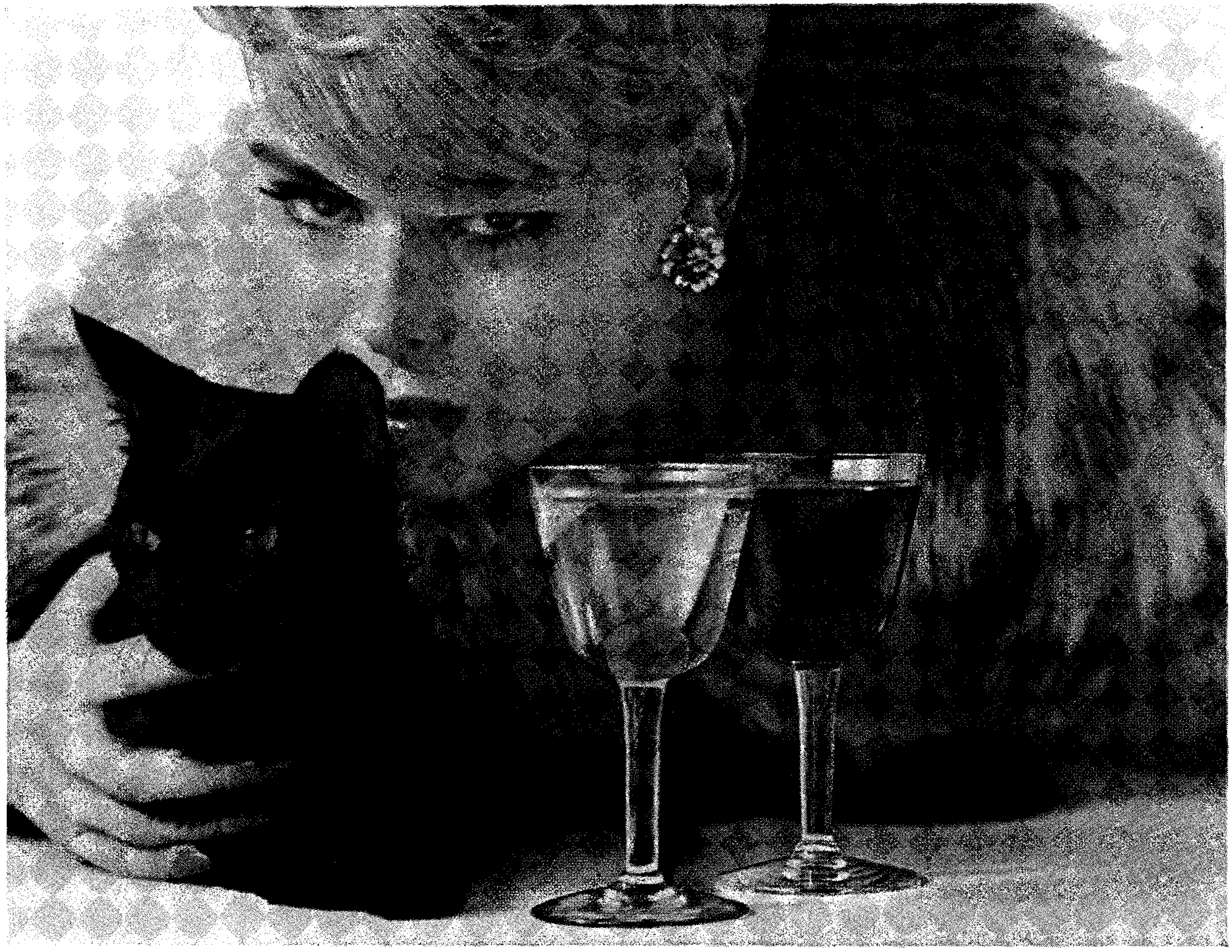
I see the shadow of ivy on a plaster wall,
yellow roses climbing, my son's chestnut thatch
polished by a barn lantern—
don't let the blackbirds in the window!
A hand is turning the white doorknob.

God, dear, I am not ready. I am ashamed
to entertain you here at the beginning,
at the bottom of the well.
All I have for tea are these mud pies,
rich with stone raisins, pressed into rusted
cake tins. I set them out to dry, a row a day,
when the sun was hot on my gingham back,
and I pulsed like a tree toad in June,
mixing sweets, baking cakes,
enough, more than enough, for everyone.

—M. J. SMITH

For cocktails that purr...the gentle touch
of Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth.
Extra Dry for silken smooth Martinis,
Sweet for superb Manhattans. This serene Vermouth*
is the nation's favorite—naturally!

*Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI
MARTINI
MARTINI & ROSSI

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

The Tell-tale Triangle (or how you can tell if a shirt is expensive)

The next time you have a minute, use your hands (the way we do in the picture) to visually frame the Tell-tale Triangle on a shirt. In that Triangle is all the evidence you need to become an expert on what goes into making a truly fine and comfortable shirt.

And also to understand why Excello is considered one of America's great shirts!

Look at the collar first. Does it really follow the contour of the neck? Do the collar points lay smooth against the neckline? Excello's do.

Look at the sleeves. Are they set at an angle to let your arms move freely and comfortably without a lot of extra material? Excello's are.

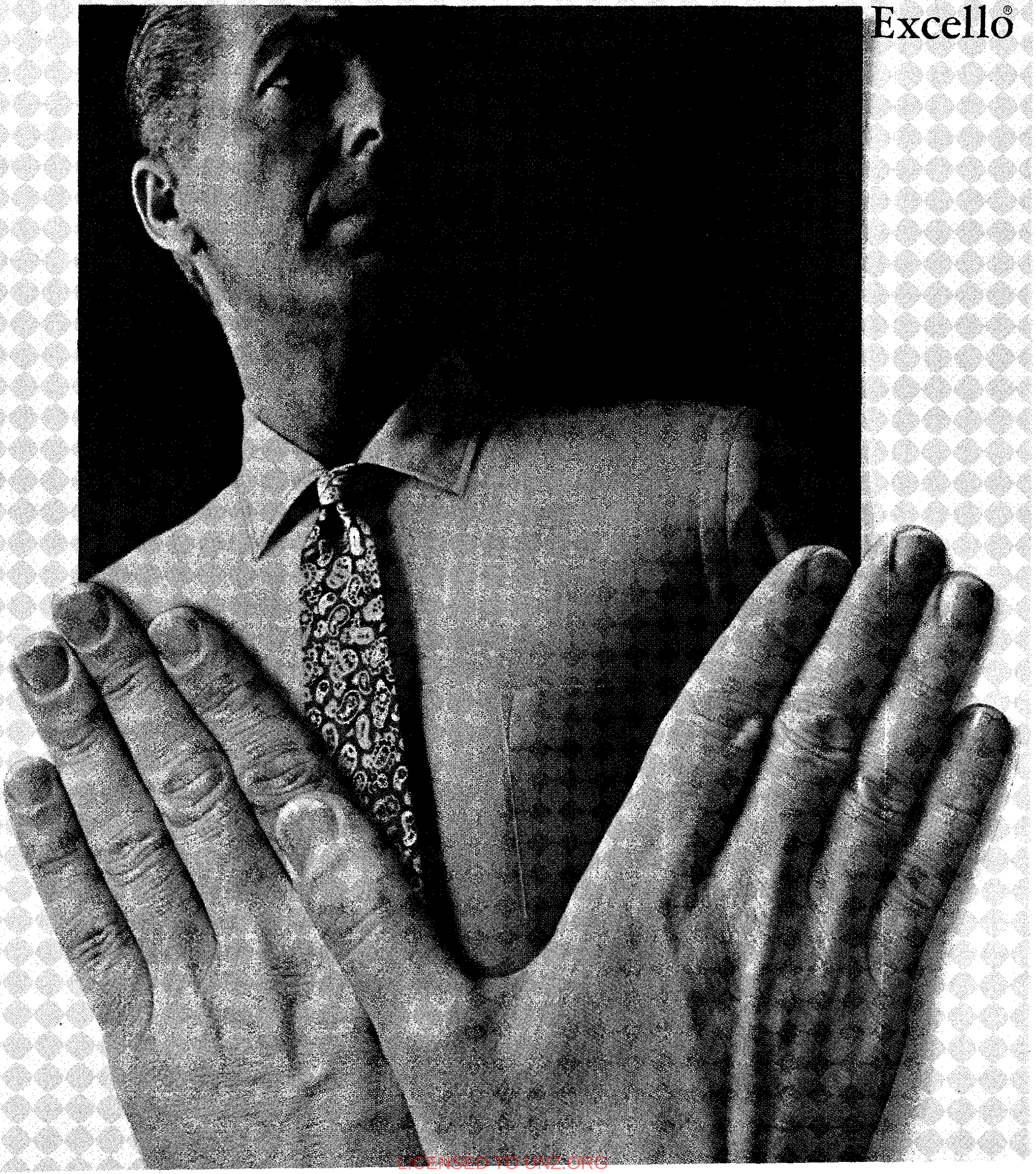
Look at the shoulders and back. Is there a uniquely tailored curved yoke to eliminate unsightly pleats and sloppy gathers? Excello has.

Look at the waist. Is it tapered and trim for a neat modern look? Excello's is.

Excello shirts pass the Tell-tale Triangle test hands down. They're made to fit and give freedom of movement. Like Excello's Brahma Cloth pictured below. It's an all cotton short sleeved shirt in plains or dobbies. Collars are medium spread, tab-with-snap, button-down. In a host of muted colors. $5.95. Excello, another fine product of KR Kayser-Roth.

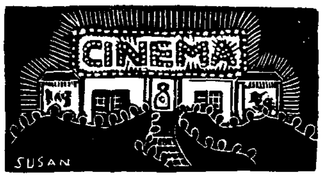
Expensive shirts ought to look it.

Excello®



THE CURRENT CINEMA

Beginnings



OUR useful uptown cousin in name only, the New Yorker Theatre, is showing a couple of pictures that, though fetched out of the dark backward and abysm of time, are making their first commercial appearances here: "Variety Lights," which Federico Fellini directed in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada back in 1950 and which deserves to enter history not only in its own right but also as Mr. Fellini's earliest screen effort, and "Chronicle of a Summer," a French film that was made in 1960 and is one of the pioneer specimens of the form known as *cinéma vérité*. A first novel notoriously reveals its author's deepest preoccupations (not yet having learned from critics what these preoccupations are, the poor fellow marches them up and down his pages as naked as jay birds; later, he will bundle them up in feathers as thick as a snowy owl's). A first movie is apt to resemble a first novel, especially in the case of a born autobiographer like Mr. Fellini, and it's fascinating to observe in "Variety Lights" the introduction of certain themes that, disguised and enriched, provide the matrix for such of his later works as "La Strada," "La Dolce Vita," and "8½."

In "Variety Lights" we meet a troupe of not at all talented vaudeville performers who are winding up an unprofitable tour of the provinces. An innocent-seeming but aggressive girl joins forces with them against their wishes and brings them, by her jaunty good looks and energy, an unexpected measure of acclaim. The aging top banana of the troupe falls in love with the girl, and for her sake abandons his mistress, who has been frugally saving their pennies for the purchase of a grocery store. On reaching Rome, he tries to get a job for himself and the girl, but it soon becomes obvious that she will find it easier to rise in the world without him. The top banana's mediocrity is his fate; he will have to rejoin his wretched troupe and his wretched, forgiving mistress and go slowly downhill along with them, while the girl, with the help of a rich lover, gains a no doubt temporary fame. The picture is every bit as old-fashioned as this summary of its plot implies, and the quality of the camerawork often gives it the air of having been shot not fifteen years ago but fifty; nevertheless, it's a continuously charming affair, mingling comedy and pathos with Chaplinesque dexterity (the Tramp hovers over every scene like an instructive guardian angel) and offering an assortment of colorful roles to the large cast, which includes Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina.

"Chronicle of a Summer" is a mosaic of interviews and conversations assembled with stunning effectiveness by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin, who also take active parts in the picture. Mr. Rouch is an anthropologist and Mr. Morin a sociologist, and they both teach at the National Center for Scientific Research, in Paris. It was their aim to see whether they could work their way past the formal truth of the exterior life of the usual documentary into some unexplored truth of the interior life; they began by hiring a girl to ask, in interviews with subjects apparently chosen at random, the question "Are you happy?" Having ruffled the surface of privacy by this impertinence—who, in such a world, is prepared to confess that he is happy?—they proceeded to record a number of remarkably candid chats with, among others, a young painter and his mistress, a factory worker and his friends, an office worker and his wife (*she* is happy, and her beauty says so, though she dares not utter the words), some lively African students, and an Italian girl living alone in Paris and plainly at the end of her tether. In the climax of the picture, the various scenes are run off for the benefit of the assembled participants, who then discuss themselves and each other with astonishing objectivity, not to say coolness. The truth about a man's life, interior or exterior, is certain to elude the finest cameras and the most delicate sound equipment, but I'm grateful to Mr. Rouch and Mr. Morin for having produced, in the course of their vain quest, an exhilarating entertainment.

"SYNANON" is neither *cinéma vérité* nor a documentary but that uneasy thing, a true story told in the form of a fiction. We are invited to observe the workings of Synanon House, which is a real place on the West Coast, devoted to curing drug addicts. The cure, devised by a Californian named Chuck

Why should you consider locating in Arkansas?

There are many reasons. But PROFIT is the strongest one we can think of at the moment.

Write the Arkansas Industrial Development Commission, State Capitol, Little Rock.

ARKANSAS

SURRENDER TO THE SPELL OF "THE Shell"*

*La Concha, of course!

Leave the frenzied pace behind. Relax in the tropic atmosphere of La Concha, on San Juan's fabulous Gold Coast . . . where the weather is always dependable. Every room with private balcony facing the ocean. Finest surf bathing, pool and cabana club, golf privileges on 18 hole championship course. Great food and entertainment . . . exotic beverages . . . Surrender! See your travel agent or write for information or reservations to Hotel La Concha, Mr. Gee, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Low Summer rates.

La Concha
Hotel, Beach & Cabana Club
San Juan, Puerto Rico
An Associated Federal Hotel: Cecil Mills, President.

You can learn to write in the Italic hand, if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $2.50 at Art Materials' and Pen Shops or send check or money order to Artone Color, 561 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left-handed. Be a penman, own an Osmiroid.

OSMIROID
Italic
MEDIUM
STRAIGHT
ENGLAND

THIS ADVERTISEMENT WAS PREPARED WITH AN OSMIROID PEN AND AN ITALIC NIB BY ARTONE COLOR, 561 GRAND AVE., B'KLYN, N.Y.

DAWSON'S

HALF PENNY
1947

Lunch Dinner
Ha-Penny Bar
159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

Dederich, depends mainly on rigorous self-help, self-examination, and constant association and discussion with fellow-addicts. (Seminars of a scarifying frankness are a crucial part of the system, which owes its strange name to an addict's inability to pronounce "seminar.") The screenplay has worked up a conventional tough-boy-and-tough-girl romance and a conventional rivalry over the girl by two natural adversaries, and I'm afraid that the large portion of the picture that is invented and therefore tiresome swamps the small portion of the picture that is authentic and therefore moving. Richard Quine has produced and directed it with an evident desire to put Synanon's best foot forward, and the cast, which includes Edmond O'Brien, Chuck Connors, Alex Cord, and Eartha Kitt, is able and conscientious, but one can praise the results only as a public service. Synanon is precisely the sort of experiment that lends itself to the *cinéma-vérité* technique, and the last thing its anguish and promise should have been tailored to fit is Hollywood.

VITTORIO GASSMAN is one of my favorite actors, and in "Il Successo" he is just as dazzling as he was in "The Easy Life," though the picture itself is certainly less interesting. He plays the role of a businessman in his early forties who has failed to secure what he considers a sufficient share in the gross national product of booming Italy. Not content with his good fortune as the possessor of a beautiful wife (Anouk Aimée), a devoted friend (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a handsome apartment, and plenty of free time, he decides to risk his good fortune in a single desperate and dishonest attempt to make a killing in Sardinian real estate. He does so, but what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole of Sardinia and lose Anouk Aimée? I'm sorry that Mr. Gassman is obliged, for the sake of a neat plot, to come to such a sorry end, but to watch him sink from ineffective bonhomie to bored iniquity is a very great pleasure indeed, and I recommend "Il Successo" as a splendid lesson in both acting and morality. If, as it appears, the wages of sin is success, we must all do our best to fail.

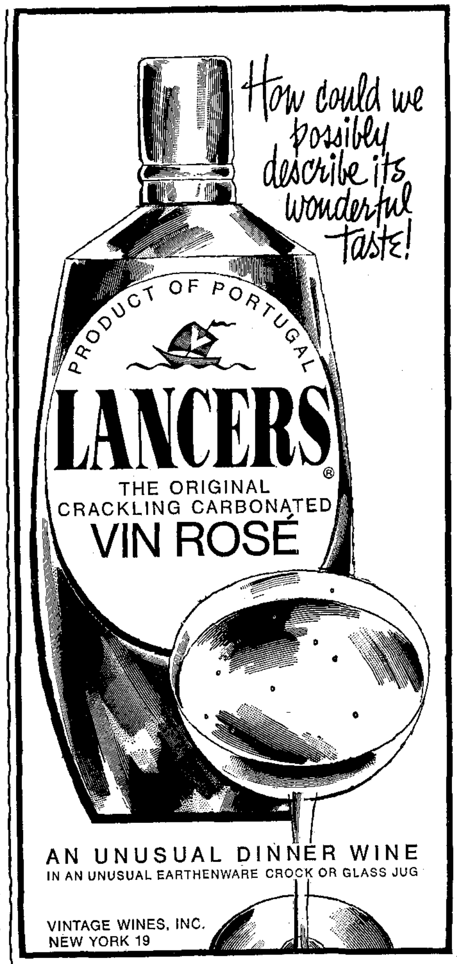
—BRENDAN GILL

•

NEWS STORIES WE NEVER EVEN STARTED READING

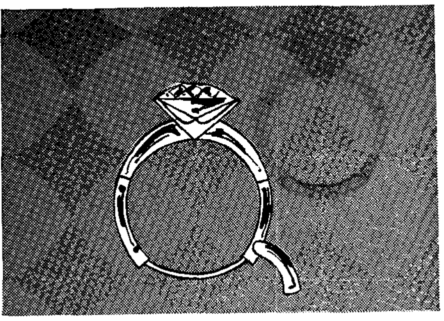
[*Headline in the Norfolk-Portsmouth (Va.) Virginian-Pilot*]

HOW TO SPEAK AND WRITE
LIKE A COLLEG GRADUATE


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19



Ring twist? Knuckle problem?

Now any ring can slip over knuckles, fit snug. Just have your jeweler attach Finger-Fit to any new ring or to one you have. You'll end ring problems for keeps.

Finger-Fit opens up three sizes to easily slip over your knuckle. Once on, it snaps closed to exact finger size. *Always* keeps your ring with the setting perfectly positioned.

Ask your jeweler to show you Finger-Fit in 14K yellow or white gold or platinum.

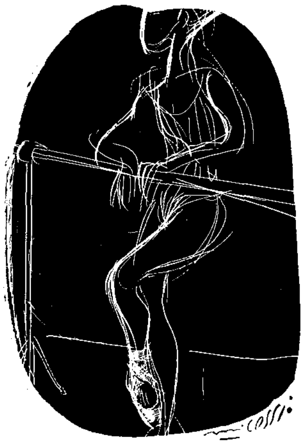
For name of a fine jeweler near you, write:

FINGER-FIT U.S. PATENT NO. 2771753
DEPT. N, BOX 366, ROYAL OAK, MICH.

Opticians
LUGENE
38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 3-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486

MUSICAL EVENTS

Sui Generis



I THINK I have remarked before that it is a disservice to the memory of the late Charles Ives to hail him as a precursor of all the tiresome subsequent things done by such composers as Schoenberg and Hindemith. Ives was not a link in a chain of historical decline; he was an isolated artist, and deserves to be considered as such. True, he often wrote noisy music, as well as music of some charm, but he never wrote the noisy music with reference to any theory of historical inevitability. He wrote it simply because he felt like writing it. On Monday evening of last week, following an incredible patching together of dispersed manuscripts and a tremendous amount of rehearsal (all this done by dedicated musicologists and with the help of the Rockefeller Foundation), Ives' Fourth Symphony finally received its world première in Carnegie Hall by the American Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Leopold Stokowski. At least the principal baton was Stokowski's; such is the complexity of this work that it required the services of two assistant conductors, conducting in different rhythms at the same time, in addition to a gigantic orchestral apparatus and a chorus from the Schola Cantorum. The work lasted half an hour, and, if one includes a prelude, it has four movements. The third of these movements is so conservative that if you like to periodize, which I do not, it might be said to belong to the era of Brahms. All but two notes, that is. For Ives has slipped in a couple of wildly discordant ones (as he has in several other movements of this type) just to remind you that his New England soul is there and is not going to tolerate any sentiment without protecting itself with a hooting disclaimer of some sort. The other movements utilize hymn tunes and bumptious marches, arranged in such a manner that a haze of impressionistic effects (attained by all sorts of methods, including the use of quarter tones) makes them only intermittently discernible. As a friend of mine remarked afterward, "It was a little like trying to hear a composition in an auditorium where everybody is talking at once." This obscuring of various melodic motifs is deliberate, artful, and designed to represent experiences one has in listening to bands, choirs, and other musical phenomena in public places like churches or village greens. The total effect was pleasant, if at times a bit confusing, and the main point to be made about the symphony, I think, is that it is entirely original. Far from being a link in a chain of any sort, Ives had no forerunners, and has not, to my knowledge, had any imitators. He was unique. Was he a great composer? (Meaning, of course, was he the kind of composer whose works will be played and loved through a century or two?) I don't know. Possibly. There are few "originals" among great composers. (I can think of only Berlioz and Debussy at the moment.) But Ives was at least a distinct personality—one of the few distinctly American personalities in symphonic music—and his Fourth Symphony has delightful moments. The items surrounding the symphony were the overture to Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman," Sibelius's "The Swan of Tuonela," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and Mr. Stokowski was feeling so zippy that night that each one of them got a performance transcending nearly everything else of the sort that I have heard all season.

THE B.B.C. Orchestra, under Antal Dorati, made its New York début in Carnegie Hall on Friday night before an embarrassingly small audience. Its smallness was probably caused by a program that consisted entirely of music by yesterday's and today's avant-gardes, neither category having attained the public acceptance accorded the classics. For the auditor, the principal difficulty in a concert of this kind is withstanding the length of the compositions. Those performed on this occasion were Stravinsky's "Le Chant du Rossignol," Roberto Gerhard's Concerto for Orchestra (a first New York performance), Benjamin Britten's early "Our Hunting Fathers" (also a first New York performance), and Bartók's ballet suite "The Miraculous Man-

urban or
suburban...
swing along
with
Serbin

Serbin's Delightful Shirtwaister® in a Delicious Fabric...Whipped Cream!

Fashioned with an air of ease . . . a maximum of flattery . . . and a minimum of care. Bermuda collar; full, full skirt; elastic mohair and leather tab belt. The fabric? Yummy Whipped Cream . . . 100% Dacron® polyester. Freshly checked in pink, blue, yellow or black on white ground. Also available in stripes. Sizes 8 to 18 .... **$18**

SLIGHTLY HIGHER ON WEST COAST

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First Street, Miami 35, Florida

Statesman $5.95

Ambassador of Enjoyment Made in England

A good, honest pipe to smoke while calmly contemplating world affairs. Carbonized bowls, comfort-thin mouthpieces. Fitted with an unusual golden filter tube. Handsome new distinctive finish. Wide variety of shapes.

If you are interested in how fine pipes are made, and how they should be smoked, send for the fully-illustrated, 56-page "Comoy's Catalog". Please enclose 50¢ in stamps or coin.

COMOY'S of London
Five Generations of Pipe Makers
Div. Cadogan Investments, Ltd.
221 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10003

DECISION AT 5:01

Will it be golf, fishing or hunting? They're all just minutes away for those who live in Duluth . . . where over 1,000,000 people work hard, play hard and enjoy WDSM-TV Channel 6.

WDSM-TV NBC
Wonderful Duluth-Superior Market
See your PGW man for details.
BILL HURLEY IN MINNEAPOLIS

darin," and they were all quite long and, in the end, quite boring. Britten has improved since he wrote "Our Hunting Fathers," Stravinsky has written more coherent works than "Le Chant," and "The Miraculous Mandarin" is not among Bartók's best scores. The Gerhard composition, if you can call it that, is a concoction in which wood blocks, *glissandi* on the kettledrums, and cymbals rubbed with violin bows are outstanding features. Its musical ideas were exhausted in the first thirty seconds, but it went on and on, taxing the patience of the most tolerant listener. It was greeted with boos as well as light applause. Meanwhile, one wondered, what kind of orchestra is the famous B.B.C.? It was hard to tell from this program. It was obvious, at any rate, that it is capable of brilliant tone and exemplary precision, and that it is extraordinarily adept at counting measures in eleven-sixteen time.

EARLIER in the week, on Wednesday evening, the Brooklyn Philharmonia emerged from its remote borough for a concert in Philharmonic Hall, under its extremely competent if slightly heavy-handed conductor, Siegfried Landau. The very satisfying pianist Gary Graffman played the solo parts in Bartók's rather romantic and effective Third Piano Concerto (the last work he wrote) and Mendelssohn's showy and seldom performed Capriccio Brillante. Also on the program was Peter Mennin's Third Symphony, a composition of some emotional power, which served to remind one again how many other American composers (among them Roy Harris and William Schuman) have reached a sort of peak in a Third Symphony and have failed to rise to equal heights later on.

ASIDE from some brilliant turns by Brian Shaw, Deanne Bergsma, and Monica Mason in "Les Patineurs" and a stunning love scene between Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev in the middle of Frederick Ashton's "Marguerite and Armand," I found last Thursday night's program by the Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House below par. The remaining work was Bronislava Nijinska's "Les Biches," which I remember having seen in Paris in the twenties. For me, it held little nostalgic charm, and whatever other charm it may have had has evaporated. The few highlights of the evening, however, were enjoyable—particularly Mr. Shaw's ebullient dancing to Meyerbeer's perfectly awful music, and

Silk—Handwoven

FROM INDIA: PRIMITIVE WEAVE SILK SPORT COATS IN NATURAL TAN, RUST BROWN AND MUTED SHADES OF BLUE OR GREEN. EXCLUSIVELY PAUL STUART'S. SUPERBLY TAILORED BY SOUTHWICK. $95. TROUSERS TO COMPLEMENT. $26.50

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

JAMAICA

Flee to the Half Moon for fabulous beachfront living and the finest golf in the Caribbean. It's Montego Bay's only complete resort. Lower rates now.

Contact Hetland & Stevens Inc., 211 E. 43rd St., New York, TN 7-1450; Boston, Chicago, Southern Office (Affiliates International): Ft. Lauderdale, Miami, Dallas, Houston, New Orleans.

Half Moon
HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA • WEST INDIES
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch, General Manager

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
Le Bijou
168 West 4th St.
Greenwich Village, N. Y.
CH 2-9338
Dinner by Candlelight
Cocktails • Superb Wines

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST / PL 3-1447
Le Manoir

Mr. Nureyev's dramatic presence and thrilling virtuosity.

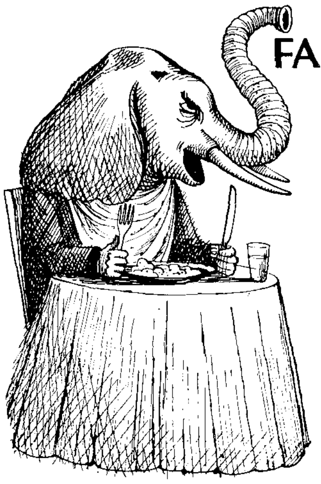
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

The Fat and the Lean

THE big-band arranger was the most eminent of the middlemen who have fed on jazz for the past forty years. When, in the late twenties, the big band replaced the play-as-you-go New Orleans and Chicago ensembles, its members, in general, had to be told what to do; only one soloist could play at a time, and collective improvisation for more than four or five horns was rabblesome. A tables-of-organization man was needed, and that was what the conventional arranger became. He divided the big band into four platoons—trumpets, trombones, reeds, and rhythm—and assigned three or four men to each. The trumpets were used to decorate, punctuate, or simply make noise; the trombones did comic smears and rumbles; the saxophones toted the melody; and the rhythm section (piano, guitar, bass, and drums) provided wheels. At first, these platoons were subservient to the soloists, but in time the arranger became so powerful that the soloist considered himself fortunate when he was given eight bars. The arranger reached his heart's desire with the sololess score; in a protean, vicarious way, *he* became the chief soloist. The first of the big-band arrangers were Don Redman and Fletcher Henderson, and the last were the tank commanders who kept the Stan Kenton band in dictatorial roar. Not all these arrangers were mere tabulators. Mary Lou Williams turned the Andy Kirk band into a graceful group, and Benny Carter made his sections sound as if they were improvising. When the big bands went down, in the mid-forties, they took their arrangers with them, and jazz was once again dominated by autonomous small groups.

In the early fifties, a seemingly new breed of arranger—the *composer*-arranger—arrived to meet the increasing need in jazz for new and more flexible forms. (The pioneering arrangers often wrote their own materials, but these were either elementary riff tunes or simple variations on standard tunes or the blues.) The new arrangers generally played in the groups they wrote for, and, more important, they allowed their materials to define their form. The first of them was probably John Lewis, the director of the Modern Jazz Quartet. Lewis, a highly gifted melo-



FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE ELEPHANT AND HIS EGGS

A hungry Elephant complained bitterly to a supercilious waiter about his eggs. "Trouble maker!" barked the waiter. "Washington at Valley Forge would have loved those eggs." "I know," said the Elephant, "but they were fresh then!"

MORAL: time does make a difference . . .

Alas, alack, so true. Back in Washington's day maybe one income was enough. But today with taxes, the high cost of living and educating children, who couldn't use some extra dollars in his bank account?

Our booklet "BUILDING A 2ND INCOME" gives some pointed and practical ideas on how you might increase income through the purchase of carefully selected common stocks. Like a copy? Stop in at our nearest office. Or write:

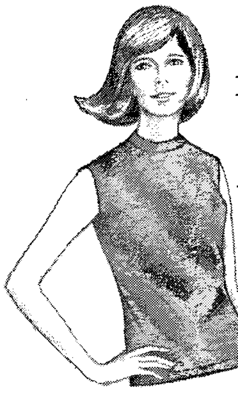
FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 · DI 4-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK AND PACIFIC COAST STOCK EXCHANGES AND OTHER PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES · OVER 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.

WE STILL HAND SEW OUR NECKWEAR
ENGLISH HAND BLOCKED ALL SILK FOULARDS
Reis of New Haven
75 DAGGETT ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN., 237 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
write for the store nearest you

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

ZIP CODE: 10022
Doesn't say much, does it? But the code that will interest you is our code of personal service. It goes with our decor, hospitality, sensible rates. Free Parking for transient guests. Family Plan.
THE Sheraton Gladstone
114 E. 52nd St., New York 10022
Telephone (212) PL 3-4300
Under the same Direction as the adjacent Sheraton-East
HAROLD P. BOCK, V.P. & GEN. MGR.

THE COUNTRY STORE
OF
CONCORD, MASStts



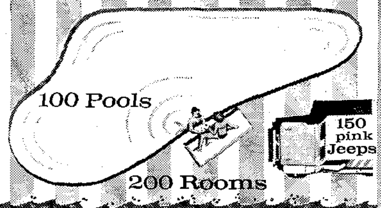
Edgartown
Nantucket
Chatham
Westwood
Far Hills
Beverly Farms

Cotton Jersey
made expressly for The Country Store of fine double knit cotton to wear in or out.
Plain neckband and short back zipper.
Rose, Light blue, Light olive, Navy, Yellow, Natural, or White.
Small, Medium, Large
4.50 postpaid

Please mail orders to:
1 Monument Street
Concord, Masstts 01742

Free Catalog on request

In Acapulco
HOTEL las brisas



Plus the exclusive LA CONCHA BEACH CLUB

The world's most unusual hotel, by the sea, yet at 1000 ft. above sea level, on a breeze-swept bluff.

SUMMER
FAMILY PLAN

From $8 a day per person

Double occupancy. Thru Dec. 15th.
No charge for one or two children in same room with their parents.

Ask about our attractive HONEYMOON PLAN

FOR RESERVATIONS call your favorite Travel Agent or: NEW YORK TN 7-1450 • CHICAGO FR 2-4383 • BOSTON CO 6-1370 • DALLAS LA 8-2730, or 3308 Royal Lane • BEVERLY HILLS, Calif. BR 2-9551 • SAN FRANCISCO EX 2-7277 • HOUSTON 8807 Bunningham Lane • NEW ORLEANS 414 Gravier Bldg. • MIAMI 146 Biscayne Blvd. • LONDON, Eng. Hyde Park 9802-3 • SYDNEY, Australia 4-6 Bligh St. Or write or wire: Hotel Las Brisas, P. O. Box 281, Acapulco, Mexico.

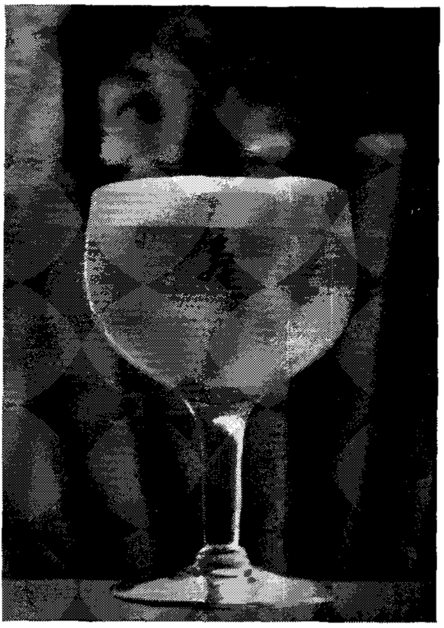
Innkeepers

LE VALOIS
45 EAST 58th ST. • MUrray Hill 8-7630
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
Also Superb Private Facilities (Parties of 40 or Less)

dist, found his tunes flowing into rondo or fugue forms and even into collective improvisation. Charlie Mingus forced eight or ten pieces through semi-improvised ensembles that paralleled the New Orleans ensemble. George Russell resembled Mingus, but his effects depended on dissonance and atonality. All three of these men restored the soloist to a place of honor. Then, in the late fifties, it became clear that this second generation of arrangers was not wholly original but was simply the late-arriving offspring of Duke Ellington, who for thirty years had been letting every sort of musical form evolve from the content of his compositions. The newest of these Ellington-inspired composer-arrangers are the diametrically opposed Gil Evans and Gary McFarland. Evans grew up during the big-band days, as an arranger for Claude Thornhill, and McFarland is in his early thirties. Evans is a sensualist, McFarland is an ascetic. Evans uses soloists sparingly and only if they suit his writing in tone and style. McFarland favors soloists to the point of allowing two or three to improvise at once.

Evans loves sounds that suggest being smothered in a heavily brocaded bosom. He loves sounds that insinuate and flatter and cozen. He loves the lower regions of the scale. He loves hums and chants and choirs. His passion for these effects has led him to favor woodwinds, French horns, trombones, tubas, and bass violins, most of which can be found in large and luxuriant numbers in his recordings. It has also turned him into an ingenious Berlioz orchestrator who pits muted trumpets against French horns and trombones, working in a muffled shuffle rhythm; a tuba against a heavy reed background; a bass solo against guitar chords, French horns, and muted trumpets. Moreover, these combinations—some of which are unique in Western music—change ceaselessly. Evans ignores measures and channels and choruses, and accordingly his music is molten. But it is also impossible to listen to as *music*. It induces metaphors; instead of melody and harmony and rhythm, one is steadily put in mind of colors (russets, mauves, charcoals) and shapes (elephants, hippos) and materials (velvets, satins, silks). Listening to Evans is like eating hallucinatory mushrooms.

Evans' newest effort, "The Individualism of Gil Evans" (Verve V-8555), is all plush and Aubusson carpets, and it reaches, in a twelve-minute blues called "Hotel Me," a suffocating



Sample the serene delights of the Japan Pavilion at the World's Fair and enjoy the light, happy taste of a fine Japanese beer.

SUNTORY
Suntory Importers, Ltd., Philadelphia, Pa.

Models grow more glamorous...

Wonderful things happen when people unwind in our relaxing atmosphere. Fabulous food, drinks and service.

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK
DINING ROOM
& COCKTAIL LOUNGE
credit cards
21 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.C. • GR 5-4320

PROUD OF HIS SCHOOL? THEN GIVE HIM

BLAZER BUTTONS
WITH YOUR SCHOOL CREST
HARVARD
18 KARAT GOLD PLATE

The gift for the college man or woman and yourself. Blazer buttons with your college crest. Authentic in design and color. 18 Kt. gold plate. Over 300 schools available. $7.50 at fine men's & dept. stores, or write:
BEN SILVER INC., 7 East 20th St., N.Y.C.

SAILING VACATION
NEW WINDJAMMER "MARY DAY"
Accommodations and Meals
$125 per week, tax included
No extras or tips
FOR RESERVATIONS OR FOLDER WRITE:
Capt. H. S. Hawkins
Sedgwick, Maine

density. The instrumentation consists of a piano (Evans), two basses, a guitar, drums, a tuba, a French horn, two trombones, and two trumpets. The entire piece is balanced on a ponderous backbeat and is given over to a simple descending figure (strikingly akin to one in a 1941 Joe Marsala recording called "Lower Register") played in waddling tremolos. Not much else happens. Evans appears and disappears and reappears; the rhythm section bulges and subsides; a flute becomes briefly entangled with the piano; the brass rises up and sinks; and then the number, hopelessly caught in its own tedium, fades away rather than ends—an escapist device used elsewhere on the record. The four other selections are similar, and when they are done one stretches, exhales, and breathes deeply.

Evans' scores trap his musicians; McFarland's tend to serve as ice for them to skate on. No matter how many instruments McFarland uses, the results are light and economical. There is no padding and there is no narcissism. There is, though, plenty of wit and elegance. Just six musicians appear in "Point of Departure" (Impulse A-46)—Willie Dennis on trombone, Richie Kamuca on tenor saxophone and oboe, Jimmy Raney on guitar, Steve Swallow on bass, Mel Lewis on drums, and McFarland on vibraphone. The McFarland recordings by large groups suggest small bands; this one, quite properly, suggests a big band. His combination of instruments shifts continually. The vibraphone works first in unison with the oboe and is then echoed by the trombone; the vibraphone carries a melody over offbeat guitar chords, and vibraphone and guitar are in turn bolstered by a trombone-tenor saxophone smear; the oboe and the trombone play a theme *a cappella* and ad-lib, and are then pursued by guitar chords and soft wire brushes. Although McFarland's rhythms are full of stop-times, double-time passages, six-eight time, and shuffle rhythms, they form an unbroken flow. There is a good deal of simultaneous improvisation on the record—a welcome idea that arrangers are inexplicably only beginning to experiment with. In "Sandpiper," McFarland and Swallow solo together and are then joined by Lewis. McFarland drops out, leaving Swallow and Lewis to their ruminations. In "I Love to Say Her Name," McFarland and Raney work together, and there are brief ensemble passages throughout that may or may not be improvised. McFarland always ignites his musicians in both ensemble and solo

If you're not serious about breeches, we really can't help you

We say a good pair of breeches are as practical as jeans, as particular as striped trousers . . . more difficult to come by than either . . . unless you come to Miller's for the correct combination.

Practical? Try our corduroy breeches. Hand cut velvet corduroy in hunting buff, or in white for hunt masters and gentlemen members only. They wear as casually as our true blue stretch denim breeches. Wash and dry with the same machine ease. For absolute freedom in correct stretch riding wear, we point to our Helanca Stretch Breeches—the same weight cloth we use in the breeches we make for the United States Equestrian Team.

Particular? Naturally. Every pair of Miller's breeches is impeccably correct; in the field, at shows, or just hacking—from size 6 jodhpurs for "good hands" class, to our handmade hunt breeches out of England in 34 ounce West-of-England cavalry twill. Utterly correct, from seam to seam.

Hard to come by? Not, as we said, at Miller's. We size you up—from knee-high beginners to six-foot and over cup-holders. (Even "hard-to-fit" sizes that require custom tailoring anywhere but Miller's.) Not just size, but seam placement, button closure, even the peg of the flare is designed for complete riding comfort – all ready-made, waiting for you, for every member of your family. Our custom shop has built its outstanding reputation on the easy elegance of our formal hunt kit and saddle suits, seen at the best hunts and shows.

And, that's why you're likely to meet the most extraordinary people on an ordinary day at Miller's. Horsemen from the Argentine, Texas, Boston F.E.I. class contestants, members of the best hunts, Maclay cup winners. They're as serious about their breeches as we are—not just breeches, but tack and stable needs—another serious matter in riding, a matter for Miller's.

Seriously, why don't you come in to MILLER'S too?
Dept. NY•123 East 24 Street, N.Y.

For some serious reading about your riding needs, send $1.00 for our 144-page catalog of Riding Clothes, Saddlery accessories and stable needs.

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y. 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

______

(Please include ZIP code number)

passages, and "Point of Departure" is no exception. Raney, Lewis, and Swallow are in good form, and so is McFarland. Most vibraphonists—possibly because of the tintinnabulous nature of their instrument—sound very much alike. McFarland is unique. He places his notes sparingly and even hesitantly; each solo thinks as it goes along.

"Essence: John Lewis Plays the Compositions and Arrangements of Gary McFarland" (Atlantic 1425) offers six graceful settings for John Lewis's piano. They reveal McFarland as an inventive melodist. His ballads have an elusive, almost fey quality. (This odd strain has appeared before in McFarland's composing.) His blues are fresh and free of the old-timey loam that covers so many contemporary blues pieces. And there is an up-tempo number with a witty flamencan tinge. McFarland uses three groups—an Evanslike ensemble with trumpets, a trombone, French horns, and a tuba; a woodwind-and-saxophone group; and a conventional trumpet-and-saxophone small band. The brass passages—in particular the trumpets—contain the best writing on the record. His trumpets blast discreetly; they play difficult melodic lines with swoop and lightness; they move in behind soloists for sunny organ chords. Moreover, McFarland's brass writing tends here to have a reedlike quality, while his woodwinds and reeds are brassy. Lewis solos at length and is in rare form, especially in the blues "Tillamook Two," for which he produces—at the opening of the fifth chorus of his solo—a descending, at once sure and hesitant single-note figure that carries the sort of emotion that only Bill Evans, among the younger pianists, knows how to convey. Jim Hall solos admirably in a couple of pieces, and Connie Kay appears with all three groups. Kay could make Charles de Gaulle swing.

McFarland's handful of recordings are studio efforts. Would that present conditions allowed him a full-time group. He could then develop what he has so brilliantly begun.

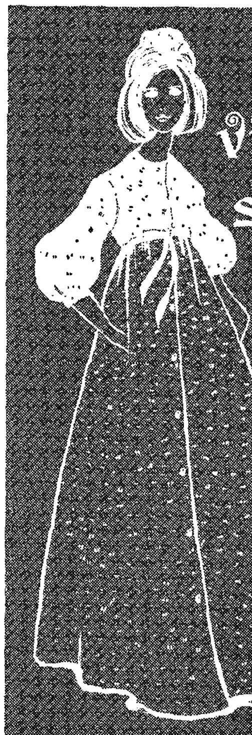
—Whitney Balliett

•

Holland, Mich., April 10 (AP)—The culmination of prejudice and of the "silly notion of superiority" as a means to further international understanding was urged here today by Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

—*The Times.*

It's a start, anyway.


the village store

Summer Souffle . . .
A refreshment to be served on any hot summer's day. A light whip of dotted swiss delicately flavored by the blend of a fresh white bodice with a cool lemon skirt. 5-15. 18.00. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

Come visit us in person at:
NEW YORK CITY, Lexington at 63rd St., PL 2-6895
Birmingham, Grosse Pointe, Saginaw, Ann Arbor, Mich.

MID-MANHATTAN at its *Luxurious Best*

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
A Bing & Bing Hotel

The Lookout HOTEL

Relax-by-the-sea at superb Maine resort in its 58th year. Less than 2 hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, modified American Plan. Championship 18-hole putting green plus swimming pool. Exciting color folder.
The Merrills, Ogunquit, 12, Maine

AFTER the PLAY

Come Here For Supper.

Sup here in Old World splendour! Our unique late-hour menu is just what you had in mind for after-theatre supper—from open-face hot roast beef and sirloin steak sandwiches to steak & eggs and steak *thumbits!* Dine in the plush intimacy of a candlelit Victorian alcove, or whoop it up with the gang around the piano in The Saloon. Entrees from $1.65 to $3.75. Nightly, after 11.

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200

DANISH MARY
(A Bloody Mary gone Danish)
3 oz. tomato juice
juice of 1/2 lime
Dash celery salt
1 1/4 oz. imported
Aalborg Akvavit
Stir with ice until cold.
Pour into 6 oz. glass
Enjoy!
Munson G. Shaw Co., N.Y. 86 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits

from 10:30 PM on
Bobby Short
at
LE CAPRICE
FABULOUS FOOD
LUNCHEON DINNER
SUPPER
10 East 52nd St
PL 1-0845

SINGING SPREE NIGHTLY ★
SHOW TUNES ★
OPERA
Superb Italian Cuisine
Steaks & Chops
Closed Sundays

BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA
186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

HOSPITALITÉ SPOKEN HERE

Picture yourself in this singular vacationland where the pleasures are plural. Your exuberant neighbours, *les Québécois*, being *bons vivants* by nature, assume that you, too, should share the Gallic flair that makes their magnificent scenery, historical sites, theatres, excellent restaurants, superb hotels and inns extra enjoyable. The welcome mats are always out in French Canada. Mail our coupon and choose the places you like best in *la belle Province*. QUÉBEC

TOURIST BRANCH, Dept. CA5-9
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
QUÉBEC CITY, CANADA

Please send me a FREE illustrated travel guide to *la belle Province*.

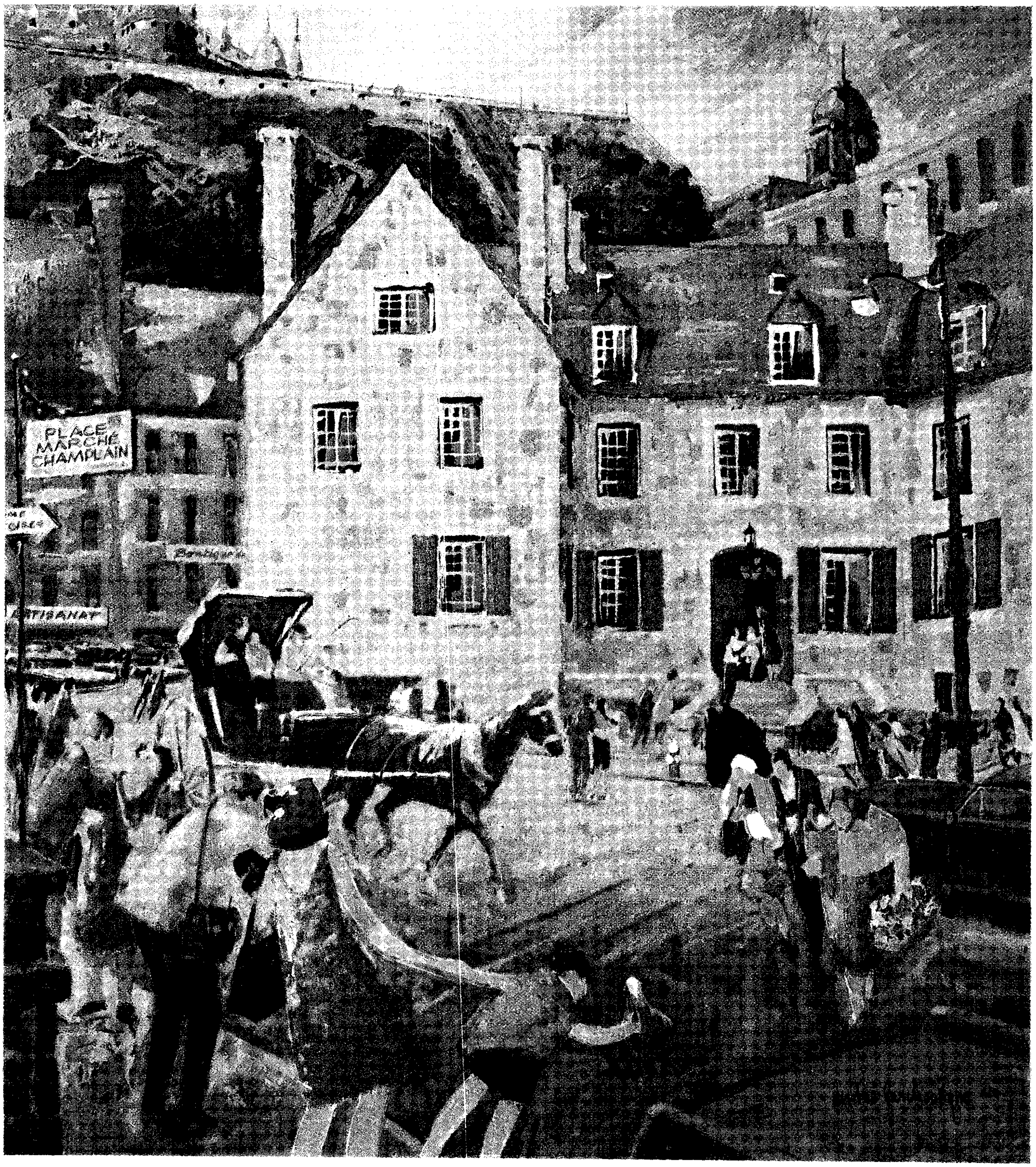
My main interest is......................................

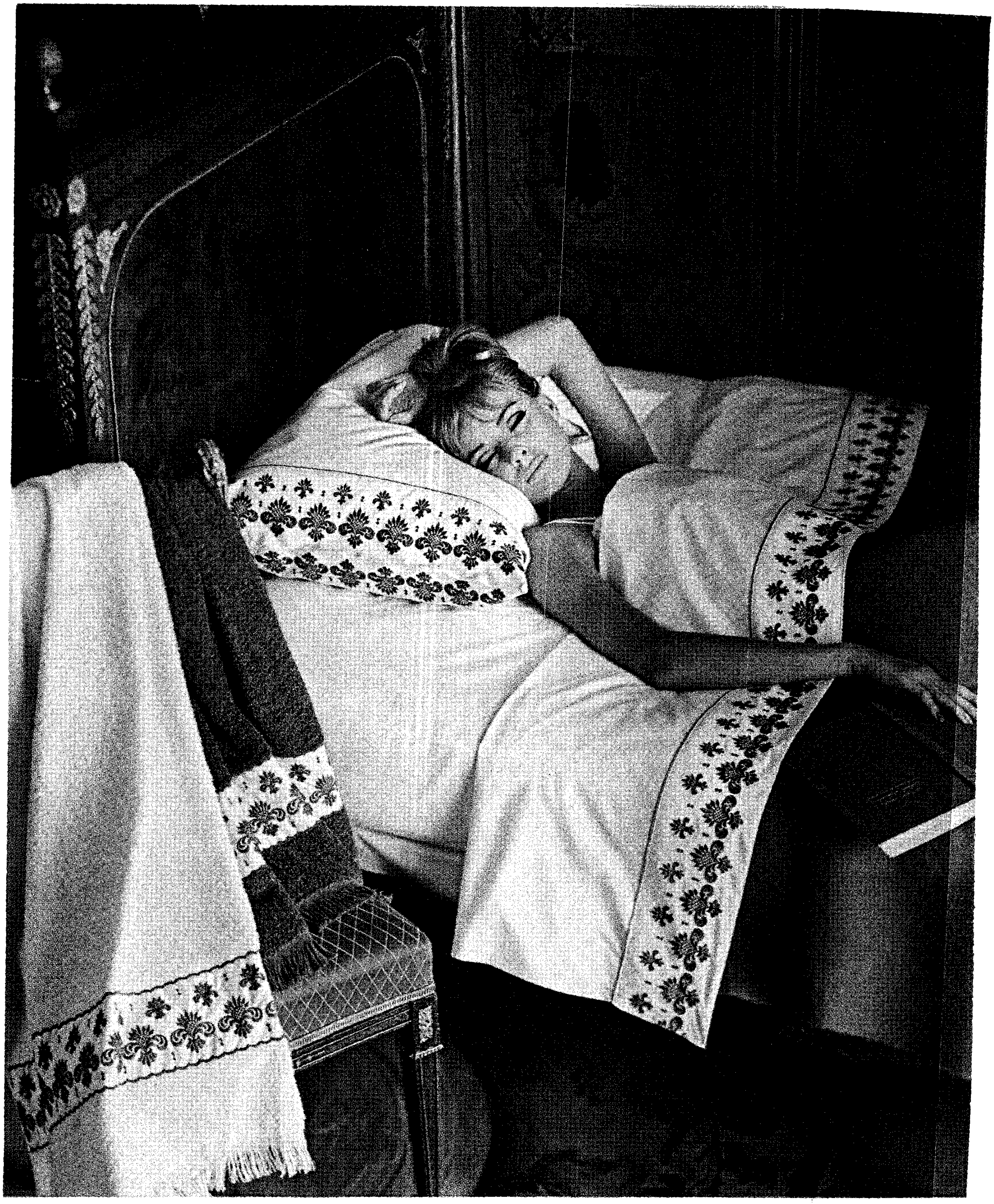
NAME...

ADDRESS...

CITY.............................STATE ....

French Canadian artist André Larchevêque captures the Old World spirit in this painting of *la maison Chevalier*, historic mansion in Québec City now a museum of early Canadiana Come see it, and enjoy yourself *à la québécoise*.





It's ⅓ of your life...spend it in Wamsutta luxury!

A new Wamsutta luxury is here: Lustercale®, soft, lustrous, and long-wearing, thanks to the blend of cotton and Avril® rayon. The first important innovation in sheets since Wamsutta introduced combed percale almost 50 years ago. Shown: Crowning Touch embroidery on Lustercale in color on white or white on color, from $5.00. Crowning Touch towels, from the Heritage Towel Collection, embroidered to match, about $3.00 bath size. WAMSUTTA MILLS, 1430 B'way, N.Y. 18. Makers of Wamsutta Supercale® sheets, Wamsutta Babycale® products and fashion fabrics for the family.

Wamsutta®
LUSTERCALE
COTTON AND AVRIL® RAYON SHEETS

BOOKS

Gross National Product

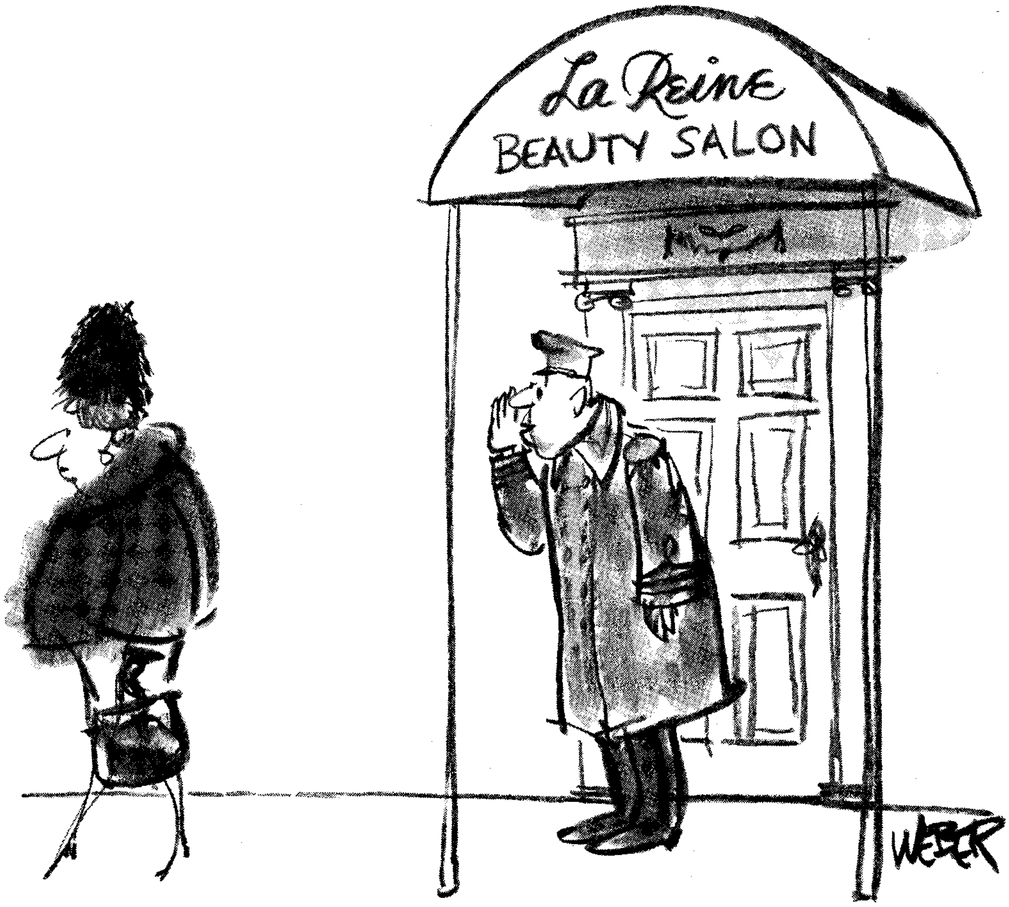
Julio Cortázar's novel "The Winners" (Pantheon) has a peculiarly deathly quality that might be harder to identify if its author had not chosen to open his proceedings by offering his readers a quotation from Dostoevski. The words that provide the clue to the essential defect in Mr. Cortázar's book, which has been translated from the Spanish by Elaine Kerrigan, are taken from "The Idiot":

> What is an author to do with ordinary people, absolutely "ordinary," and how can he put them before his readers so as to make them at all interesting? It is impossible to leave them out of fiction altogether, for commonplace people are at every moment the chief and essential links in the chain of human affairs; if we leave them out, we lose all semblance of truth.

This deceptively plausible passage is aimed at the weakest point in almost everyone's intellectual defenses—that soft spot presided over by the inner Pharisee who endlessly assures us all that we really are Top People and that we have special sensitivities and sensibilities far superior to those possessed by the common run of mankind. It is, however, obvious that a novel which is wholly or in part an act of intellectual condescension designed to make "absolutely ordinary people" interesting to the members of some kind of élite is going to be dead before its first word has been written. The writer who can believe even for a moment that there are "absolutely ordinary people" has a built-in incapacity for the novel, the essential element in which must always be an author's awareness of precisely what it is that distinguishes his character from every other individual both in reality and in the private universe of his creation. If that awareness is lacking, he should adopt some other medium—one in which abstraction and generalization are appropriate. If he stubbornly holds his ground, he will inevitably become a faker who will turn out symbolic or allegoric novels populated by theories and ideas dressed up as human beings, and while these may be interesting to the reader who likes crossword puzzles in the small way in which such things are interesting, they will not mean much to the reader who is interested in the endless variety and richness of life as people live it. There is a truly brilliant essay on this subject in Jorge Luis Borges' collection of criticism, "Other Inquisitions" (translated for the University of Texas Press by Ruth L. C. Simms from the Spanish original), which begins with the sentence "For all of us, the allegory is an aesthetic error." Borges goes on from this, by way of a refutation of G. K. Chesterton's strained case for the allegory, to one of those luminous and illuminating passages that are his signature in criticism as they are in fiction:

> The passage from the allegory to the novel, from the species to the individual, from realism to nominalism, required several centuries, but I shall attempt to suggest an ideal date when it occurred. That day in 1382 when Geoffrey Chaucer, who perhaps did not believe he was a nominalist, wished to translate a line from Boccaccio into English, *E con gli occulti ferri i Tradimenti* ("And Treachery with hidden weapons"), and he said it like this: "The smyler with the knyf under the cloke."

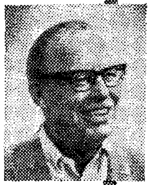
It is the novelist's function to bring the smyler out of the shadows of generalization and abstraction in which he lurks as treachery—in short, to transform him into the actual experience of treachery in place of a mere sign for it. "The Winners" is a perfect example of the non-functioning novel, in which the true novelistic process is reversed. Its opening step is to abstract its characters from life by the lobster-pot, or "Bridge of San Luis Rey," technique. The author seems too lazy, or too indifferent to his characters, to invent an organic relationship between them; instead, he throws them together by a purely arbitrary accident—the characters have all drawn winning numbers in a lottery that gives them a voyage in a cruise ship. This turns out to be that old hack in "Outward Bound"—the liner with the unavailable captain, the mysteriously evasive and uncommunicative crew, and the unknown destination. As this great cliché plows remorselessly ahead, the passengers discover that certain parts of the ship are closed off to them. Is this because there has been an outbreak of typhus among the crew, or is there some more sinister reason? Since this is all only too evidently non-experience dressed up as a narrative of experience, it is very hard to care what it is about. The reader's natural indifference becomes something more positive when he finds that there is a superior person on board—one who is shown to be a cut above the ship's company because the author makes direct communications to the reader in long italicized passages



"*Psst!*"

Outstanding from McGraw-Hill

HENRY A. KISSINGER'S brilliant reappraisal of the endangered Atlantic Alliance—a bold proposal for a realistic Western policy by the author of "Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy." $5.95
The Troubled Partnership



A. B. GUTHRIE, JR. The Pulitzer Prize-winning author of "The Way West" and "The Big Sky" looks back affectionately on a life rich in people and places in his long-awaited autobiography. $5.95
The Blue Hen's Chick

POPE JOHN XXIII An international publishing event, these intimate spiritual diaries reveal the private thoughts and reflections of an extraordinary human being. Illustrated, $7.95
Journal of a Soul

JEROME B. WIESNER explores the crucial areas in which science and politics have common goals: disarmament, education, government policy, the future of life on this planet. $6.95
Where Science and Politics Meet

JEROME CHARYN. "Violence, sex, juvenile delinquency, racial tension—to these now familiar subjects Charyn brings an exhilaration of feeling and style that makes them new, quite new."—F. W. Dupee $4.95
On the Darkening Green

At all bookstores

McGRAW-HILL

whenever he is about. The desire to produce literature that is revealed in almost every line of these passages is the antithesis of the creative drive:

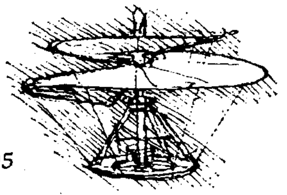
> The anti-I and the anti-you are there, and what then happens to us, what becomes of our satisfactory existence in which the disturbance never went beyond a meager German or French metaphysic, now that the shadow of the anti-star falls across our scalp, now that in the full embrace of love we feel a vertigo of anti-love, and not because this palindrome of the cosmos might be a negation of it (why should the anti-universe be the negation of the universe?) but rather because it is the truth of it, exposed by the third hand, the truth that awaits man's birth to join in the joy of it all!

Such a passage—and it is of a kind that is not uncommon in contemporary fiction—shows only one thing: that its writer can be fairly charged with not being serious about his craft. He has passed rapidly and at a great height over the field of physics and has returned from his *flight* with the phrase "anti-matter" in his mind but seemingly with no understanding of it. He has then settled down quite happily to write nonsense. Such procedures are the death not only of the novel but of the possibility of interest in it. What reader of Dante can forget the swift, mortal thrust of boredom with which he was afflicted when he realized that the turn of events forced him to accept the vacuous theorem that man, guided by reason, finally comes to faith as a substitute for the story of Dante's passionate longing to see Beatrice again even if it was necessary to go through hell to find her? A novel can stand up to such a blow even less than a poem, and if the theorem proposed in it also happens to be nonsense, the collapse of interest is complete. As it happens, Borges writes as illuminatingly on this as on every other subject he turns his mind to. He suggests that Dante remains in the mind even after Beatrice's unreality has been recognized, because the reality of his passion is revealed in his admiration and envy of the fulfilled humanity of Paolo and Francesca. It is when it is most remote from theory and closest to the actualities of human behavior that writing is most alive.

"MY TROUBLES BEGAN" (Grossman), a novel of life in modern Italy by the poet Paolo Volponi, is another dead novel, but though the cause of death is the one that afflicts "The Winners"—a failure of imaginative sympathy—the form it has taken is rather different. This novel, translated by Belén Severeid, about a young

Rube Goldberg writes, "As an inventor of sorts I am humbled by this great man's accomplishments. He predicted everything that is happening today...I shall always treasure this new book and refer to it when I need a new gimmick." The helicopter, double-decker city, machine gun, telescope, differential transmission system, and 110 other intriguing inventions are described and sumptuously illustrated in Margaret Cooper's

THE INVENTIONS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI



$5.95

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

The killer prefers blondes!
HOMICIDE BLONDE
by Maurice Procter

Of the new Inspector Martineau novel, ROBERT M. COATES says: "Procter has done it again, and this time even more so. There is no other writer I know who can invest the routine business of detective work with so much excitement and suspense." $3.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

For the trip of a lifetime
Plan with OLSON
Travel with OLSON
Tour with OLSON

Let Harvey Olson and his staff of 27 professional travelers share with you their knowledge and experience. It's all there in the two most complete travel guides available:

OLSON'S ORIENT GUIDE by Harvey S. Olson $6.95
OLSON'S EUROPE, Aboard and Abroad by Harvey S. Olson $6.95

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Italian who returns from a prisoner-of-war camp and sinks slowly into paranoid isolation while he is working in a large, paternalistic factory, is not the act of condescension of the superior being trying to interest himself in the ordinariness of *nous les autres* but something remarkably like a distillation of the cold sweat that might be produced by a member of the middle class as a result of trying to imagine what it must be like to be one of *them*. Just think of it—having to work in a factory, and being forced to live a completely dehumanized existence! It is not very surprising that such an approach produces a travesty of the experience with which it claims to be dealing. There is an anecdote about Winston Churchill that records his reaction to his first visit to an urban slum: "Imagine living in such a place," he is reported to have said, "never seeing anything beautiful, never eating anything savory, and never saying anything clever." It is this assumption—that lives without the flavorings with which one is familiar must be flavorless—that Mr. Volponi falls into, and he multiplies his error by establishing his hero as a madman who cannot take pleasure in anything or make any human contacts. The result is one of the most recklessly colorless and boring novels of recent years, and one that gives a fantastically distorted picture of a life which is different in kind from that of the intelligentsia but as various and as rich in flavor, for those who have to live it, as any other. It is absurd to say that to be good literature must be committed to democratic egalitarianism in the political sense, and yet it does seem fatal for the artist to adopt the romantic-bohemian posture and to allow a sense of his own superiority to rise like a wall between him and his subject matter. To be a novelist it is necessary to be an egalitarian as Blake was and to be ready to discover each individual in the terms of his own identity.

"BRUNO SANTINI" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), a notably well-translated novel (Raymond Rosenthal put it into English) by Vasco Pratolini, which was an Italian book-of-the-month-club choice a couple of years ago, provides an example of another kind of barrier—one that is created when the writer's material becomes a looking glass in which nothing is visible but an enlarged view of his own face. Pratolini knows Italian working-class life, and he is in an excellent position to write about the interlude between leaving school and settling down to the job as

Your college dictionary is too old.

Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY is the newest college dictionary. It includes words, expressions, information you won't find in your present college dictionary.

It's more complete, too. Over 150,000 entries. (That's thousands more than you'll find in your old college dictionary.)

It has so much special information that it's been referred to as the "Instant Encyclopedia."

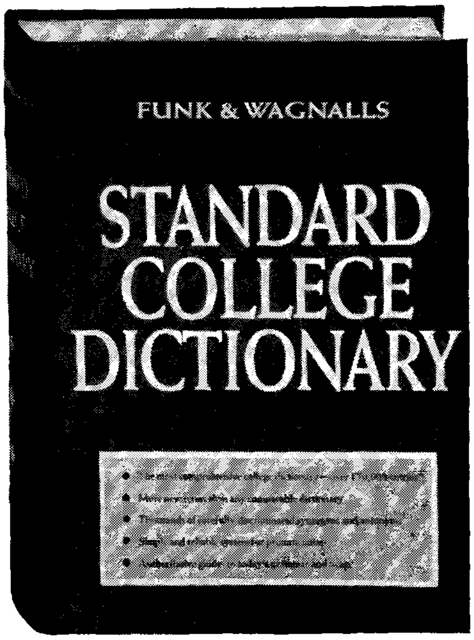
It's been acclaimed and bought by educators, colleges, and school systems all over America.

Get Funk & Wagnalls STANDARD® COLLEGE DICTIONARY.

$6.50 plain, $7.50 with thumb index.

At your bookstore.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Inc.
360 Lexington Avenue, New York 10017.



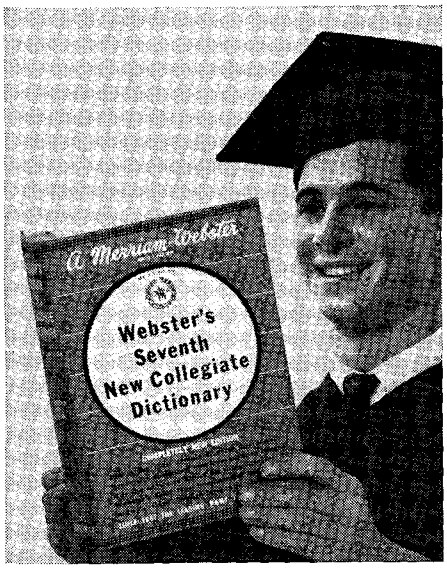
This is a novel about twelve doomed American soldiers — convicted of unspeakable crimes in World War II — and of their strange chance for redemption: a mission into the heart of a Nazi rest camp

The Dirty Dozen

By E. M. NATHANSON *A Literary Guild Selection*
To be released as a major motion picture by MGM
$5.95, now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

NEW YORK PROCLAIMED
Inspired text and photographs reveal New York as never before
Text by V. S. PRITCHETT • 112 photographs by EVELYN HOFER
$15.00 at all bookstores HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

Give today's high school graduate this key to success in college . . .


A Merriam-Webster
Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary

Give Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary

The new Merriam-Webster . . . required or recommended at colleges and universities everywhere.

WORDS are the key to success.

If you want to help today's high school graduate succeed in college or in that first job, give the modern, handy-sized Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary.

This new Merriam-Webster has 20,000 new words and new meanings . . . 130,000 entries in all.

It is the one "Webster" that includes rules for spelling and punctuation and the scientific names of plants and animals. It's the only desk dictionary based on the unabridged Webster's Third New International Dictionary, final word authority of U. S. Government Printing Office and our courts of law.

For graduation, give Webster's Seventh New Collegiate. $5.75, indexed $6.75, deluxe bindings to $15 at book, stationery, department stores. ©G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

To be sure you're up to date
insist on the genuine

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

The leading name in dictionaries since 1847

the leather-jacketed motorcyclist crowd lives it—or he would be if . . .

He was the perfect image of an obstinate man, as hard as stone. But as usual, instead of filling me with awe or respect or irreverence, he aroused in me a mixed feeling of tenderness and hatred. Later on I came to realize that already as a child, by mirroring myself in him, I had detested and loved myself. And gradually, as I confusedly grew aware of this choice of mine, I rebelled, accepting his strength of character and despising his certainty of having gained an experience from life. That ability of his to master his feelings by virtue of reason, a reason which after all was tenable only because it had never been put to the test and proven wrong: he would never let himself be caught in a situation where he might make a mistake. Born not under the sign of a star but of a truth which, for him, was the whole and only truth, this militant of an Idea which I admired even though I had not yet grasped all of its implications, serenely sacrificed to it his human yearnings, stifling them and bearing, like a stoic and without inner bleeding, the most savage and secret wounds.

Such a passage inevitably brings forth a vision of Mr. Pratolini orating at stage center while his bored characters sit around in costume waiting for a chance to perform. They understood, when they were invented, that their actions and the development of their relationships would show how their minds worked, but here they are, just waiting about while the boss tells people what goes on inside them. The young hero, unsure of himself and desperately eager to acquire a convincing identity, is particularly uneasy; he has noticed that Mr. Pratolini has begun to wear his costume and makeup and is taking over more and more of his big scenes. He is beginning to wonder whether he is really a young postwar Italian groping for his place in the scheme of things or whether he is actually a successful middle-aged writer trying to maintain some connection with a youth that seems to be slipping away from him. His doubts become hard to contain when he steps forward to speak the lines that he has been given at the start of Chapter 33. He is, or so Mr. Pratolini has assured him, about to surrender his freedom to factory routine, and the curtain line for his scene is to be "Tomorrow morning I start working at Gali's." But he is to open his scene with these words:

The desecration of our feelings introduces us to maturity. Now that Lori too is a memory, like Electra and Benito, is it right to say that I grew up at her side? From our love, into which I had plunged as if it were the most limpid and safe element, and which at last showed itself to be corruptible and ambiguous, I

The new novel by the author of
FOREVER AMBER

KATHLEEN WINSOR'S

WANDERERS EASTWARD, WANDERERS WEST

A saga of the buccaneers from Wall Street to Montana who sinned, plundered, and created fabulous fortunes — and a nation. $7.95, now at your bookstore. RANDOM HOUSE

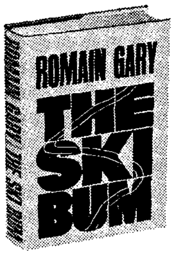
Obscene phone calls, a dead myna bird, vandalism . . . it wasn't Mrs. M the political assassins wanted . . . but her Washington, D. C. apartment in

THE HOUSE ON K STREET

A Dutton Novel of Mystery and Suspense
by Lionel White
$3.75 E. P. DUTTON & CO.

THE SKI BUM BY ROMAIN GARY

"Snow is snow, sex is sex and Gary is a storyteller" — MAURICE DOLBIER, N. Y. Herald Tribune



At all bookstores $4.95
Harper

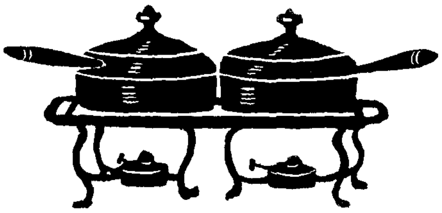
Second Large Printing

THE SKI BUM BY ROMAIN GARY

have inherited an extreme need for clarity, an exaltation of that loyalty which was at the origin of my nature.

The reader will share the young man's doubts about his possession of a negotiable identity, and will feel, as no novel reader should feel, that the author might have done better to come out from behind his characters and his sets to say what he has to say in his own person. There are forms of fiction—and "Bruno Santini" is an example—that give one a positive craving for autobiography.

"THE WOMAN FROM SARAJEVO" (Knopf) is a novel translated from the Serbo-Croatian of Ivo Andrić, the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1961, by Joseph Hitrec. It is a lusciously absurd example of the socially oriented novel. Little Raika Radakovich's father is on his deathbed, dying of shame after going through a bankruptcy, just as the heroines of Victorian novels went into declines and died when they were disappointed in their love affairs. With the death sweat on his brow, he beckons his child to him, lovingly passes his hand over her head, and then, in a failing voice, initiates her into the commercial philosophy of the petty bourgeoisie: "Work as much as you can and want to, but try to save, and keep saving always, in everything, and pay no attention to anything or anyone." Having delivered the message of which this is the core, Raika's father begins to gasp, and two days later he is dead. Raika grows up, withers spiritually, turns into a mean old tightwad, discovers too late that her heart has died within her, and at last perishes miserably and alone in the house in which her miser's hoard of currency is concealed. This morality of the soul-destroying consequences of greed covers the period between the early years of the century and 1935, and it was written in Belgrade in 1943 and 1944, during the Nazi occupation, when, one would have thought, its stereotypes must have seemed very thin and ghostly figures indeed in the light of the contemporary realities. Nothing has happened since then to lend them any greater substance, and perhaps all that can be said for the book presenting them is that it provides



Buying Life Insurance?

Look for immediate growth of cash value

With the usual Mutual Benefit policy, cash value starts with your first payment and grows faster during the first few years than with most other companies. This is "money in the bank" for you. You can borrow against it or let it grow steadily for the future.

This is one of the reasons why we feel that, dollar for dollar, you cannot match the combination of benefits, safeguards and guarantees—plus performance and service—that Mutual Benefit gives you. High quality insurance at low net cost.

For the complete story, write today for our new free brochure, "A Special Kind of Life Insurance." Better yet, call your Mutual Benefit agent.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE
THE MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY NEWARK, NEW JERSEY SINCE 1845

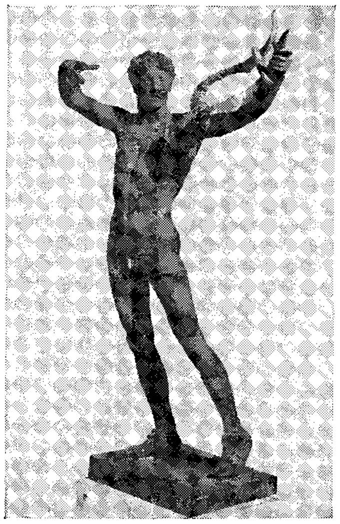
"PUBLISHING SENSATION"*

*Life
K. B. GILDEN Hurry Sundown
Hurry Sundown
Doubleday

A Literary Guild Selection. Fifth printing at all booksellers. To be brought to the screen by Otto Preminger.
DOUBLEDAY

CONTINUOUS DANCING NIGHTLY (EXC. MON.) * MATINEES THURSDAY AND SATURDAY 1:30 * SUNDAY FROM 3:30 MODEST ADMISSION CHARGE! NO EXTRAS! NO TICKETS! NO HOSTESSES!
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM RESTAURANT • BAR
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY

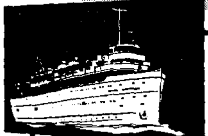
DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino ON THE Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



"YOUNG SOPHOCLES"
Leading the chorus after the battle of Salamis
by JOHN DONOGHUE
(American—Late 19th century)
Bronze 45" high, this subject is regarded as Donoghue's masterpiece. Outstanding ideal sculpture. Edition limited.
In Bronze—$1250.00 F.O.B., N.Y.C.
The above represents one piece of a tremendous collection of statuary in Bronze, Marble and Stone. A visit to our extensive galleries will long be remembered . . . or write for our Catalogue 64-A- (25¢ in coins or postage.)

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

CRUISE
America's Mediterranean Sea
. . . THE GREAT LAKES



Cruise beautiful rivers, bays, lakes. Visit historic points of interest. On board, gay parties, sunbathing, dancing, fine food. 7-Day, all expense from $194.50 from Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit or Duluth. Shorter round trip from Detroit and port-to-port one way also available.

GEORGIAN BAY LINE
Dept. L.
Foot of Woodward Avenue
Detroit, Michigan 48226

Send me free the 1965 Great Lakes Cruise Booklet.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP CODE

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR MAIL COUPON

Lunch, Cocktails, Dinner, Supper
Russian Tea Room
Open Daily including Sunday
150 W. 57 ST • CO 5-0947
NEXT TO CARNEGIE HALL

still another indication of the bizarre tolerances of the membership of the Swedish Academy. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MICHAEL JOE, by William Cotter Murray (Appleton-Century). Michael Joe McCarthy, a fairly prosperous native of a very small Irish town, grows from a tiny baby to an elderly man, and experiences a shattered love, marriage, and parenthood, without undergoing the slightest change in his nature or the faintest brightening of his personality. The nicest thing that can be said for Michael Joe is that he is a lump. The town, Corrigbeg, is described by Mr. Murray in flat, singsong, unsympathetic detail that makes it seem a place where there is no hope, no promise, and no kindness, and where the only certainty of any interest to the residents is the grave.

THE ISLAND OF THE ANGELS, by Leonard Wibberley (Morrow). The scene is a little island off the coast of California, and the hero is Francisco, a fifty-year-old fisherman who is its only remaining inhabitant. The story begins when Francisco finds a sick child lying on the beach and is irritably, or at least reluctantly, drawn out of his lonely indifference and into life. He is obliged to reveal himself, and the self revealed is courageous, humane, and dispassionate. Mr. Wibberley's continued devotion to his chosen form—the short novel—is commendable, and the sentimental, simplehearted style he has adopted for the telling of this tale is suitably homely and concise.

PULLED DOWN, by Phyllis Paul (Norton). A tiresome, turgid, talky tale in which evil rides triumphantly to victory while the drums of religiosity, Freud, and all the ancient Greeks beat monotonously away in the never very clear background. Alice Hawke, an exceedingly wealthy, elderly madwoman, vows revenge on a harmless, if somewhat sanctimonious, man who happens to be the brother of her first and *very* long-lost husband, and her vow is taken up and brought to realization by her demented son, a lad of plausible manners and menacing mien. The author informs us that all this takes place in London and other parts of England.

GENERAL

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT: CHIEF JUSTICE, by Alpheus Thomas Ma-

Whoo?

You!
Have a checkup
Send a check
to CANCER c/o Postmaster
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities

IMPERIAL
935 Lexington Ave.
at 69th St. LE 5-4070

GOURMET
157 W. 49th St.
nr. 7th Ave. JU 2-8182

EAST
75 E. 55th St.
at Park Ave. PL 3-4930

WEST
143 W. 49th St.
Hotel Plymouth PL 7-1170

HOUSTON'S TRADITIONAL HOST
THE RICE HOTEL
For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080 in New York or see your travel agent.

ELLA FITZGERALD
Appearing Nightly except Sunday
BASIN STREET East
48th St. east of Lexington Ave. • PL 2-4444

son (Simon & Schuster). For years, Taft told everybody who would listen that he had accepted the Presidency only because his wife made him; his own ambition, he said, was to become Chief Justice. This wish was gratified by President Harding in 1921, and Mr. Mason's book tells of the unique fashion in which Taft discharged his high office. Taft believed that the Constitution existed to defend the property and liberty of the worthy few against the ceaseless onslaught of the worthless many. Therefore, the more efficient the courts—so Taft supposed—the safer the interests of the élite. He dedicated himself to improving the power and prestige of the federal judiciary, working toward this end by indefatigable, and judicially improper, lobbying and meddling. He did his country a great service, if for unsound reasons and by unsuitable means. Mr. Mason writes of Taft with insight and respect. Much of the time, he evidently finds him entertaining, and so will the reader.

AMBROSIA AND SMALL BEER: THE RECORD OF A CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN EDWARD MARSH AND CHRISTOPHER HASSALL, arranged by Christopher Hassall (Harcourt, Brace & World). The lucky reader is allowed to join a friendship between two delightful men, one of whom, Sir Edward, was an irrepressible, energetic, opinionated, reportorial, gossipy, joking letter writer. When Marsh (1872-1953) and Hassall (1912-63) met in Oxford in 1934, Marsh was a man-about-town-and-country-houses, a patron and critic of painting and poetry, an editor, translator, and civil servant. Young Hassall was just starting his career; he was an actor who was on the way to becoming a poet, playwright, director, and the biographer of Edward Marsh. The disparity in age and experience was no barrier to friendship, and Marsh, as the letters demonstrate, was in every way a remarkable friend. (He never, for instance, lapsed into the parental-avuncular). Most of the letters are from Marsh and were written during the Second World War, when Hassall, in the service, was yearning for news from home. Many are quasi-journals; all are wonderful fun. Marsh's all-England entrée is dazzling. (When he writes "Winston," he means Churchill; when he writes "Noël," he means Coward; and when he writes "Dev-

WHEN YOU
DINE ITALIAN • WINE ITALIAN
RUFFINO
ITALY'S PRIZE CHIANTI
© Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $12.50 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break – and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

National Sponsors
Faith Baldwin
Joan Crawford
Henry R. Luce
Norman Rockwell
Frank Sinatra
Mrs. Earl Warren

Founded 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute $150.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐
Enclosed is my first payment:
$12.50 a month ☐ $ 75.00 semi-annually ☐
$37.50 a quarter ☐ $150.00 annually ☐
I cannot sponsor a child, enclosed is contribution of $______
Name______
Address______
City______ Zone______ State______
Contributions are income tax deductible. NY-5-8-65

Eureka!

According to tradition, back in the third century B.C. Archimedes rushed naked from his bath into the streets of Syracuse (Sicily, not New York) shouting "Eureka!"—"I have found it!"—so great was his excitement at having discovered the theory of the displacement of water.

You may feel like shouting "Eureka!" too when you hear about the investment plan that we have just made available—an investment plan called SIA, which is short for $PECIAL INVE$TOR ACCOUNT. It's a new way of buying stock in some of the biggest corporations in the country.

Now, of course, buying stock in big corporations isn't new, so what's special about SIA? The big advantage is that people who open $PECIAL INVE$TOR ACCOUNTS have their dividends (less standard commissions) reinvested for them automatically at the odd-lot price. That means that the number of shares of stock that they own increases without any effort on their part. And they're not tempted to spend their dividends casually but instead have the satisfaction of knowing that those dividends are working for them, too.

Other features of the $PECIAL INVE$TOR ACCOUNT include the option of investing more funds at any time, such privileges of share-ownership as votes on full shares for directors and on other corporate matters, and participation in any splits or rights that are declared. You will also receive from Merrill Lynch regular bulletins about your stock, and you have the convenience of doing everything by mail if you wish. We'll even help you choose a stock appropriate for your purposes if you like—for example, suggest a stock that seems to us likely to grow with the national economy or even faster.

Would you like more information? Just write the letters SIA on a post card. (Add the words 20 Stocks if you want a list of companies that we think are likely to enjoy long-term growth.) As soon as we hear from you, we'll send you the information. No charge, of course—and no obligation.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

onshire," he means the Duke.) More dazzling still is the exact, light, easy perfection of his private writing.

SAM WARD: KING OF THE LOBBY, by Lately Thomas (Houghton Mifflin). The life of Sam Ward (1814-84) was a roller coaster—its ups and downs grew progressively more thrilling and alarming. The author takes time to elucidate and inform—to fill in genealogical, geographical, and historical backgrounds—but the story always plunges ahead. Everything and everybody, including the reader, moves *presto* through countless excitements on three continents. Ward's talents (poetry, mathematics, music) were as various as his careers (banker, forty-niner, lobbyist). Among his friends were Longfellow and Lord Rosebery; among his kin were Julia Ward Howe and F. Marion Crawford. He spied for the Union inside the Confederacy and helped bring about Andrew Johnson's acquittal. He attempted much but, considering his brains, gifts, and chances, achieved little. He impressed his contemporaries as someone who was more valuable than anything he did; like Oscar Wilde, whom he sponsored in American society, he put his genius into his life. And Mr. Thomas has matched the life's genius; he has caught its sparkle.

A ROUGH MAP OF GREECE, by Phoebe-Lou Adams (Little, Brown). A first-class guidebook. The author takes us with her on a tour of Greece and through the islands—Rhodes, Kos, Crete, Mykonos, and others—showing herself to be interested in ruins, hotels, food, antiques, history, shops, people, and animals, in no particular order but all mixed together, and her humor comes as naturally as breath. Miss Adams writes extremely well, and what she offers here is a book-length temptation to follow her footsteps.

NOTE: A collection of Edmund Wilson's observations on Canada—cultural, political, and literary—has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux under the title "O Canada." Nearly all the material appeared originally in this magazine.

•

If your phone rings at 4 o'clock one of these mornings and a horse voice says, "Joe, buddy, talk to me . . . I need a smoke something awful," don't be surprised.
—*Washington Star.*

Just whinny and hang up.

ALL YOU CAN EAT

Complete Dinner $2.95

SIRLOIN STEAK
THICK TENDER JUICY
MELTS IN YOUR MOUTH.

Celebrities and Artists Haven

OLDEST VILLAGE LANDMARK

GIANT SHRIMPS
INCH THICK
HAM STEAKS

Art Gallery
100's of Beautiful Paintings

Romantic Candlelight Atmosphere

FREE Guided Greenwich Village **BUS TOUR**

ALBERT
French Restaurant
42 EAST 11th ST., N.Y.C.
OR 3-3890

the place to relax...

in sun and salt air. Stroll the Boardwalk. Dance nightly in the Mayfair Lounge. Dine festively in the Ocean Dining Room. Free 21" TV. World famous BATHERAPY free to our guests.

CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City
Area Code 609-345-1271
George B. Bruni, Vice Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:
BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-61 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

Start your own Chivas Regal Christmas Club.

Some people seem not to care about money. They drink Chivas all the time, as if it didn't cost $2 more than other Scotches.

If you can't share this devil-may-care attitude and your annual bottle of the best looms as a major item in your budget, here's a thought:

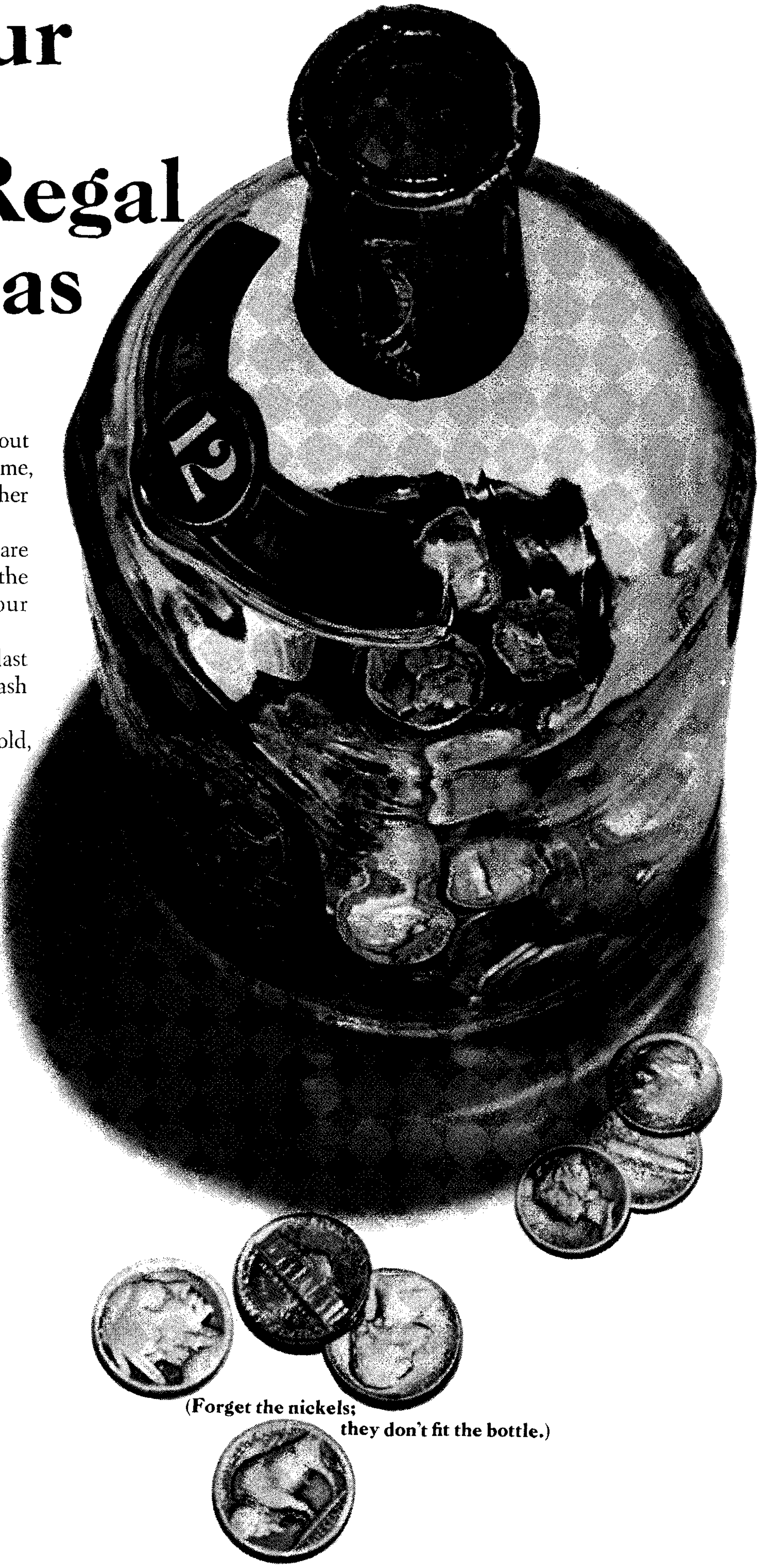
Drop an occasional dime in your last season's empty to gather the extra cash for next season's wassailing.

Only 20 more dimes for 12-year-old, smooth, lovable Chivas?

That's all.

Just think: for a dime a day you could be a sport and drink Chivas all year round.

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N. Y.



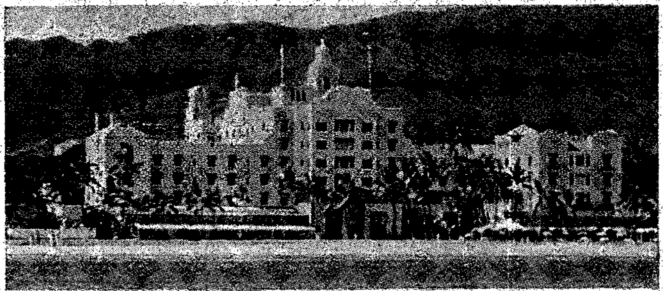
**(Forget the nickels;
they don't fit the bottle.)**

Come to Waikiki Beach—where Sheraton's Royal Welcome means four times the fun

Four Sheraton luxury hotels are waiting for you at Waikiki Beach — including the most majestic of all Pacific resorts, the Royal Hawaiian. Stay at one Sheraton, dine, sun, swim, dance, shop (with full credit privileges) at all four hotels. **Now it's only $100 jet fare from the West Coast to Sheraton's Royal Welcome.**

Romantic Waikiki is right at your doorstep. Enjoy Hawaii more with Sheraton — stay at one hotel, play at all four!

This is the beautiful Orchid Pool at the Princess Kaiulani.



The Sheraton-Royal Hawaiian — queen of resort hotels the world over. Its Monarch Room is unsurpassed for island dining.

For Insured Reservations, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII

Royal Hawaiian / Princess Kaiulani / Moana / Surf Rider / Maui

Sheraton shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange

Diners' Club card honored for all hotel services